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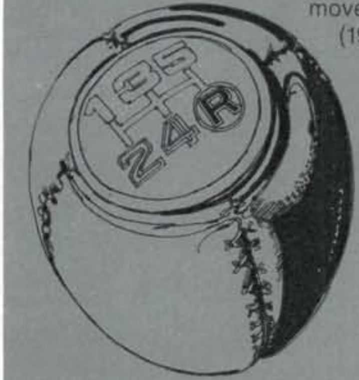

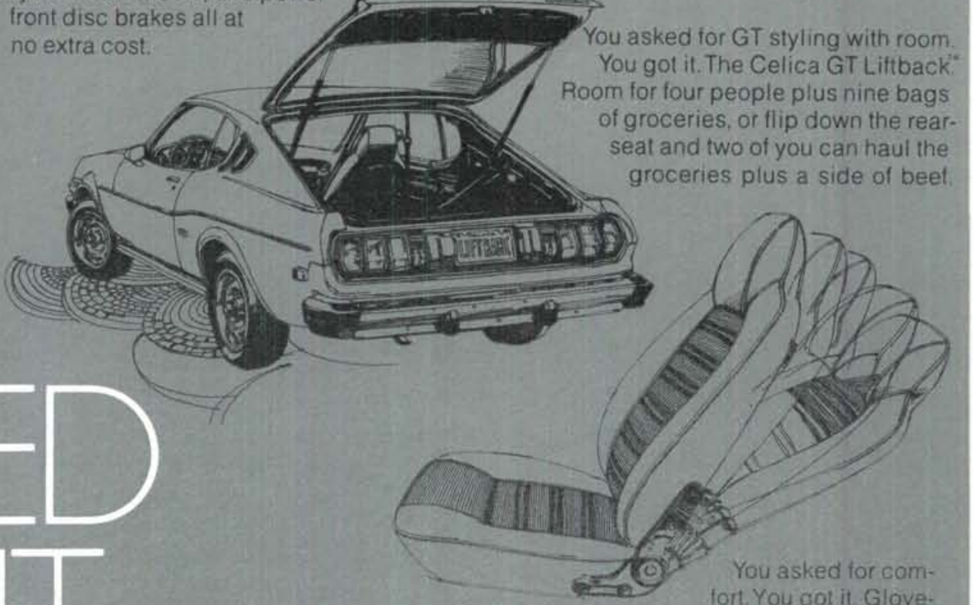

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angel Street—A revival of Patrick Hamilton's thriller of 1941. Dina Merrill is the fluttery Mrs. Manningham, who is being driven out of her mind by a murderous husband. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff, by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chicago—A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Clarence—A revival that wrongly emphasizes the quaintness at the expense of the genuine charm of this fifty-seven-year-old comedy by Booth Tarkington. With Stephen Keep in the title role. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Conversations with Don B.—An entertainment taken from the writings of Donald Barthelme, with music by Josh Rubins. Opens Friday, Jan. 30, and will run through Monday, Feb. 9. (Sub-Plot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Fridays and Saturdays at 10, and Sundays and Mondays at 8.)

Equity Library Theatre—Cole Porter's musical **PANAMA HATTIE** is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Every Night When the Sun Goes Down—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

The Glass Menagerie—A superior production of Tennessee Williams' early play about the bittersweet misery of family life. With Maureen Stapleton, Rip Torn, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Paul Rudd. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Habeas Corpus—Paxton Whitehead and Rachel Roberts demonstrate what is, on this side of the water, the little-known art of acting farce. The play itself is pretty thin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesse and the Bandit Queen—David Freeman's romp, presumably a fantasy about Jesse James and his mistress and partner-in-crime, Belle Starr, is unsettling on a number of counts, but there is no doubt that it is at least an occasion for two performances—by Barry Primus and Dixie Carter, its entire cast. Costumes by Hilary M. Rosenfeld and lighting by Arden Fingerhut. Gordon Stewart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Jason Robards, Zoe Caldwell, Michael Moriarty, and Kevin Conway in a revival of the O'Neill play, directed by Mr. Robards. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 8.)

A Matter of Gravity—Katharine Hepburn in a comedy by Enid Bagnold. Noel Willman directed. Opens Tuesday, Feb. 3. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 4, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Feb. 5.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter.

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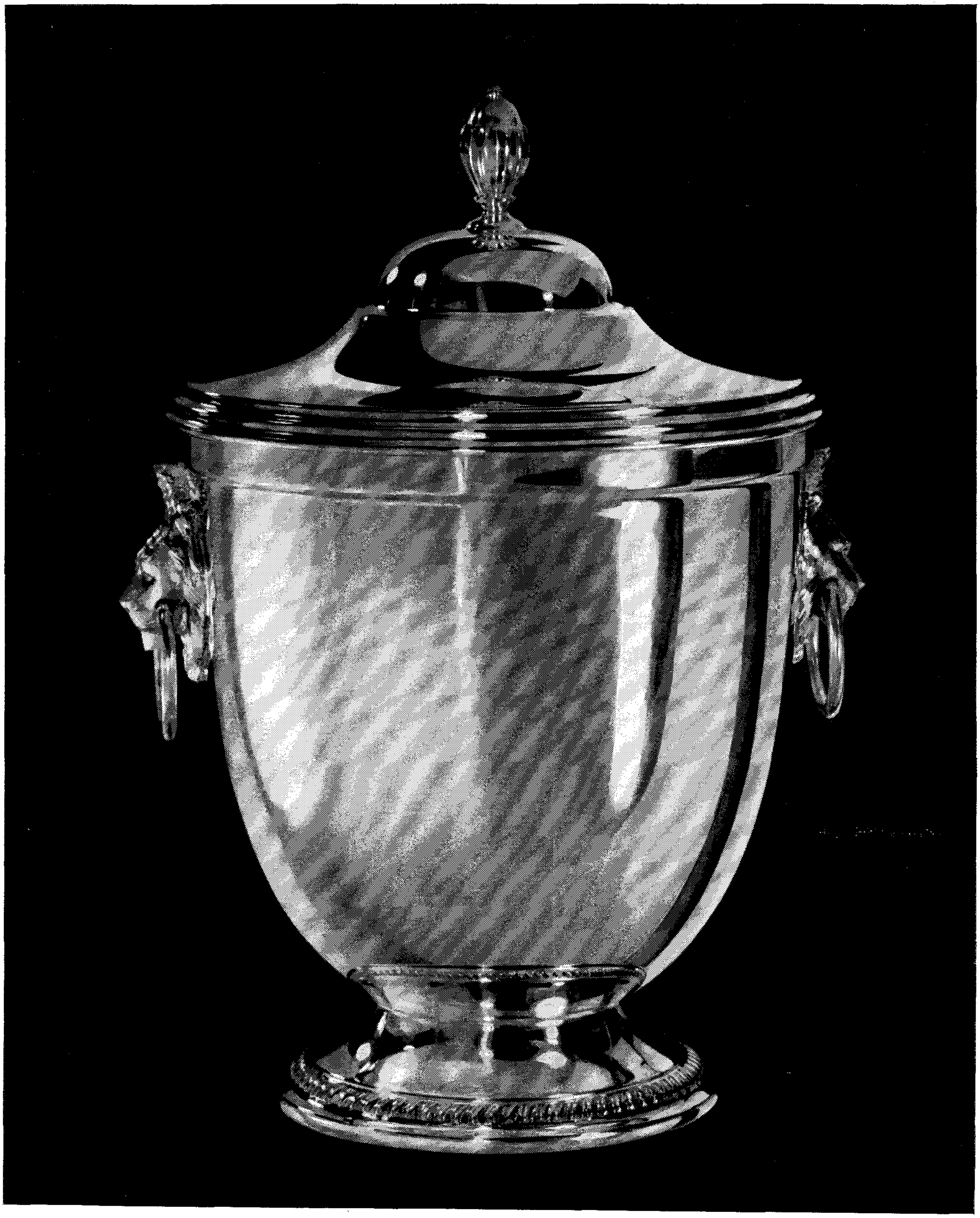

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Special performance Saturday, Jan. 31, at 10.)

A Musical Jubilee—A not very conscientious account of the origin of the American musical comedy; mostly we get old favorites—Cyril Ritchard, Lillian Gish, John Raitt, Patrice Munsel, Tammy Grimes, and Larry Kert—singing old favorites. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Norman Conquests—A venal husband seeks to make everyone happy by incessant acts of seduction. Alan Ayckbourn is a clever playwright, and we laugh continuously at his dark view of domesticity, which is presented to us in three independent plays, each complete in itself and staged on succeeding nights. The schedule is complicated—**LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 2; Friday, Jan. 30, as well as Monday, Feb. 2, and Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 3, as well as Thursday, Feb. 5, and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. . . . **TABLE MANNERS:** Thursday, Jan. 29, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8; Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 2; and Friday, Feb. 6, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A Harold Prince-Stephen Sondheim musical, with lovely sets by Boris Aronson. An attempt to tell an unpleasant story—the exploitation of Japan by Western powers in the nineteenth century—from the Japanese point of view. With an all-Asian cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Phoenix Theatre—A five-play repertory that will run for several months. Sidney Howard's **THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED**, directed by Stephen Porter: Thursday, Jan. 29, and Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8; Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 2 and 8; and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Tennessee Williams' **27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON** and Arthur Miller's **A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS**, a twin bill directed by Arvin Brown: Friday, Jan. 30, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820.)

The Royal Family—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Shortchanged Review—This first play by Michael Dorn Moody may be brimming over with words and episodes, but it is brimming over with talent, too. Some of the episodes may seem stagy and melodramatic, but the characters, more often than not, are believable. The principal character is a self-deluded, middle-aged owner of a rock radio station, whose unswerving determination to promote the career of a young singer causes considerable trouble, and even tragedy. The performances, under Richard Southern's direction, are very good indeed. Mason Adams is the lead, and he receives splendid support from T. Miratti, Virginia Vestoff, Herbert Braha, Tricia Boyer, and William Russ. Notable, too, are the setting, by Marsha L. Eck; the lighting, by Cheryl Thacker; and the music, by a group called Clouds. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sweet Bird of Youth—Irene Worth's extraordinary performance as an aging, frightened movie star, in hiding after making what she considers a disastrous comeback, almost redeems this deeply flawed play by Tennessee Williams. With Christopher Walken, Pat Corley, and Cathryn Damon, among others. (Harkness, Broadway at 63rd St. 581-6000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. May close Saturday, Feb. 7.)

GALLERY
LÁSZLO

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Travesties—An enchanting comedy by Tom Stoppard, with John Wood (David Dukes substitutes for him at the Wednesday matinées) starring as a dotty retired English consular officer, who thinks he remembers having known Joyce, Lenin, and Tzara in Zurich during the First World War. Directed by Peter Wood. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A revival of a musical first seen on Broadway in 1915. The music, by Jerome Kern, is worth hearing, and a couple of the songs have lyrics by the godlike Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Yentl—A play about Jews in the Old Country long ago, based on a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Tovah Feldshuh plays the part of a bright and pretty girl masquerading successfully as a husband—but no way! (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR:** Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clark, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Perkins and Jacob Milligan, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,561 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Soviet Circus—The celebrated one-ring circus, with clowns, acrobats, jugglers, rope-walkers, Cossack riders, monkeys, and waltzing bears. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 8, at 1:30 and 6:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Concerto Barocco," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Concerto Barocco," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Raymonda Variations" and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 2: "Ma Mère l'Oye," "Gaspard de la Nuit," and "Cortège Hongrois." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Gaspard de la Nuit," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 1, at 1: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 1, at 7: "Episodes," "Sonatine," "Concerto Barocco," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Pas de Deux," and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Agon," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Duo Concertant," and "Ma Mère l'Oye." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 2: "Ma Mère l'Oye," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Allegro Brillante," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2" and "Harlequinade." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "The River," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Fall River Legend," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "Les Sylphides," "Fall River Legend," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," and "The River." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "The Leaves Are Fading" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "Las Hermanas" and "La Sylphide." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 1: "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Jardin

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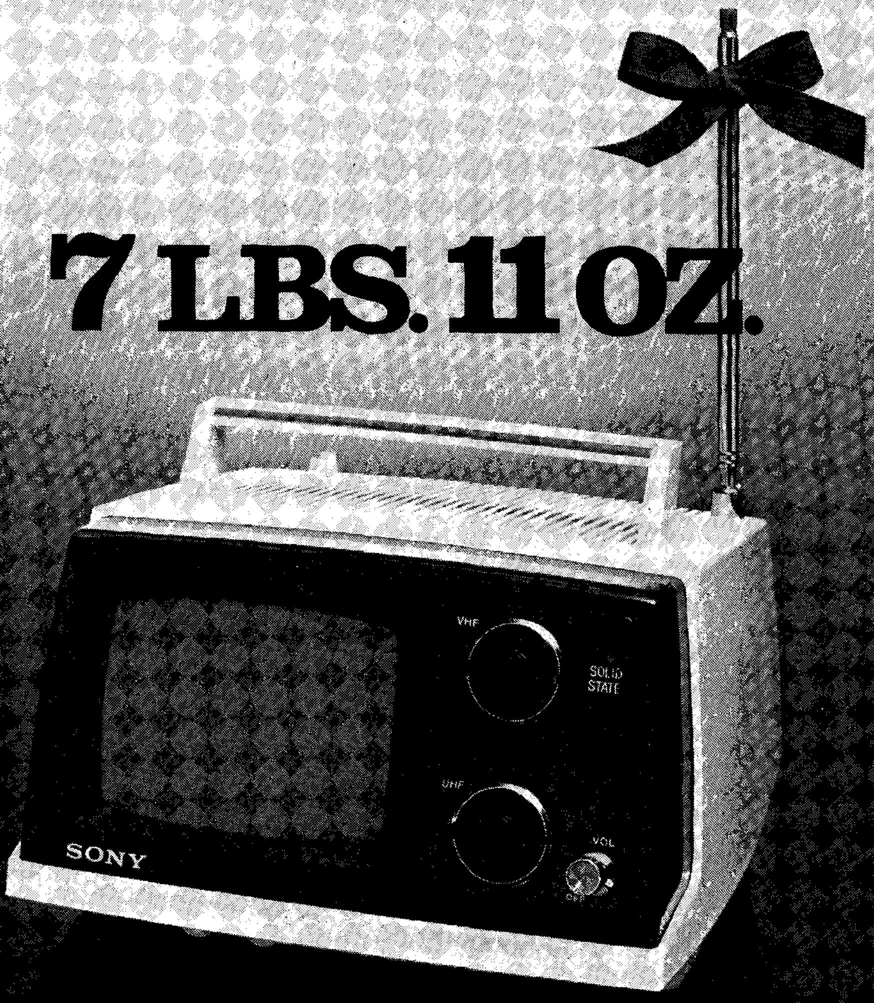

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

aux Lilas," "Grand Pas Classique," and "The Leaves Are Fading."... ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 1: "Les Sylphides," "The River," "Epilogue," and "Push Comes to Shove." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Mazowsze—More than ninety Polish folk dancers and singers, plus a symphony orchestra. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 28-29, at 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—This attractive, helter-skelter palace, recently carved out of the tired old Charles restaurant, consists of an assemblage of spacious, high-ceilinged rooms, among them a bar, two dining areas (one raised and called the "balcony" and one on floor level), and a drinks-only café, where music is played six nights a week. The food is good, the décor (Victorian chandeliers, dark walls, tiled floors) is Aspen, 1970, and the ambience is teeming and cheerful. But there is a new wrinkle at Hopper's: the balcony is separated from the café by curtained windows, and fifteen minutes before music time the windows are opened and diners find themselves peering down into the café, which is large and warm and brick-walled. It is like stepping out on one's balcony in Rome to dig the street musicians. **DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER,** accompanied by **ROLAND HANNA** (piano) and **GEORGE MRAZ** (bass), will be in the café through the end of the month, and she is a startling singer, a singer still governed by her fine, booming contralto. She has clearly listened to Sarah Vaughan (the earlier, less baroque Vaughan), to gospel, and possibly to Dinah Washington. She regards each song as a dramatic event, and accordingly she sometimes holds her notes so long they suggest two-mile spans. And she shouts, which, with her majestic pipes, she doesn't need to do. Her materials are wholly of the moment and include "Home" (from "The Wiz," in which she is appearing), "Mr. Bojangles," "Feelings," and Mongo Santamaria's "Afro-Blue." One would like to hear her sing Gershwin or Porter or Arlen; who would win? Roland Hanna, a master anthologist, played a couple of his own compositions on a recent night before accompanying Bridgewater—a calypso and an oddity called "El Toro and the Geisha," which sounded like George Gershwin with one foot in the soul bag. A suggestion for the Hopper's management: Fling open the windows of the balcony and start the music an hour or more earlier. Ten-thirty is too late, unless you're in from Milwaukee and are kicking the gong around.... ¶ Beginning Monday, Feb. 2, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will perform with his quartet.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RED NORVO** is back for a month, and he's in consummate condition. His runs spill, his tone shines, his time is Swiss, and he is being accompanied by Super Rhythm—**JOHN BUNCH, MILT HINTON,** and **JO JONES.** This time, though, Norvo has brought along **MAVIS RIVERS,** a Samoan-born singer who has worked with him in recent years. She is medium-sized, has high, staring cheekbones, and wears her black hair tied severely back. She is a very good horn singer. That is, she has taken her cue from Anita O'Day and possibly from Leo Watson, the extraordinary Joycean scat singer, and she plays her voice like a horn. One does not listen to the song but to her agile improvisations on it, and opening night she hypnotically recast "I Only Have Eyes for You," "I'm Confessin'," "Just in Time," "A Fine Romance," and "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good." Music from nine-fifteen to one.... ¶ On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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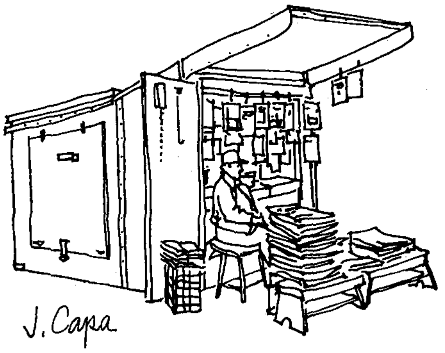
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—For once, this club's near perfect sound system, which has made it far and away the best New York outlet for rock acts, will be superfluous, because the management, with its customary good sense, is bringing in the **COUNT BASIE** aggregation. The Basie band doesn't need a sound system. It is a sound system. Those who have been exposed only to rock music, with its electronic loudness, will be startled by the palpably visceral, room-rattling loudness that a section of horn men can muster by sheer lung power. The visuals are good, too. Freddie Green, who's been Basie's guitarist since 1937, does his duties with a demeanor of such placid, bemused quizzicality that one can't help but wonder what he's thinking every minute. On the other hand, the Count himself, seated securely behind the piano, tossing light, barely audible, two- or three-note sprigs into the cauldron at odd moments, gives the appearance of not thinking at all. ("Is his playing *always* so subliminal?" a young woman asked another when the band appeared at the Riverboat last week.) Basie's sixteen-piece band, with its two outstanding soloists—tenor saxophonist Jimmy Forrest, who wonderfully combines raw blues with pre-Barbieri schmaltz, and trombonist Al Grey, perhaps the last of the great plungers—will be here only two nights, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 3-4. Thursday through Saturday of the preceding week (Jan. 29-31), the place will be turned over to the National Lampoon Show—word has it that it's a deliberately, outrageously sophomoric collegiate revue with music. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner. Closed Wednesday, Jan. 28.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An artsy neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and an overabundance of patrons and conversation. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist, Bill Takas, play against the din weeknights. **BARRY HARRIS** has charge of the keyboard on Sundays. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **SYLVIA SYMS** demonstrates how to sing beautifully in the classic vein of Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 3, singer Julie Wilson will pick up where she left off two weeks ago in this pastel-hued room. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper.... **BARBARA CARROLL,** who has taken over from Marian McPartland in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. Weekdays from nine-fifteen.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Stride pianist Joe Turner, who hasn't played in this country in some thirty years (he's been living in Europe), is now busy playing here, weeknights. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN,** an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is made up of Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, Feb. 3, tenor saxophonist Budd Johnson will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at five-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 1, beginning at eight, soprano saxophonists Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern will co-pilot their quartet, **SOPRANO SUMMIT.**

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Modest and functional, with absolutely no frills, this club has become, in the course of only a few months, the local outpost for some of the most important contemporary jazz in the world. It reopens on Tuesday, Feb. 3, after a month-long hiatus, with trumpeter Ted Curson and his sextet. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American snacks.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER,** seventy-two and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** sixty-seven, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. On Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, pianist Hal Galper works with bassist Victor Gaskin. On Sunday, Feb. 1, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson, bassist Jimmy Lewis, and pianist Steve Kuhn play from five to nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weekdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Probably the best place to hear rhythm and blues, thanks to bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE,** and either **CHRIS PARKER** or **STEVE GADD** on drums. These five fine studio men (by day) and bluesmen (the rest of the time) are here Sundays through Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, vibraharpist Dwight Gassaway will head up a combo; on the following Friday and Saturday (Feb. 6-7), drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his latest **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will take the canopied stage. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Juilliard-schooled banjo technician Eric Weissberg and his bluegrass-rock band, Deliverance, wind up five nights here on Sunday, Feb. 1. On Wednesday, Feb. 4, McKendree Spring, a folk-rock quintet, will come in. Shows begin after nine and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-

Soap and water:
Should you use it after 25?

When you were little, you washed your face with soap and water, and that was that. Except for the times you got a little unwanted help from your overly enthusiastic mother, your face felt pretty good afterwards. Clean. Fresh. Remember?

But once those first dry patches and little wrinkles appear after 25, it's natural to start wondering whether soap isn't a little too drying. Well, is it?

It is true that your skin's own oil production processes diminish as you get older. The important thing is not to deplete them even further.

Yet, even when you're grown up, many dermatologists believe there is no better cleanser for your face than soap and water. Certainly no combination of creams and fresheners ever leaves your skin *feeling* as clean and fresh.

However, certain soaps can be villainous robbers of your skin's own natural resources.

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Why? Because clear, amber Neutrogena never will do anything to your skin but *clean* it. It is not a so-called "deep-pore cleanser." So it won't de-fat, deterge, or denature the skin. Its mild "heavy-molecular" triethanolamine-base formulation is chemically balanced to remove surface dirt and makeup without penetrating and robbing the sub-layers of the skin.

Neutrogena dissolves easily—on purpose— so that there's never a soap "film" residue left on your skin after rinsing to alter your skin's pH balance and keep it from returning to normal. This solubility is your guarantee that your face won't have that tight, dry feeling you sometimes get from some other soaps, which leave potentially irritating soap film.

Tested as carefully as a prescription drug, Neutrogena Soap meets standards of quality and purity far beyond the usual cosmetic. Its quality ingredients meet USDA Food Grade requirements, which means they're safe enough to eat. NASA used Neutrogena Soap for Skylab experiments because of its mild, non-irritating qualities. (Imagine an astronaut in outer space with a skin rash and you'll see how important a soap can be.)

And in numbers of medical tests, Neutrogena Soap has been used for cleansing where other soaps could not be tolerated.

You can safely enjoy true soap-and-water skin care again. That wonderful clean feeling you remember can still be yours, even if you have very sensitive skin. Just choose the right soap. Neutrogena Soap. Scented or unscented. Made by the people who've specialized in sensitive skin care since you were a child. At your favorite drug or cosmetic counter. **Neutrogena® Soap**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, *126* W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest, by far, cabaret on the scene. Lynn Kellogg, a guitar-picking and quite agreeable pop singer, winds up a week on Sunday, Feb. 1. Oscar Brown, Jr., tall, dashing, and theatrical, will return on Tuesday, Feb. 3, to sing some of his compositions—he wrote "Brown Baby," collaborated on the "Freedom Now Suite," and set lyrics to Nat Adderley's "Work Song" and Bobby Timmons' "Dat Dere." Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various small jazz groups play every night. On Thursdays, vibraharpist David Friedman collaborates with saxophonist Eddie Daniels and bassist Harvey Swartz. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, flutist Richard Clay will lead a quartet. The regular Sunday feature is still the duo of guitarist **JOE PUMA** and his long-standing partner, **CHUCK WAYNE,** who exchange lobbing, single-string, underspinning, and chordal solos. Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through Saturday, Jan. 31, pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS,** guitarist **SAM BROWN,** and Lisle Atkinson, their bassist for the occasion, perform in this heavily patronized restaurant and music room. Pianist Mike Longo and a bassist will play Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 5-7. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—An attractive, hassle-free restaurant with an ever-changing music roster. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 6-7, **JIMMY GIUFFRE**—reedman, composer, and forward thinker in general—will lead his quartet. Giuffre, who plays tenor sax, flute, and bass flute, has become something of a jazz guru. His is a serene and controlled presence, and he draws from a repertoire that includes works such as "Om." "Om" requires audience participation (everyone is asked to ommmm with the bass) and has the effect of completely silencing even the most urgent of conversations. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Bassist **RON CARTER** is here with a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 1. On Tuesday, Feb. 3, **PHAROAH SANDERS,** a musical humanist-explorer who has been there and back, will bring it all down the murky staircase, along with his quintet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band gets organized, eventually, and, when it does, it lets loose some big-band seriousness. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who come to hear jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesdays, onetime Basie saxophonist Earle Warren pilots a quartet—trumpeter Taft Jordan, pianist Cecil Young, and drummer Skip White—known as the Warren Court. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving **SAMMY PRICE, BUDDY TATE,** and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 5:45: **DON SHIRLEY.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 5:45: **BUTTERFLY MC QUEEN.**

DAN FOGELBERG—With Fools Gold. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, Jan. 28, and Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

NATALIE COLE—With the Crown Heights Affair. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

QUEEN—With the Cate Bros. (Beacon Theatre. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 5-8, at 8.)

JOHN LEE HOOKER, MARIE KNIGHT, and **THE RED CLAY RAMBLERS**—With the Human Condition. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 7:30 and 11.)

JON LUCIEN and **NORMAN CONNORS (WITH JEAN CARN)**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BENNY ANDREWS—Delicate and imaginative line drawings, collages, and watercolors by this Georgia-born artist, who contributes a fresh perspective on the black experience. The works were preparatory to a group of mural-size canvases, called the Bicentennial Series, which were first shown at the High Museum, in Atlanta. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Abstracts evoking the urban plight, painted in bright industrial colors on heavy rag paper with occasional collage patches of canvas; also exhibited are several small sculptures made of what looks like broken masonry (it's really Styrofoam) painted in the same bright colors. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GEORGE W. W. BREWSTER—Precisely executed abstract oils by an architect who has set down his T-square in favor of a brush; some were done in Maine and some in the far Caribbean, and all of them carry a whiff of the deep blue sea. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRITZ BULTMAN—New sculptures in bronze by this artist, who also is represented by several collages of cloth and paper, at the Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.) . . . ¶ Other bronzes by the same artist at the gallery's branch location, 521 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.) Through Saturday, Feb. 7.

ROBERT DE NIRO—(Not the actor, but the actor's father. The actor used to be known as the artist's son; now it's the other way around.) Freewheeling pastels—nudes, odalisques, Moroccan landscapes, friends, and so on—done in bold black outline and filled in with slashes of color. Through Feb. 14. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

PERLE FINE—Abstract Expressionist paintings, collages, and drawings by a veteran New York artist. Through Feb. 14. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

PIERRE HAUBENSAK—Geometric abstractions, most of them based on a rectangle within a rectangle (sometimes three rectangles are involved), done in subdued colors. Through Thursday, Feb. 5. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

PHILIP JAMISON—A selection of rural landscape paintings which contrasts snowbound farmhouses with fields in bloom. Through Feb. 14. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

JASPER JOHNS—Seven new large paintings plus a few drawings. Through Feb. 14. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

BERNARD KARFIOL (1886-1952)—Comfortable-looking nudes with a faintly Oriental cast, painted in warm, comfortable colors, were the forte of this old-line artist (he was represented in the Armory Show, the first American show at MOMA, and the opening show of the Whitney), and several of them are included among the thirty-three oils in this exhibition. Through Friday, Feb. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—A high order of draftsmanship is manifest in this collection of drawings—in ink, wash, charcoal, pencil, conté crayon—done over the past forty years and setting forth friends, celebrities, models, landscapes, and early, Groszlike antiwar sentiments. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

LOUISA MATTHIASDOTTIR—Cheerful, sunny, stylized landscapes of the Maine countryside, and a few still-lifes and interiors, by this Icelandic-born artist, who also offers some scenes of outdoor groups romping around on small Icelandic ponies. Through Feb. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Collages using photographic enlargements of foreign cigarette and soap boxes are prominent in this show of recent work, in which the artist again pays his sombre tributes to Spain, and again delivers his familiar visual thunderclaps in black and red. Through Feb. 11. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

JAN MÜLLER (1928-58)—Figurative paintings and pastels made up of a kind of mosaic of individually colored, small abstract forms. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

MODRIS RAMANS—Abstract sculptures (some of them freestanding, others on pedestals) made of painted bars of steel. Through Feb. 14. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

REINHOUD—Amusing metal sculptures done in this country by a Flemish-born Parisian artist who came over for a while to teach in Minneapolis; his grasp of football is memorable, and so is his rendition of a posturing baritone with a tuba bell for a head. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALVIN ROSS (1920-75)—A memorial exhibition of still-lifes done in the last five years. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PETER RUTA—Mexican landscapes, and still-lifes. Through Feb. 14. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

HENRY SCHNAKENBERG (1892-1970)—A retrospective consisting of oils and watercolors by an artist who was prominent in the thirties. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

FRITZ SCHOLDER—Raw, haunting paintings of American Indians, done with implacable directness in oil or acrylics, and in colors that might have been scraped off totem poles, by a Minnesota-born Indian artist. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

KURT SELIGMANN (1900-62)—Paintings and drawings, dating from the twenties through the fifties, plus a series of costume designs for the ballet, done in watercolor and pastel. Through Feb. 28. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

THÉO STAVROPOULOS—Abstract paintings, subdued in color, some of which suggest architectural ruins (the glory that was Greece?), plus pencil drawings, one or two related to the larger works by this Athenian-born artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

CORA KELLEY WARD—New abstract paintings in which a sombre background in a deep earth color is broken up by a window or windows in almost pastel tones. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Works in a wide variety of mediums by forty-seven artists from Latin-American countries. Through Feb. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: A benefit loan show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by N. C. Wyeth, Andrew Wyeth, James Wyeth, and a scattering of non-Wyeths, including Asher B. Durand and Everett Shinn. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. . . . **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and *New Yorker* covers by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty,

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"We went to Horseshoe Bay and it was almost like a honeymoon place."

Dinah Tarbell on the Tarbells' first visit to Bermuda.

"We'd walk into little coves and go exploring in the shady rocks...It was beautifully secluded."

"I think Bermuda is a place to just be yourself and enjoy beautiful thoughts."

"The pipers at Fort Hamilton are gorgeous. They are really a sight. And they do it just for fun. Just because they love the history and tradition of it."

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December 1, 1975 to March 15, 1976.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, R. Taylor, James Thurber, and Barney Tobey. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, Braque, Tamayo, and Calder. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Ken Danby, Stephen Greene, Grace Hartigan, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 31.

SCULPTURE—Small pieces, primarily in bronze and carved stone, by Doris Caesar, Charles Salerno, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **JOE BASCOM** at Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5); **KARL KORAB** at Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **JUD NELSON** at Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Around a dozen paintings and half as many drawings, some of members of the artist's family. A number of the works have never been exhibited before. Through Feb. 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Twenty watercolors that were used as illustrations for a revised edition of "A Passover Haggadah," plus examples of this artist's sinewy birds of prey and his impassive Indians. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—A large painting of John Hancock's signature, entitled "Modesty," and a red, white, and blue portrait of George Washington—the nose being the red part—are two of the works in this exhibit. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1894-1964)—A selection of works (gouache, oil, pencil, pen and ink) that were studies for his murals. Through Feb. 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

WALTER DUSENBERY—Carefully chosen pieces of marble carved in simple abstract shapes—a polished horizontal tablet with a graceful ripple in the middle, for instance—and finished with a sleek surface that it's difficult to keep one's hands off. Through Feb. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI (1901-66)—Fifty-three examples of his stalagmitic sculpture and his tangled skeins of lines, which resolve themselves into masterworks of painting and drawing. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

DEWITT HARDY—Realist watercolors of nudes, still-lifes, and studio interiors. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

WILL INSLEY—The rationale behind this exhibit is that we are living far in the future and looking at fragments of walls discovered by our archeologists, who have been delving into the ruins of a not-quite-so-future civilization. The individual fragments are made of contemporary Masonite. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

ALFRED JENSEN / GUY DILL—A selection of paintings done over the past dozen years, most of them checkerboards in thick, bright colors and incorporating numbers, which might be the playing surface of some complicated gambling game. / Constructions—some of them freestanding and some of them wall pieces—that combine steel, glass, and concrete. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

ARISTODEMOS KALDIS—Bright-colored landscapes of the more precipitous Greek countryside, dotted with cottages and churches and walled-in farms, giving the impression of an avalanche arrested in time. Through Thursday, Feb. 5. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—This artist has the ability to convey on a couple of feet of canvas the grandeur of the Rockies—the seamed surfaces, the elemental colors, the general upheaval. In this show, for the first time, she includes half a dozen watercolors, in which the composition seems a little freer and the overall tone more lyrical. Through Feb. 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

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LOWELL NESBITT—Paintings from the last twelve years by an early Photo-Realist who likes to paint his studio, his dog, his clothes, and New York City bridges and buildings. Through Feb. 21. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

HENRY PEARSON—Paintings on paper, nearly all of them showing a squared-off black monolith against a sort of marbled background—a combination that somehow exudes supernaturalness. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

ERIC SLOANE—Paintings of clouds. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT WARRENS—Comic-surrealist paintings of animals, including one of a life-size hunting dog who has been converted into an ashtray, and four that deal with the trouble in Eden (half-eaten apples are prominent in the foreground) from the viewpoint of various creatures who seem to have evolved from Dr. Seuss; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, Jan. 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

NINA YANKOWITZ—Lengths of unstretched canvas on which the artist has blocked out a dark background area and written on it in squeezings of acrylic paint that make up a convincing calligraphy. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Constructions and paintings, done in either black or white, by artists regularly associated with this gallery, including Vasarely, Soto, and Charles Hinman. Through Feb. 14. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SOHO

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Black oxidized bronze applied to raw canvas. Through Feb. 28. (Cunningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

JEAN LE GAC—Photographs and printed commentary (the genre has been labelled "narrative art") by a French practitioner who works in the touching belief that the time and effort required of the viewer to digest his lengthy captions and relate them to the pictures is well spent. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

REEVA POTOFF—Massive reproductions, in papier-mâché and reinforced cardboard, of freestanding boulders and mounds of stratified rock; one gets the impression, on entering the gallery, that a glacier has just passed by. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

DOUG SANDERSON—Layer after patient layer of pale solid colors (done in various combinations of oil, latex, and enamel) on rectangular or circular canvases. Through Feb. 11. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

BEN SCHONZEIT—Photo-Realist paintings that range in subject matter from cauliflowers and eggplants to the Continental Divide, and include an immense head (eight feet tall, seven feet wide) of a pretty girl named Marcia, whose every pore and wrinkle is carefully examined. Through Wednesday, Feb. 4. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

RICHARD SHAW—Ceramic sculpture, much of it in a comic vein—for instance, a duck diving into a pail of water, with his head breaking through the side of the bucket; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

GROUP SHOW—A rotating exhibit of works on paper by about thirty artists, including at present Kline, Willem de Kooning, Steinberg, Wesselmann, and Red Grooms, plus erotic bronzes by Charles Frazier. Through March 6. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St.)

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **JARED BARK** and **MARY HEILMANN** at Solomon, 392 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **GRACE GRAUPE-PILLARD** and **FRANK PALAIA** at Razor, 464 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **ROBERT HENRY** at Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **BARRY LE VA** at Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (Through Saturday, Jan. 31. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **BILL SULLIVAN** at Bowery, 135 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

RICHARD BOTTWIN / FRANKLIN PERRELL—Floor constructions neatly assembled from panels of wood, translucent plastic, and aluminum by a sculptor in his early twenties. / Sharp-focussed paintings of Art Deco architectural façades in Long Beach, bleak and deserted now that time has passed them by—again the work of an artist just out of his teens. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HARRIET FEIGENBAUM—Bunches of hay tied by wire to wood branches (works inspired by haying methods the artist observed in the Tuscan Valley), together with related drawings on plywood, and photographs. Through Feb. 23. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

WILLIAM PACHNER—Recent paintings. Through Feb. 21. (Camp, 51 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

WAR POSTERS—Hackle-raisers from the two world wars, including examples by such old reliables as Howard Chandler Christy and James Montgomery Flagg. One shows a sailor exhorting a civilian (while Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, waves the flag in the background), "The Navy Needs You! Don't Read American History—Make It!" Through Feb. 13. (Poster America, 174 Ninth Ave., near 20th St.)

GROUP SHOW—Drawings, paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary artists, among them Fred Sandback, Dan Flavin, and Natalie Bieser. Through Feb. 18. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

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JOHN MCWILLIAMS—These black-and-white photographs recently taken in South Carolina, Mississippi, and Georgia derive their stylistic distinction from the ominous light that pervades them (the dark, heavy atmosphere of threatening weather), and their conceptual authority from what they depict: the nondescript embankments, boulders, slag heaps, railroad tracks, bridges, deserted houses, mud, and messy vegetation glimpsed along the roadside as one drives by—sights that scarcely seem to register and yet, as these photographs remind us, are deeply embedded in our consciousness of the American rural landscape. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

●

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE (1904-71) / **MILOŇ NOVOTNÝ**—The work of two photojournalists: Bourke-White's photographs taken in Czechoslovakia before the Second World War and Novotný's pictures of that country today. Through Feb. 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

EUGENE BUECHEL (1874-1954)—Photographs of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations taken between 1922 and 1942 by a South Dakota Jesuit priest and teacher. Through Feb. 8. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

VAN DEREN COKE—Landscapes and other work by a well-known historian of photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WINTHROP EDEY—Landscapes and cityscapes taken in Venice, Mexico, and New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

JOHN R. GOSSAGE—Large photographs of shrubs and flowers, plus a few back-yard and street scenes of the Washington, D.C., area. Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

NEAL SLAVIN—Group portraits. One is titled: "Staff, Statue of Liberty, Liberty Island, N.Y. 1974." Through Saturday, Feb. 7. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LINDA SOLOMON—Photographs of children, mostly; first solo show in New York. Through Feb. 16. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1864-1946)—More than fifty photogravures made before 1911. Through March 6. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Fifty-six photographs of Chicago immigrants and workers that may or may not have been taken by Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940) but that do reflect his period.... ¶ Color photographs of the American scene by Ernst Haas. Both exhibitions through Sunday, Feb. 1.... **midtown y gallery,** 344 E. 14th St.: Urban street scenes, some of them populated by teenagers, by three photographers. Through Feb. 15. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

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Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Cat in American Folk Art," the current exhibition of a hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, textiles, and other forms of naïve art in which cats figure, is characteristic of this small, beleaguered, impoverished museum's unscholarly, uneducational, and unpretentious approach to folk art. The entire object of the show and of its "*cat*-alogue" is to give innocent pleasure—an objective that parallels the intention of folk art itself, and that is refreshing to encounter at a time when going to a museum is getting more and more to be like staying home and reading an art book and less and less like looking at art. The catalogue (which costs $4.95 and presents a venerable orange-and-white creature named Smutt on the cover) reproduces all the works in the show (a few in color), interspersed with relevant quotations from folk literature, as, for example: "When the pupils of a cat's eyes are nearly closed, it shows that it is low tide, while the widely opened condition signifies high water. In a case in which the pupils of a cat in a Boston barber shop were nearly closed at high water, the barber who owned the cat explained the discrepancy by saying, 'Oh, well, she's only a kitten anyhow and couldn't be expected to know the tide like an old cat.'" Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

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Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23.... ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through March 23.... ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, including an album by Filippo Iuvara, as well as drawings of stage sets and decorative objects, all from the museum's collection. Through March 14.... ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings, some of them large-scale works on the wall by Dorothea Rockburne, Sol LeWitt, and others, done over the last twenty years by American and European artists. Through March 9.... ¶ Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures conceived by Polish artists during the years 1923 to 1936. Starts Friday, Jan. 30.... ¶ Photographs of Midwestern Indian reservations. Through Feb. 8. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terra-cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21.... ¶ Drawings (encompassing watercolors, collages, and other mediums) by such twentieth-century American artists as Arthur G. Dove, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Frank Stella. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the abstract sculptures of Mark di Suvero. The smaller pieces are on exhibit in the museum, and twelve monumental pieces have been installed in open spaces in all five boroughs. Through Feb. 8.... ¶ Paintings and sculptures drawn from the collections of this country's oldest art institution, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, along with material documenting the academy's history. Some of the artists included are Peale, Eakins, Sheeler, and Calder. Through Feb. 22. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—An exhibit called "Nineteenth-Century American Women Artists," showing paintings, sculptures, and graphics by, for instance, Jane Stuart (a copy of her father's portrait of Washington), Mary Jane Peale (a still-life), and so on, up to Mary Cassatt, who is represented by several aquatints. The show illustrates that women are doing a lot better artistically now than then. Through Feb. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century silhouettes on paper and glass, from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 22. This show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Indian drawings and painted sketches dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Feb. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred drawings from the Thaw collection, including examples by Rembrandt, Watteau, Degas, and Cézanne.... ¶ Charles Lamb's bicentenary is marked by a small show of autograph manuscripts, letters, and first editions. Both exhibitions through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—American Indian objects that incorporate the American flag and other symbols as design motifs. Wearing apparel, household utensils, and rugs are among the items on display. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Early manuscripts and printed editions by American writers, ranging from Benjamin Franklin to Walt Whitman, from the Berg Collection. (Weekdays, except Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Colored-pencil drawings by Cleveland Bellow. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.... ¶ Paintings by Phillip Lindsay Mason. Through Feb. 15.... ¶ Collages, paintings, and pen-and-ink drawings by Michael Cummings. Through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 28: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, Fernando Corena, and James Morris; conducted by John Nelson.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 29: "Elektra," with Klara Barlow, Teresa Kubiak, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, and Morley Meredith; Heinrich Hollreiser.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 30: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 31: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, Fernando Corena, and James Morris; John Nelson.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 31: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri.... ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 2: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 3: A new production of Verdi's "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. (A benefit performance.)... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 4: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Cynthia Munzer, Ryland Davies, Richard Stilwell, Fernando Corena, and James Morris; John Nelson.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 5: "La Traviata," with Beverly Sills, Stuart Burrows, and Ingvar Wixell; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 6: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Benita Valente, Rosalind Elias, Betsy Norden, Jean Kraft, Stafford Dean, Thomas Stewart, Andrea Velis, and Andrew Foldi; Steuart Bedford.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 7: "Fidelio," with Gwyneth Jones, Judith Blegen, Jess Thomas, Donald McIntyre, John Macurdy, James Morris, and Kenneth Riegel; John Mauceri.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 7: "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Marilyn Horne, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and James Morris; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—André Previn conducting Thursday and Friday, Jan. 29-30, and Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8:30 (all with Van Cliburn, piano).... ¶ Georg Solti directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Heather Harper, soprano; Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Stuart Burrows, tenor; John Macurdy, bass; and the Camerata Singers).... ¶ Michael Tilson Thomas conducting on Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 6, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 10, at 7:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute).

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra—Georg Semkow conducting, with Heather Harper, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic—Michael Tilson Thomas and Robert Cole conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Sarah Vaughan, vocalist, and Mr. Thomas as piano soloist. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel directing, with Eileen Davis, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Henry Lewis conducting, with Lazar Berman, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Christine Weidinger, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—George Schick conducting a benefit concert, with Frederick Swann, organ. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing the second in a series of three concerts entitled "Treasures of American Choral Music." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Peter Eros directing, with Lorna Haywood, soprano. The last in a series

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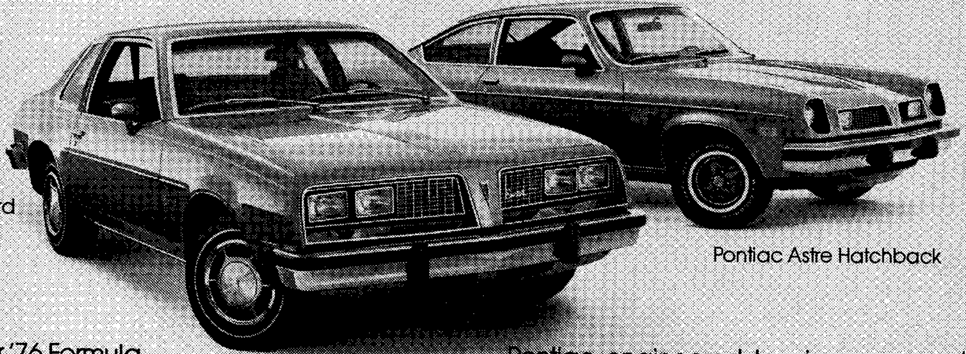

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

RECITALS

Raymond Lewenthal and Friends—Piano, in the third in a series of four recitals of romantic ensemble music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in an all-Schumann recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8.)

Bert Lucarelli—Oboe, with the Manhattan String Quartet; Raphael Hillyer, viola; and Thomas Hrynkiv, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 29, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8, with John Graham, viola. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8, the second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—John Browning and Charles Wadsworth, pianos; Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 30, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 5.)

Tom Krause—Baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Renata Scotto and Louis Quilico—Soprano and baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music of the northern Renaissance. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8.)

Gary Towlen—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

André Watts—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 3.)

Lynn Harrell and James Levine—Cello and piano, in an all Beethoven program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Dickran Atamian—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Lazar Berman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Andrzej Wasowski—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Radu Lupu—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

LaSalle Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Stephanie Brown, piano; Carol Sindell, violin; Heiichiro Ohyama, viola; and Nathaniel Rosen, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of music by Luciano Berio, Howard Rovics, and others, performed by a chamber ensemble conducted by Peter Leonard, and the Manhattan Percussion Ensemble conducted by Paul Price, with Ronald Anderson, trumpet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Jon Vickers—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Barry Green—Double bass. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

Leonard Raver—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Baroque Music Masters—With Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, in a benefit concert. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Houston, Saturday, Jan. 31, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Feb. 7, at 1:30. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Jan. 30, at 8:05, and Sunday, Feb. 1, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Monday, Feb. 2, at 8:05.

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Feb. 4. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Tuesday, Feb. 3, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 31, and the Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 7. . . . **garden state park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45, from Monday, Feb. 2, through Thursday, June 10. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 12.

Track Meet—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 30, at 7.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 6.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—At **great hall,** Cooper Union: James Wright reading from his own works, Wednesday, Jan. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Louis Simpson reading from his own works, Wednesday, Feb. 4, at 8. (Third Ave. at 7th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** Y.M.H.A.: Willard Trask reading his translations of medieval Provençal, French, and Portuguese poetry and songs, plus the New York Consort playing the original music for the songs. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Winter Antiques Show—This year's event features an exhibit of furniture loaned by the Metropolitan Museum. In addition, there are displays of folk art, silver, porcelains, rugs, and accessories. A benefit show. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 28-31, from noon to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 1, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 29, at 2, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 30-31, at 10:15 and 2: Americana, including Chinese Export porcelains, portrait miniatures, prints, paintings, quilts, furniture, clocks, and decorations; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 5-6, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints by such artists as Chagall, Miró, Picasso, and Rauschenberg; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 31.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **madison square garden:** Feb. 11 (Milwaukee). Feb. 14 (Philadelphia). Feb. 17 (Golden State). Feb. 21 (New Orleans). Feb. 24 (Buffalo). Feb. 28 (Chicago). March 2 (Seattle). March 6 (Washington). March 9 (Los Angeles). . . . ¶ The Nets at the **nassau coliseum:** Feb. 11 and 13 (St. Louis). Feb. 22 (Denver). Feb. 27 (Kentucky). Feb. 29 (Indiana). March 5 (Virginia). March 7 (San Antonio).

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—At Hanover, N.H.: Feb. 13-14.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 9-10.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Ranger games on Feb. 8, 13, 15, 18, 22, 25, and 29, and March 3 and 7. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islander games on Feb. 14, 17, 21, 26, and 28, and March 2, 4, 6, and 9.

TRACK MEETS—At Madison Square Garden: United States Olympic Invitational, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 27.

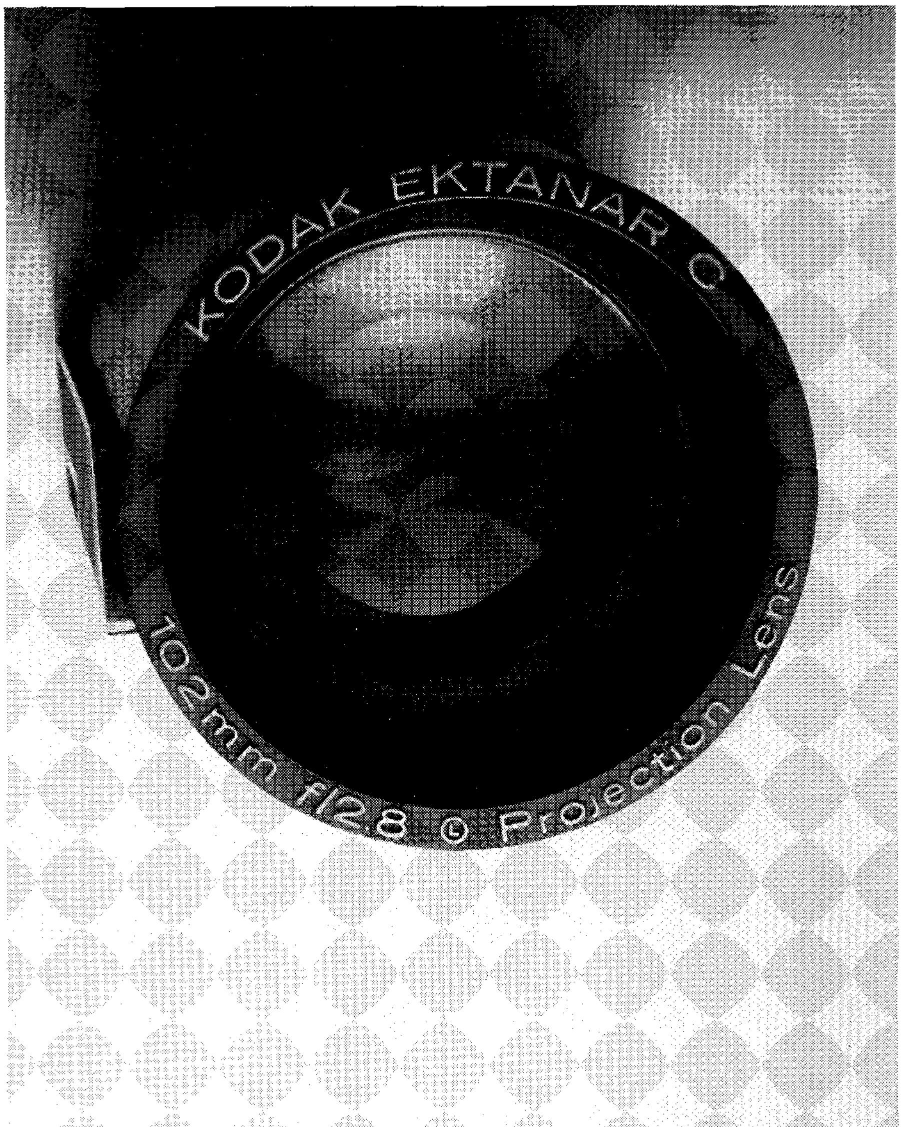
TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: March 8-May 17.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 17. . . . NEW YORK CITY OPERA, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The spring season will open on Feb. 19, with Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," and will run through April 25. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ National Chorale, Feb. 27. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Arthur MacKenzie, piano, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Feb. 9 and 16. . . . ¶ Viktor Tretyakov, violin, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Feb. 11-12. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Feb. 15 and March 7. . . . ¶ Maurizio Pollini, piano, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Elena Suliotis, soprano, and Rolf Björling, tenor, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Christoph Eschenbach, piano, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Netherlands Wind Ensemble, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, keyboard, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Teresa Zylis-Gara, soprano, Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Witold Malcuzynski, piano, March 1. . . . ¶ Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, and Mstislav Rostropovich, piano, March 4. . . . ¶ Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, and Michael Tilson Thomas, piano, March 5. . . . ¶ Gabriella Tucci, soprano, March 7. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, March 8. . . . ¶ Erick Friedman, violin, March 9. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Andrzej Wasowski, piano, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Young-Uck Kim, violin, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Tedd Joselson, piano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Anthony Newman, organ, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Amor Artis Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 22 and 24 and March 5 and 7. . . . ¶ The Romeros, classical and flamenco guitarists, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Orpheon Chorale, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, March 3. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Erica Morini, violin, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Speculum Musicae, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Gregg Smith Singers, Feb. 25 and March 10. . . . ¶ Raymond Lewenthal, piano, March 3. . . . ¶ Ingrid Haebler, piano, March 7. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, Y.M.H.A. (427-6000): Lazar Berman, piano, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Beverly Somach, violin, Feb. 11 and March 10. . . . ¶ Paul Sperry, tenor, Feb. 12 and 25. . . . ¶ Sine Nomine Singers, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Clive Lythgoe, piano, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Tashi, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Alexis Weissenberg, piano, Feb. 19 and March 5. . . . ¶ Gina Bachauer, piano, Feb. 21. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Martha Argerich, piano, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Feb. 21 and 22. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Donald Gramm, bass-baritone, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Barry Tuckwell, horn, and the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York, Feb. 29.

DANCE—Dance Theatre of Harlem, at the Uris Theatre, Feb. 25-March 28.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Rockabye Hamlet," a musical by Cliff Jones, with Larry Marshall, Alan Weeks, and Beverly D'Angelo. . . . ¶ A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center—Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," starring Ruth Gordon, Lynn Redgrave, and Milo O'Shea. . . . ¶ Avon Long, Josephine Premice, Vivian Reed, and Joseph Attles in "Bubbling Brown Sugar," a musical with a book by Lofton Mitchell, derived from a concept of Rosetta LeNoire. Among the composers are Eubie Blake, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Cab Calloway, W. C. Handy, Earl Hines, Noble Sissle, and Fats Waller.

OTHER DATES—Lincoln's Birthday is Thursday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Feb. 14-22. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Empire Cat Club, at the McAlpin Hotel, Feb. 28-29. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on March 3. . . . ¶ The Spring Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., March 10-12.



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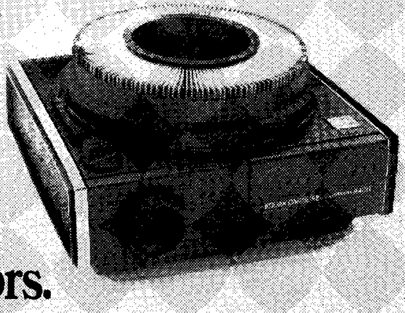

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

CIRQUE cinema

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
"Charlotte" and "Emmanuelle" (both X-rated).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Black Bird."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 3: "Distant Thunder" and "Love and Anarchy."
From Feb. 4: "Rancho Deluxe" and "92 in the Shade."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"All Screwed Up."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Lucky Lady."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Hedda."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Feb. 3: "Hester Street."
From Feb. 4: "The Story of Adèle H."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Barry Lyndon."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Man Who Would Be King."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Divine Obsession" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Story of Joanna" (X-rated).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Feb. 3: "The Story of Adèle H."
From Feb. 4: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Black Bird."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Slap."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 3: "Hearts of the West."
From Feb. 4: "Killer Elite."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Swept Away."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Story of O" (X-rated).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Sunshine Boys."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Hindenburg."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Hustle."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Farewell Scarlet" (X-rated).

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Shampoo."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Black Bird."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Jan. 31: "Three Days of the Condor."
From Feb. 1: "Fox."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Feb. 3: "Shampoo." (No evening performances on Monday, Feb. 2.)
From Feb. 4: "Hester Street."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Swept Away."
Theatre 2: "Hearts of the West" and "Fat City."
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 29: "The Romantic Englishwoman." From Jan. 30: "Waiting for Fidel" and "Memories of Underdevelopment."
Theatre 4: "Smile" and "Thieves Like Us."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Adventures of the Wilderness Family."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magic Flute."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 3: "Death Wish" and "The Longest Yard."
From Feb. 4 (tentative): "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Scent of a Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 3: "The Invitation" and "Jules and Jim."
From Feb. 4: "Black Orpheus" and "The Red Shoes."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 3: "The Battle of Algiers."
From Feb. 4: "Hester Street."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Swept Away."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Shampoo."
Theatre 2: "The Story of O" (X-rated).
Theatre 3: "The Black Bird."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 3: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
From Feb. 4: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx" and "The Twelve Chairs."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 3: "Hearts of the West" and "The Wind and the Lion."
From Feb. 4: "Killer Elite" and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Sunshine Boys."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 3: "Mahogany" and "Once Is Not Enough."
From Feb. 4: "Rancho Deluxe" and "92 in the Shade."

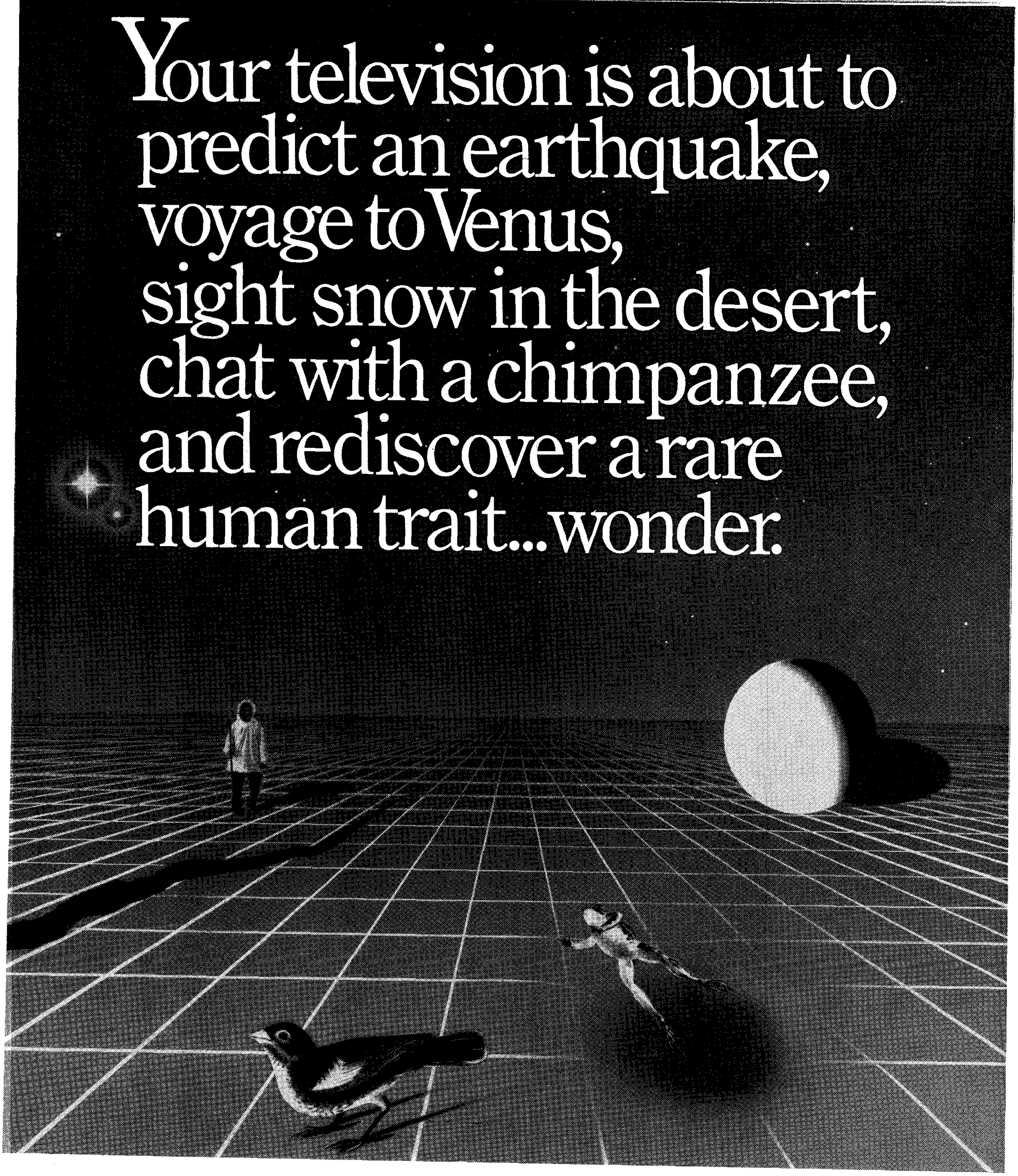
REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Jan. 28: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
Jan. 29: "Rashomon" (1951) and "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, and with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 30: "Pierrot le Fou" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina; and "Band of Outsiders." (†)
Jan. 31: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directed by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price.
Feb. 1: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "A Damsel in Distress." (†)
Feb. 2: "Blood of the Condor" (1973), in Spanish and Quechua, directed by Jorge Sanjines; and "The Promised Land" (1974), in Spanish, directed by Miguel Littin.
Feb. 3: "I Want a Solution" (1974), in Arabic, directed by Said Marzouk; and "Night and Bars" (1973), in Arabic, directed by Ashraf Fahmi.
Feb. 4: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "All These Women." (†)
Feb. 5: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (†); and "Day of Wrath" (1943), in Danish, directed by Carl Dreyer.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Jan. 28: "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg; and "The Magician" (1958), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow.
Jan. 29: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Carole Lombard, Robert Montgomery, and Gene Raymond.
Jan. 30: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "Never on Sunday." (†)
Jan. 31: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie; and "Thieves Like Us." (†)
Feb. 1: "The Red Shoes" (†); and "Plisetskaya Dances" (1965), a Russian documentary film with an English narration.
Feb. 2: "The Chase" (†) and "The Appaloosa." (†)
Feb. 3: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse." (†)
Feb. 4: "Early Spring" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; and "An Autumn Afternoon." (†)
Feb. 5: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams." (†)

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Jan. 28 (at 2:30 only): "The Longest Day" (1962), the Darryl Zanuck film.
Jan. 29: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman,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with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson; and "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.

Jan. 30: "The Lords of Flatbush" (1974), directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson; and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Jan. 31: "Horsefeathers" (†), "Duck Soup" (†), and "Animal Crackers." (†)

Feb. 1-2: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise; and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Lea Massari. One performance, at noon on Feb. 1, of "The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet" (1956), a full-length Russian production, with Galina Ulanova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

Feb. 3: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Bernadette Lafont; and "Bed and Board" (1971), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.

Feb. 4: "Night Moves" (1975), directed by *Arthur Penn, with Gene Hackman; and* "Thieves Like Us." (†)

Feb. 5: "The Conversation" (†) and "The President's Analyst." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 28: "The Dawn Patrol" (1930), directed by Howard Hawks, with Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; "The Crowd Roars" (1932), directed by Howard Hawks, with James Cagney and Joan Blondell; and "Tiger Shark" (1932), directed by Howard Hawks, with Edward G. Robinson and Zita Johann.

Jan. 29-31: "The North Star" (1943), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Anne Baxter and Walter Huston; and "A Farewell to Arms" (1932), directed by Frank Borzage, with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, and Adolphe Menjou.

Feb. 1-2: "The Great Waltz" (1938), directed by Julian Duvivier, with Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, and Miliza Korjus; and "One Hour with You" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.

Feb. 3: "The Great Gabbo" (†) and "Five Graves to Cairo." (†)

From Feb. 4: "The Stranger" (†) and "Touch of Evil." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 29 at 2: "Forgotten Faces" (1928), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Clive Brook, Olga Baclanova, and William Powell. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 5:30: "The River and Death" (1955), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 8: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 2: "Republic of Sin" (1960), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 5:30: "Forgotten Faces." . . ¶ Jan. 31 at noon: "Let It Be" (1970), directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg, with the Beatles. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 3: "The *Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz.*" . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 5:30: "Republic of Sin." . . ¶ Feb. 1 at noon: "Let It Be." . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 3: "Nazarin" (1959), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 1 at 5:30: A program of six short films. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at noon: "Woman" (1918), directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Warren Cook and Florence Billings; four reels missing. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 2: "Victory" (1919), directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Lon Chaney. . . . ¶ Feb. 2 at 5:30: "The Blue Bird" (1918), directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Robin Macdougall. . . . ¶ Feb. 3 at noon: "Woman." . . ¶ Feb. 3 at 2: "The Last of the Mohicans" (1920), directed by Maurice Tourneur and Clarence Brown, with Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 2: "The Yellow Ticket" (1931), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Elissa Landi and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 5:30: "The Last of the Mohicans." . . ¶ Feb. 5 at 8: "Victory." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 3: "Miracle," directed by Edward Ruscha; and "The Desert People," directed by David Lamelas. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 4: A program of three films by Hubert L. Smith. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Hanoun, Eisenstein, Dreyer, Connor, Gehr, Jacobs, Frampton, Griffith, Chomont, and others. Showings Jan. 28 at 6, 8, and 10; Jan. 29 at 6 and 9; Jan. 30 at 6 and 9:30; Jan. 31 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 1 at 8; Feb. 3 at 6 and 9; Feb. 4 at 6 and 8; and Feb. 5 at 7 and 9:30.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The American Soldier" (1970), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Karl Scheydt and Margarethe von Trotta; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Loews Tower East, and Little Carnegie.)

The Adventures of the Wilderness Family—With Robert F. Logan, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Guild.)

All Screwed Up—Directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Eastside Cinema.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the usual Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 4.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who *deigns to attend a party at* Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse; and Lillian Roth is her daughter, Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Elgin; Jan. 31.)

The Appaloosa (1966)—A dog of a movie about a horse. Marlon Brando is a sullen misfit cowboy who, along about 1870, enters a border-town church to do penitence for his sins and has his horse stolen by a girl (Anjanette Comer) who is trying to get away from a sadistic bandit (John Saxon). Brando broods and suffers a multiplicity of physical humiliations. Presumably out of despair, the director, Sidney J. Furie, abandoned himself to closeups of tequila bottles, decayed teeth, and bloodshot eyes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 2.)

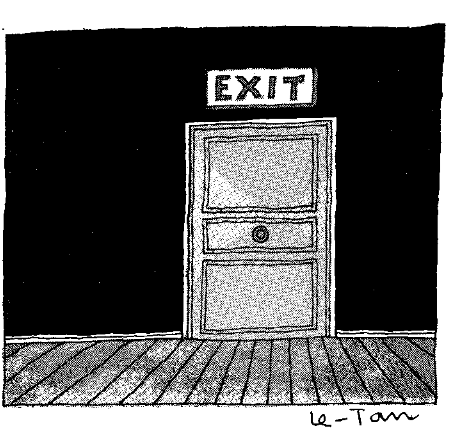
An Autumn Afternoon *(1962)*—The last film of the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu, made shortly before he died. This picture, like several of his others, is about the unwitting demands of a gentle, aging father on a now marriageable daughter, who lets suitors go by to keep him company. The father is played with the greatest dignity by Ozu's favorite actor, Chishu Ryu, as a stoic and thinning character in suits now too big for him. There is something tonic about the calm of Ozu's view of life, which is perfectly expressed in his quiet, observant style. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 4.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just as in the movies—and then try to carry it out. Jean-Luc Godard's lyrical, romantic tragicomedy is perhaps his most delicately charming film. With Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 30.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Regency; through Feb. 3.)

The Black Bird—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (Cinema Village, Columbia II, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)



Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 4.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Chase (1966)—Overripe melodrama about the South, directed by Arthur Penn—he regrets the film as a far-from-personal piece of work—and written nominally by Lillian Hellman, who has elsewhere disowned it. Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda, Janice Rule, Robert Redford, Robert Duvall. What was intended as a modest picture about some aimless people on an aimless Saturday night got purple and Thought Big. Produced by Sam Spiegel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 2.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Elgin; Feb. 5.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Joan Fontaine is a rich girl loved by Fred Astaire. Set in London. George Gershwin at pretty near his best; debonair songs, dashing stuff, directed by George Stevens. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 1.)

Death Wish (1974)—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. Directed by Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Playboy; through Feb. 3.)

Distant Thunder—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately

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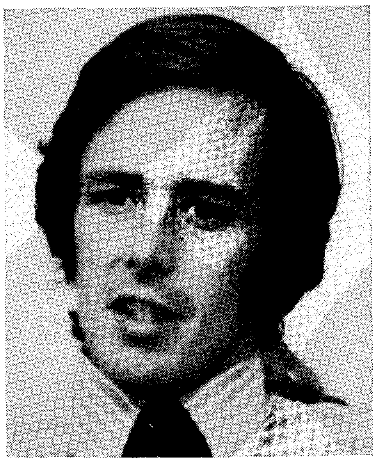

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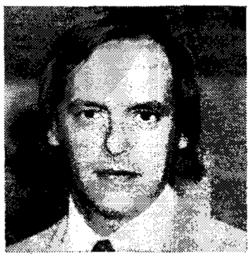

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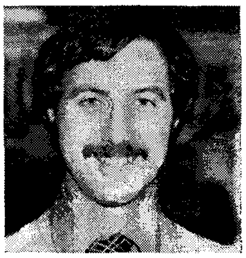

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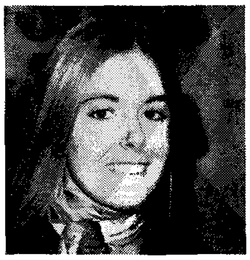

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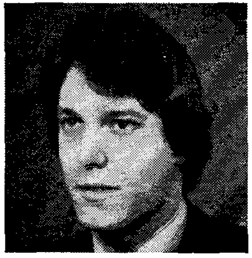

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romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films; it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Gramercy; through Feb. 3.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Art, 34th St. East, and U. A. East.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Elgin; Jan. 31.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Quad Cinema.)

Five Graves to Cairo (1943)—Erich von Stroheim struts his stuff as Field Marshal Erwin Rommel in an ingeniously plotted melodrama about why the Germans lost at El Alamein. Billy Wilder, who directed and, with Charles Brackett, also wrote the script, based on a play by Lajos Biro, must have had something a little grander in mind; the cleverness lacks luster. With Franchot Tone, Anne Baxter, Peter Van Eyck, Akim Tamiroff, Miles Mander, Ian Keith, and Konstantin Shayne. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 3.)

Fox—Directed by, and with, Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. Shown as "Fist-Right of Freedom" at the New York Film Festival this past fall. (Waverly; starting Feb. 1.)

The Great Gabbo (1929)—After the picture he was directing—"Queen Kelly"—was cancelled, Erich von Stroheim turned to acting and had a popular success as a megalomaniac ventriloquist who expresses his sensitive feelings only through his grotesque little dummy, Otto. Directed by James Cruze, from a Ben Hecht story, the film is effective only in a few bits; when the ventriloquist gets into the Follies, his story gets lost between mediocre musical-comedy numbers (which were originally in color). With the talented Betty Compson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 3.)

Hearts of the West—Jeff Bridges is just the right actor to play Lewis Tater, an Iowa farm boy who writes Western stories and aspires to be like his idol, Zane Grey. Lewis leaves home in 1929, heads toward the land of his purple-prose dreams, and stumbles into a job as a stunt man in Western pictures directed by a penny-pinching hysteric played by Alan Arkin. This nostalgia comedy has an eccentric enchantment to it. The troupe of cowboy actors, headed by Andy Griffith, is the most engaging ensemble since the Dead End Kids, and the heroine, a script girl, is played by wide-eyed Blythe Danner, who is reminiscent of both Margaret Sullavan and Jean Arthur. Howard Zieff directed, from Rob Thompson's script. (10/13/75) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Symphony; through Feb. 3.)

Hedda—With Glenda Jackson as Ibsen's heroine. Directed by Trevor Nunn. (Fine Arts.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Plaza; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Regency; starting Feb. 4.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Loews Orpheum.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.' " (Elgin; Jan. 31.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. He's a romantic-liberal Dirty Harry in this sloshy melodrama, which is caught between the pulpy weltschmerz of the writer, Steve Shagan, and the harshness of the director, Robert Aldrich. When Aldrich tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (Loews Ciné.)

The Invitation—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (5/5/75) (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 3.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Feb. 3.)

Killer Elite—Sam Peckinpah's most compelling film in several years—a poetic, corkscrew vision of the modern world, claustrophobically exciting. The somewhat incoherent story is about a professional killer (James Caan) who turns against his employers—a company with C.I.A. connections—but the energy and the humor appear to derive from Peckinpah's own desire for revenge against his movie-business employers. With Gig Young, Robert Duvall, Burt Young, Bo Hopkins, and Arthur Hill. (1/12/76) (72nd Street East, and Symphony; starting Feb. 4.)

The Longest Yard (1974)—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Playboy; through Feb. 3.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Gramercy, and New Yorker; through Feb. 3.)

Lucky Lady—Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. They're not. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (Trans-Lux East.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival.)

Mahogany—Diana Ross in a garish, garbled version of outmoded white kitsch. She plays a secretary from the South Side of Chicago, who becomes the first black model to crack the color bar, goes on to be a whirling international celebrity, and then gives it all up to help her black lover (Billy Dee Williams) fight to improve conditions at home. The decadent whites who paw her or bitch at her include Tony Perkins, Nina Foch, Marisa Mell, and Jean-Pierre Aumont. Berry Gordy directed. (10/27/75) (Olympia; through Feb. 3.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Coronet.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 30.)

Never on Sunday (1960)—Melina Mercouri as the happy whore who goes to bed only with men she likes in Jules Dassin's clumsy fable about the joys of amorality and the stupidity of virtue. Pinheaded Shavian ironies and an exhaustingly robust heroine. Made in Greece, with bouzouki music by Manos Hadjidakis. In English and Greek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 30.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—With Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, and Ellen Greene, directed by Paul Mazursky. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting Feb. 4.)

92 in the Shade—With Peter Fonda and Warren Oates, directed by Thomas McGuane. (Gramercy, and Olympia; starting Feb. 4.)

Once Is Not Enough—This adaptation of Jacqueline Susann's infatuated exposé of the scandalous goings on among celebrities wants so badly to be shocking and is actually so naïve that you begin to feel some affection for its silly sleaziness. Brenda Vaccaro is entertainingly spunky as a Helen Gurley Brownish editor, and David Janssen gives a surprisingly energetic performance as a Norman Mailer-like brawling writer. The others include George Hamilton and Kirk Douglas, and Alexis Smith and Melina Mercouri, who have an excruciating lesbian scene. Guy Green directed, unevenly, from a too-sober script by Julius J. Epstein. (Olympia; through Feb. 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel-outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

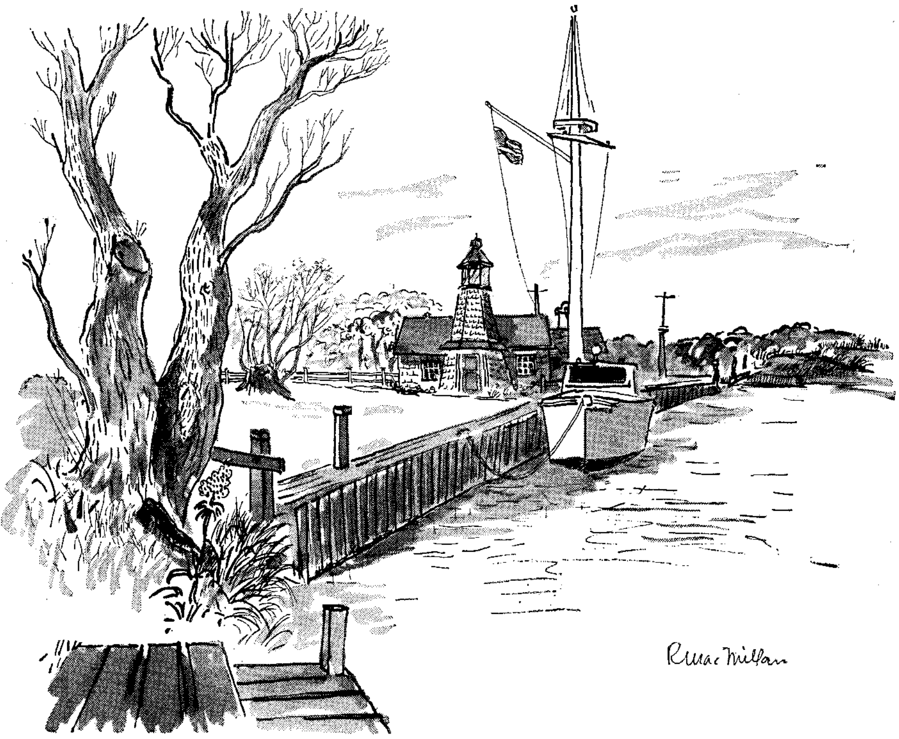
The Passion of Joan of Arc (1927)—One of the few truly great films. Carl Dreyer based the script on the trial records and, keeping the camera close to the fleshly faces of Joan and her persecutors, subtly—and shockingly—links eroticism and religious persecution. Maria Falconetti's Joan may be the finest performance ever recorded on film. With Antonin Artaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 5.)

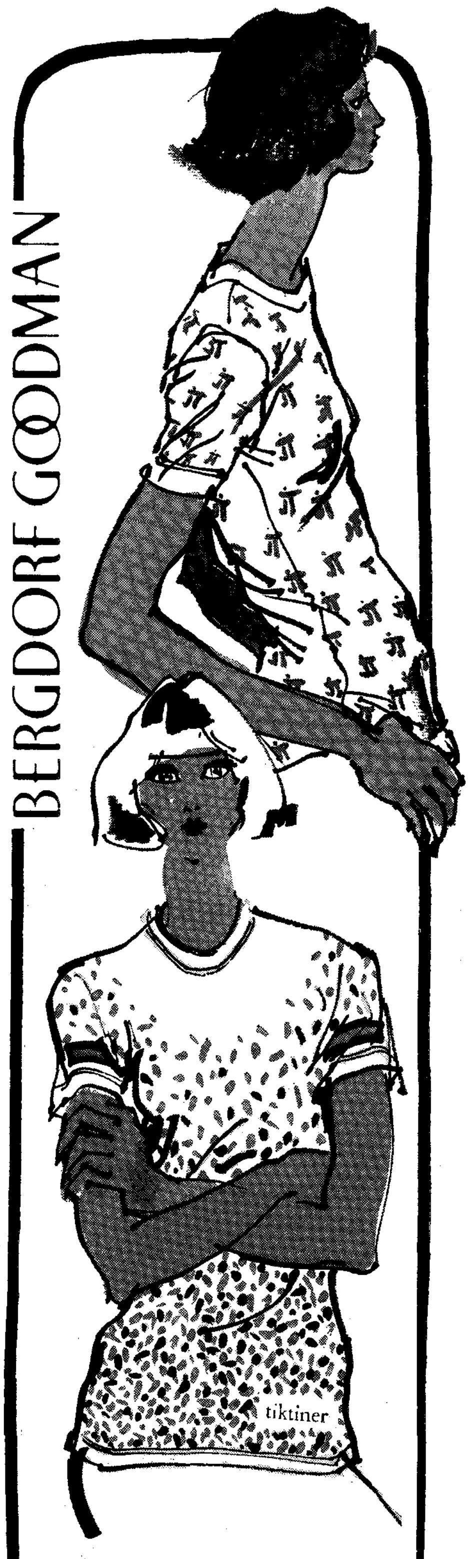
The President's Analyst (1967)—James Coburn, as the psychoanalyst to the President of the United States, is pursued by a Russian spy (Severn Darden), an American agent (Godfrey Cambridge), and everybody else. This erratic political spoof, written and directed by Theodore Flicker, has good sequences (one involves a superautomated phone company) and sour sequences (William Daniels as the head of an upper-middle-class liberal family obsessed with the threat of right-wing neighbors). Very lively when Flicker is just making sophomoric jokes, but he doesn't seem to know what he's good at, or how to stick to it. (Elgin; Feb. 5.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (New Yorker; starting Feb. 4.)

Rancho Deluxe—Tom McGuane wrote the script for this flip, absurdist modern Western. Jeff Bridges plays a dropout from the upper middle class, and Sam Waterston plays a wryly bemused Indian. The self-conscious cleverness isn't as charming as it's meant to be. Frank Perry directed; with Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James. (12/8/75) (Gramercy, and Olympia; starting Feb. 4.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called





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"The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 4.)

The Romantic Englishwoman—Michael Caine is the pulp-writer husband, and Glenda Jackson is the discontented wife, and this is another flaccid essay on infidelity, with prissy-mouthed Helmut Berger as the gigolo-intruder. Directed by Joseph Losey. (12/8/75) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 29.)

Scent of a Woman—With Vittorio Gassman, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Paris.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A very funny farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker; through Feb. 3.)

Seven Beauties—With Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey, directed by Lina Wertmüller. In Italian. (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

Shampoo (1975)—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 3. No evening performances on Monday, Feb. 2.)

The Slap—With Lino Ventura, Annie Girardot, and Isabelle Adjani; directed by Claude Pinoteau. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Smile—A fresh, mussed-up comedy about the California finals of a national "Young American Miss" contest. With Bruce Dern as the chief judge, Barbara Feldon as the girls' den mother, Michael Kidd as the choreographer brought in to stage the beauty pageant, and several talented new actresses—Maria O'Brien, Joan Prather, and Annette O'Toole. Michael Ritchie's direction is highly variable in quality, but he's a whiz at catching details of frazzled behavior. The script is by Jerry Belson. (10/6/75) (Quad Cinema.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Cinema I; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting Feb. 4.)

The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, though somewhat poky, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 4.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams (1973)—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (Playboy; starting Feb. 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Columbia I, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. The film is raspingly funny and rancorous, but it is also sad, because the rich woman is not serious about her

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Albert Hubbell

expeditionary love. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Juliet 1, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Testament of Dr. Mabuse (1933)—A Fritz Lang thriller, but not to be confused with his brilliant, spidery 1922 "Doktor Mabuse;" this later film, in which the mad Mabuse (Rudolph Klein-Rogge), a criminal mastermind locked in an asylum, hypnotizes the head of the asylum into doing his will, was Lang's first anti-Nazi picture. Banned by Goebbels in March, 1933, the film had a rough history. It opened in the United States in 1943, with a foreword by Lang: "This film was made to denounce the terrorist methods of Hitler. Slogans and doctrines of the Third Reich have been put into the mouths of criminals. . . ." Would that the film were as audacious as that sounds; the visual style, however, seems more remarkable than the content, and some people have suggested that those political intentions may have been augmented by hindsight. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 3.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Elgin; Feb. 4.)

Three Days of the Condor—This expensive spy thriller gets some tension going, but there's no real fun in it. Robert Redford plays a researcher for the C.I.A. who accidentally turns up a clue to the existence of a renegade conspiratorial network in the C.I.A. organization and becomes everybody's target. With a miscast, subdued Faye Dunaway, and Max von Sydow, Cliff Robertson, and John Houseman. Sydney Pollack directed. (10/6/75) (Waverly; through Jan. 31.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—The original 108-minute version, not previously exhibited, of Orson Welles' marvellously garish thriller about drugs and police corruption in a border town. Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 4.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (New Yorker; starting Feb. 4.)

Waiting for Fidel—Directed by Michael Rubbo. (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 30.)

The Way We Were (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents's novel. (Playboy; starting Feb. 4, tentative.)

The Wind and the Lion—The flamboyance of the writer-director John Milius is initially startling; this film opens with such a bang that the viewer may really expect a beautiful, old-fashioned swords-in-the-desert epic. However, when the actors begin to talk, the ludicrous dialogue and the amateurish acting (especially by the secondary characters) take one back to the low-budget buffoonery of Maria Montez and Turhan Bey. The plot involves Brian Keith as Theodore Roosevelt, Sean Connery as the last of the Barbary pirates, and Candice Bergen as a kidnapped American, but Milius is not a gifted storyteller. His characters talk incessantly, and toss away the information the audience needs to make sense of the action. People are killed so arbitrarily that the whole epic seems dissociated—as if Milius were trying to think like a nine-year-old boy but wasn't sure how he should feel about his boyish ideas; there isn't enough conviction behind this movie to hold it together. Billy Williams did the cinematography. (Symphony; through Feb. 3.)

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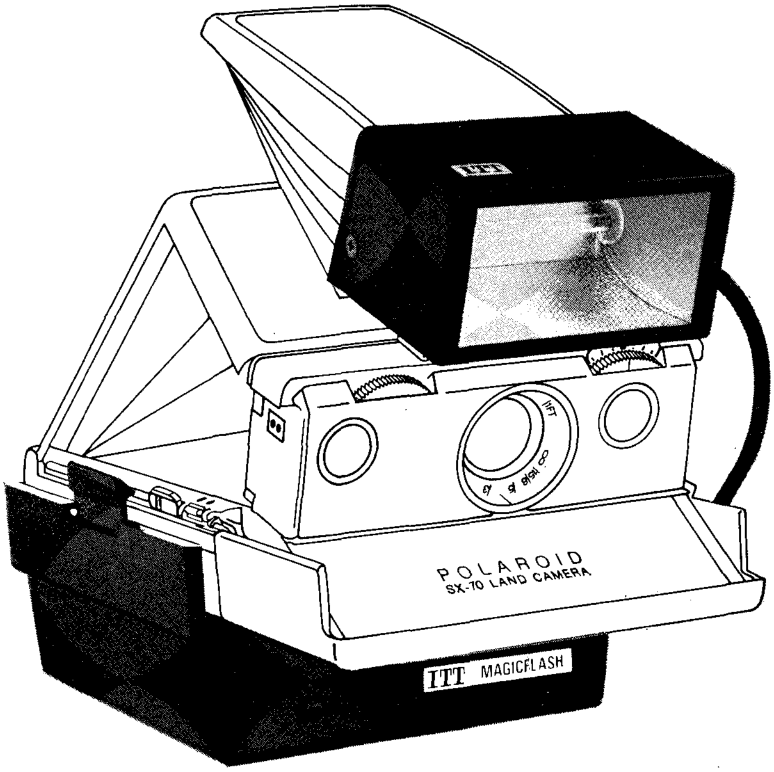

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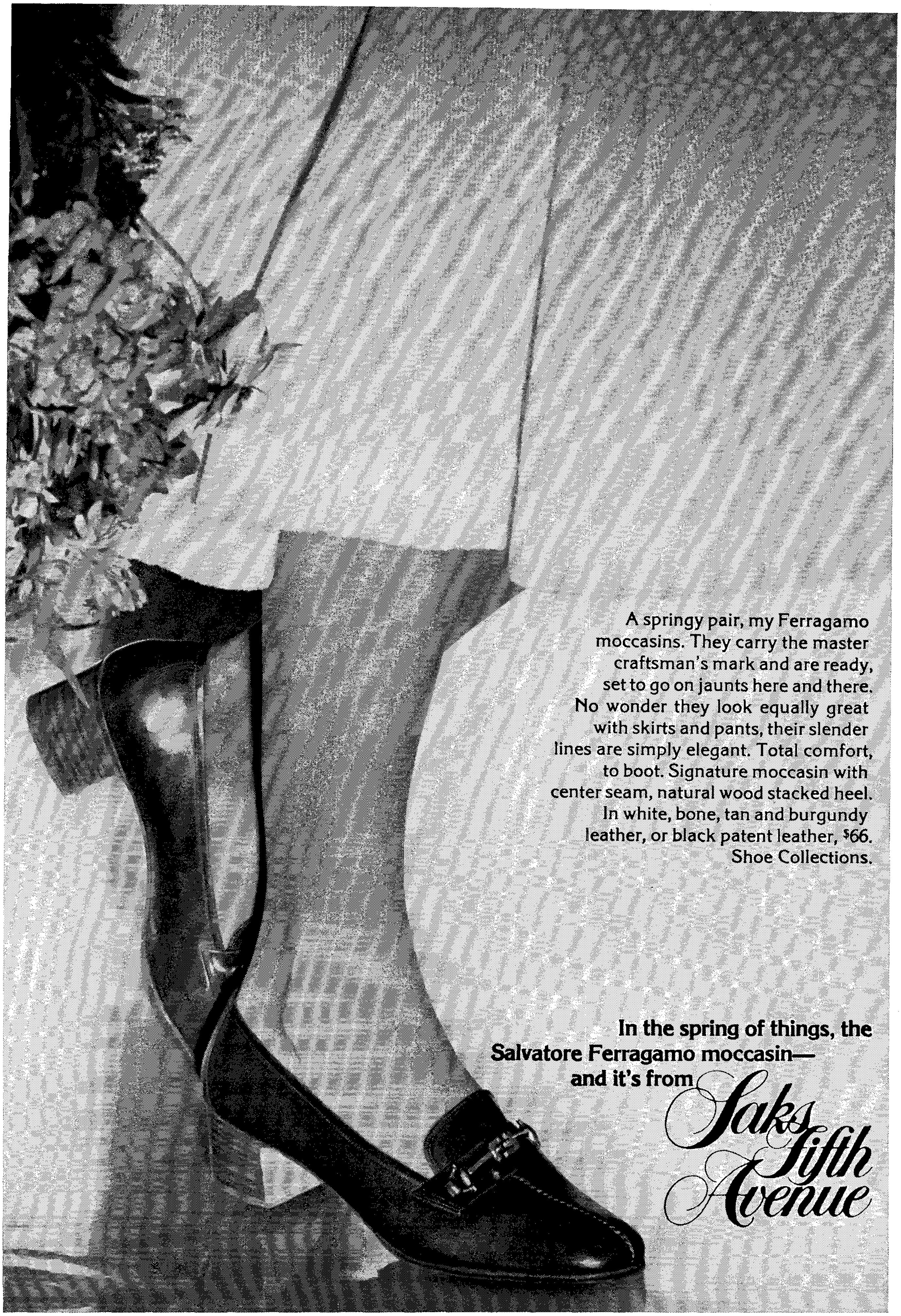
The best ideas are the ideas that help people



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In the spring of things, the Salvatore Ferragamo moccasin— and it's from *Saks Fifth Avenue*

THE NEW YORKER

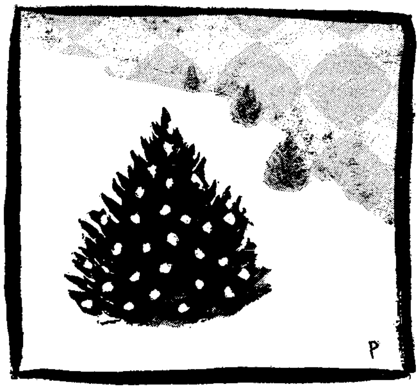
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONLY the most dedicated student of foreign affairs can hope to keep track of the hot, bloody little wars that have plagued the world in the last decades. But to the extent that the rest of us manage to regulate our confusion we usually do it by classifying events under the headings of familiar abstractions: self-determination versus imperialism, Communism versus Capitalism, Russian power versus American power, class versus class—modern concepts to describe situations that we see as the legacy of modern history. Occasionally, however, this perception of messy local performers playing to the beat of big, modern words is pierced by a note so ancient, so resonant of eras we think of as belonging to the dead and innocent past, that we are jolted, as out of a trance. Christians and Moslems, the newscaster says, have been killing each other in Beirut today; he goes on to explain that both sides are influenced in their actions by a United Nations debate. Or we read in our newspaper that the two major Angolan factions on "our side" have only an uneasy alliance, because they belong to and represent different tribes; we read on to learn of the effect of the Angolan situation on Soviet-American relations. For some reason, we are not distracted by the solemn reverberations of international debate and negotiation. For some reason, we don't try to fit the information into the familiar abstractions. And, as a result, we hear something that is usually lost to us in the general din. We have heard and read the actual words many times, of course, but now their naked meaning penetrates intact. Christians and Moslems. Tribes. A counterpoint to those larger themes we have been straining so hard to follow comes through to us. *Christians* and *Moslems. Protestants* and *Catholics. Jews* and *Arabs. Greeks* and *Turks. Tribes.* Tribes. Tribes.

The revelation these moments yield is that the most enduring cause of the organized violence we call war is not ideology or greed or politics but the potent mixture of fear and allegiance which breeds intense tribal rivalries; that rivalries of this kind have a life of their own, independent of the particular issues that may bring them to the surface at a given moment; and that insofar as this independence exists, the violence is ritualistic rather than a means to a specific end—sometimes the ritualistic reënactment of a history of reciprocal antagonism stretching back for centuries. The revelation does not invalidate other interpretations of the causes of violence. It merely lets us see that very often the point at which tribal antagonisms overlap other causes is the point at which the flame is kindled that drives ordinary men to risk their own lives en masse in order to kill other ordinary men.

Americans are inclined to forget the primacy of tribal affiliation, and hence to underestimate its inspirational power. We preferred to see the situation in Vietnam, for example, as a struggle between advocates of different forms of government, and were certain that arms, manpower, and money would alter the dynamics of what was actually a war of tribal passion drawing upon the embers of centuries of hostility. Many of us are even more resistant when the spirit of kinship exerts its pull on our own attitudes; the educated, forward-looking people of the New World, we feel, should be free from such irrational fixations, such ghosts of the past. Thus, we strain to come up with "reasons" for our loyalty to Israel, and to distinguish that loyalty from our involvement in Vietnam, arriving at such flimsy explanations as that Israel is a "real democracy"—as though if Israel instituted a different form of government we would feel free to abandon her. The true reason we are loyal to Israel—and the reason our involvement with her is different from that with Vietnam—may be that Israel is a member of our extended family, of our tribe, and not only this but a member whose existence symbolizes the family's sole hope of redemption from one of the most terrible episodes in its own internal history, the Holocaust. Yet because the loyalty, put in these terms, seems irrational; because to acknowledge it seems to put us in the same bracket as Greeks who shoot Turks and Catholics who bomb Protestants—because, in other words, to accept this allegiance as valid seems to entail blotting out a sense of the humanity of the Arabs—we try to ignore the persuasion of our instincts. The result, for many of us, is a sense of hopelessness and incapacitation in our efforts to arrive at a tenable, morally sound position on the Middle East.



Perhaps part of the explanation of our tendency both to underestimate the force of kinship in people we are not involved with and to resist it in ourselves when we are involved is that we see only its evil effects, and not the original validity of the bonds from which the force arises. Here the conservative tradition may offer some help in a liberal's frustration. Edmund Burke wrote, "To be attached to the subdivision, to love the little platoon we belong to . . . is the first principle (the germ as it were) of public affections." It is that spontaneous impulse of fraternity within the smaller branches of the human family which enables us to cultivate societies in the first place. It is that impulse which brings out the best in human beings as well as the worst. The reason it is so hard to achieve peace in ritualistic tribal conflicts is not just that the evil power of hatred is so great but also that the persuasion of love—whether it be a patriotic affection or a racial, religious, or cultural bond—is so powerful. When we do recognize the local spirit of kinship which underlies so much of the violence in the world, many of us see only a primitive, blinding, and destructive force that must be sterilized by rationality, so that a global spirit of kinship may put an end to all war. Recoiling from the spectacle of the excesses that the local ties give rise to, we fail to see that the same impulse that is the basic unit of war is also the source of the sense of connectedness between men, the basic unit of peace. The paradox posed by the dual character of tribal affection cannot be untangled in a day, but one can start by asking questions. Is it true that to recognize as valid the pull of kinship within one's fraternity is necessarily to arrive at an inflexible position of insensitivity toward people outside one's fraternity? Is it not possible that that recognition can be a point of departure from which, having understood and accepted the primacy of such attachments, we will be able to control the excesses to which they can lead, while using the impulse in its best manifestations to build an architecture of peace which is solid because it is consistent with human nature? Since it is unlikely, that all the peoples of the world will ever feel toward each other an equal kinship—since there will always be gradations of fellowship—do we further the sense of the interconnectedness of all people by undervaluing in others and repressing in ourselves the original impulse of kinship on the small scale?

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Found

ON just about any given weekday at P.S. 41, an institution of lower learning on West Eleventh Street, a fair number of arriving scholars can be seen entering the school building with small, round adhesive stickers of various colors attached to their cheeks, their noses, their throats, their earlobes, and their clothing. By lunchtime, when the P.S. 41 smart set breaks for a quick bite at Ray's Pizza, across the street from the school, the stickers have disappeared. As nearly as we can tell, the stickers have been lost in the reading circle, or else have simply come unstuck and been tossed away. This little fad—we hesitate to call it a trend, because it is still confined largely to P.S. 41—was begun quietly last summer by an off-season P.S. 41-er called Danny. Perhaps to ease the midsummer ennui, Danny started inspecting pay telephones in the Village for any spare change that might be left around. At some point, he noticed that somebody was putting nickel-size paper stickers on the sides of telephones and of phone booths. The stickers were blue, green, brown, gray, orange (occasionally the orange had faded to something like peach or pink), and although Danny couldn't figure out any use for them, he and his friends began to collect them. The telephone stickers quickly became the new *objets trouvés*—utterly dispensable one moment, utterly indispensable the next, then utterly dispensable again.

A few days ago, we accompanied some of Danny's friends on a sticker harvest. Our guides were a fifth grader called Kate, a fourth grader called Jill, and Jill's brother Stephen, who is in the first grade. These three live near Washington Square, conveniently close to the pay-telephone thickets of Sixth Avenue. Our first stop was a phone booth at Macdougal Street and Waverly Place, where Stephen spotted a blue sticker. He removed this and attached it to his right wrist. Down the block, toward Sixth Avenue, Kate and Jill each claimed a blue. "It must be a blue day," Stephen announced. Jill put her sticker on her throat, Kate stuck hers to her chin. Stephen led us a block south and then uptown, and within ten minutes he and the two girls had visited most of the pay phones on Sixth Avenue between Washington Place and Twelfth Street. Here and there, someone struck a real bonanza—an orange, a green, and a brown all in the same phone booth, say—and Stephen proved that he isn't too bashful to barge into an occupied booth to retrieve such treasure. This sort of thing, in fact, is what makes collecting the colored dots fun. None of the three knew where the stickers came from, and they said they preferred not to have the mystery solved. Kate told us, "We figure it's just some weirdo sticking these things all over the phones."

Close—it's Charles Podgurski. Thanks to Mr. Podgurski, who is the director of maintenance for the New York Telephone Company, and a man who takes his work seriously, we can report these findings: The stickers belong to a phone-maintenance system that Mr. P. thought up three years ago. There are thirty-six thousand pay phones in Manhattan, about a third of them "semi-public," which means that they are in places like grocery stores and cafeterias, and that the owner of the premises is responsible for reporting equipment failure. Another twelve thousand or so are situated in low-density spots—say, the kitchen of a restaurant—and require only sporadic maintenance checks. Of the remaining twelve thousand—the pay phones on sidewalks, in office-building lobbies, in department stores—each is inspected every day by one of Mr. Podgurski's subordinates. Each repairman checks from a hundred and fifty to two hundred phones, and, to show that he's been there, he puts a sticker on the telephone or on the phone booth. The maintenance men use blue stickers on Monday, brown on Tuesday, green on Wednesday, orange on Thursday, gray on Friday. When the foreman comes around later on, he can see, by the presence or absence of stickers, how far along his route the repairman has gone. Hitches develop here and there when sticker affixers can't work faster than sticker removers. "If the stickers are removed, it interferes with the built-in code we have," Mr. Podgurski explained to us. "Fortunately, we haven't seen much of a pattern of removal. If I had any real problem, I'd be taking my foremen to task and my foremen would be taking the repairmen to task. These kids tend to hit the same four or five phones again and again."

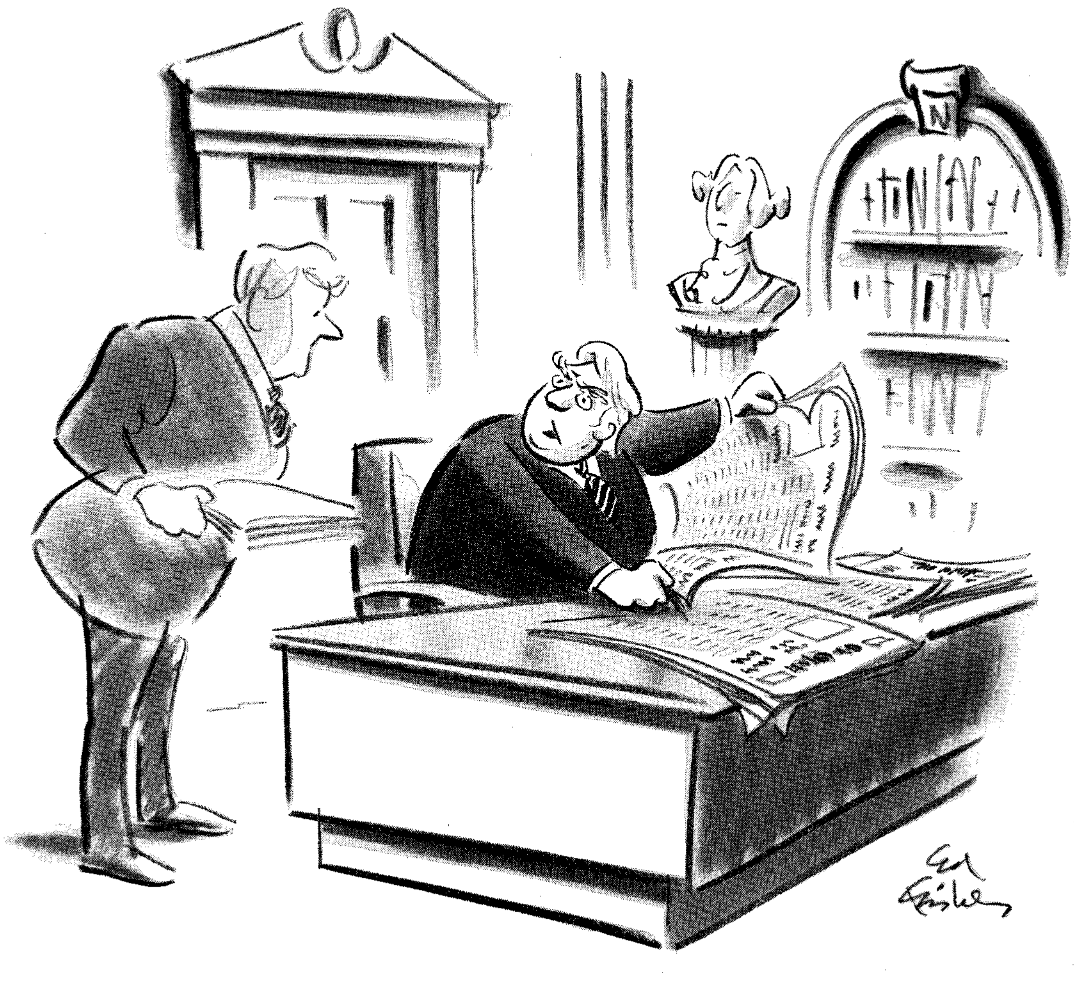
Mr. Podgurski seems to lean toward the "one-or-two-per-cent-lunatic-fringe" theory—a concept that, it is generally agreed, was originally developed by the residents of Isla Vista, California, after some rowdies firebombed a branch of the Bank of America there back during the college-campus disorders. When this theory is applied to pay telephones, it dictates that ninety-eight or ninety-nine per cent of the phones in New York City are safe from the clutches of the sticker collectors.

All this reminds us of other significant useless objects that people have collected over the years—gum wrappers, pop-tops from aluminum cans, empty ink cartridges from fountain pens, and the red cellophane strips from cigarette packages. Actually, the red cellophane strips weren't pure collectors' items, because some people believed that anyone who collected a hundred pounds of them—or maybe it was a ton—could redeem them for a pony. So far, no one has promised anything about telephone stickers and ponies. The final tally the other day, before everyone adjourned to a candy store near P.S. 41, was: four blues, two oranges, and one gray for Kate; five blues, three oranges, two grays, and one green for Jill; four blues, four grays, two oranges, and one-half brown for Stephen. An hour later, the three had thrown everything away.

Super Sunday

EVERYBODY I know [writes our friend the fellow-citizen] has been talking all this week about "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," and that is interesting, because I've still got a few words left for Super Bowl X, which everybody I know pronounced "X" and not "Ten," going on to make jokes about its being the first X-rated Super Bowl, and which they hadn't stopped talking about for the preceding two weeks. Not that I have anything against "Mary 2," as they are calling it in *Variety*—you know, Norman Lear's freeze-dried Chekhov, his near-soap-opera in which everyone is completely dippy, and which stars Woody Allen's ex-wife, Louise Lasser—except that it has no laugh track, and I think comedies are more friendly with laugh tracks. Laugh and the TV laughs with you is what I say. But the Super Bowl is the only television party of the year where everybody anybody knows goes over to somebody's house for a few hours just to sit and eat and watch the same TV program. Always friendly. The World Series is not the same, because it has to be at least four games, so there are always some people who are not there. Channel 11 here in New York does traditionally broadcast three or four hours of a film of a log burning on a couple of andirons on Christmas Eve, and I know a guy who traditionally put the TV set in the fireplace for three or four hours every Christmas Eve, but the log is no smaller at eleven or twelve than it was at nine, so the whole show is instant replay. People have shut up about the Super Bowl because they psyched it out. They all got excited before Super Bowls like VIII and IX, and then the games were nothing much and they were disappointed and had something to talk about. So this year they all talked about how dull X was going to be, and about an article in *TV Guide* which said that a professor had clocked VIII with his stopwatch and discovered that the ball was actually in motion for only seven minutes. So then X, which pitted the wild-card Dallas Cowboys against the reigning-champ Pittsburgh Steelers, turned out to be a fine game, or three-quarters of a fine game. The third period was a little slow, with no scoring, as Dallas sat on a three-point lead, but it was a game that Dallas could still have won after Pittsburgh went ahead 21–17 and there was only 0:01 left on the game clock. So Monday everybody said "Good game" to everybody else and started talking about "Mary Hartman." Of course, I mean in New York City. They may still be huddled around the steel forges in Pittsburgh or huddled around the airport in Dallas-Fort Worth talking over old times and replaying the game in their memories.

I went over to an environmental-planning teacher's house for X. His party was ten guys and one wife, a dental assistant who is trying to learn to like football. There were an assistant D.A., a market researcher, a sportswriter, an occult-book salesman, etc.—you know, the usual New York mix. The TV set was a twelve-inch Sony Trinitron, which the teacher, who can't get cable, has hooked up to an omnidirectional antenna, which has two metal circles that rotate on different axes as well as rabbit ears. He gets good reception. There were two Dallas fans in the room—the usual New York mix. We all ate potato chips and drank beer and Diet Pepsi during the first half—the half where Dallas assumed the lead—and said whatever came into our heads about what we were seeing. One guy was a play-by-player. He yelled out, "He got it! He dropped it! *They* got it—ooh, and THEY got it back!" One of the two Dallas fans gave a play-by-play of his own emotional state: "I'm a very confident Dallas fan now. I don't believe it! Stinko! I'm not confident any-



"First I was a 'non-candidate,' then I was a 'potential candidate,' and now I'm an 'ex-candidate.' Didn't we miss a step somewhere?"

more. It's still anybody's ballgame. Ha-ha! No, what's he *doing*? [Pittsburgh fan: "Falling down."] I've lost. I'm dejected!" Other people talked to the commercials. A commercial showed a Ford pickup truck from the movie "Mr. Majestyk." The truck, which was bounding around all over the screen over rough terrain, got everybody thinking about what football would be like if it was played in pickup trucks. The backfield could drive sportier models. Or motorcycles. That might make a good game. Another discussion topic: What happens if when you kick off you miss the ball completely? No one knew the answer. The sportswriter said you were supposed to fall down.

At halftime, the teacher brought out Super Bowl fodder: hot dogs cooked in the new Pillsbury Wiener Wraps they've been advertising on TV. It's a roll of dough perforated like postage stamps, and you tear off a piece and wrap it around a hot dog and bake it on a greased cookie sheet at 375° for thirteen to sixteen minutes. The label says, "FOR NUTRITION INFORMATION WRITE: © THE PILLSBURY COMPANY." Pretty good with mustard and with kosher pickles left over from New Year's Eve.

Then they showed film clips of the glory days of the Green Bay Packers while Barbra Streisand sang "The Way We Were," and all present shut up, because they all had goose bumps in spite of themselves, as they all said when the song was over. Nothing like an "If Only" song sung by Streisand to get you every time. Then came the third period, of no scoring, and the fourth period, when Pittsburgh, after a blocked punt, won and Dallas almost won. And I bought two pints of Jamoca Almond Fudge, two pints of Pralines and Cream, and a pint of Banana Rocky Road at Baskin-Robbins, and they threw in a jar of cold Hot Fudge as part of their thirty-first-anniversary celebration.

"Good party," said the wife, who still doesn't like football. "See you at XI."

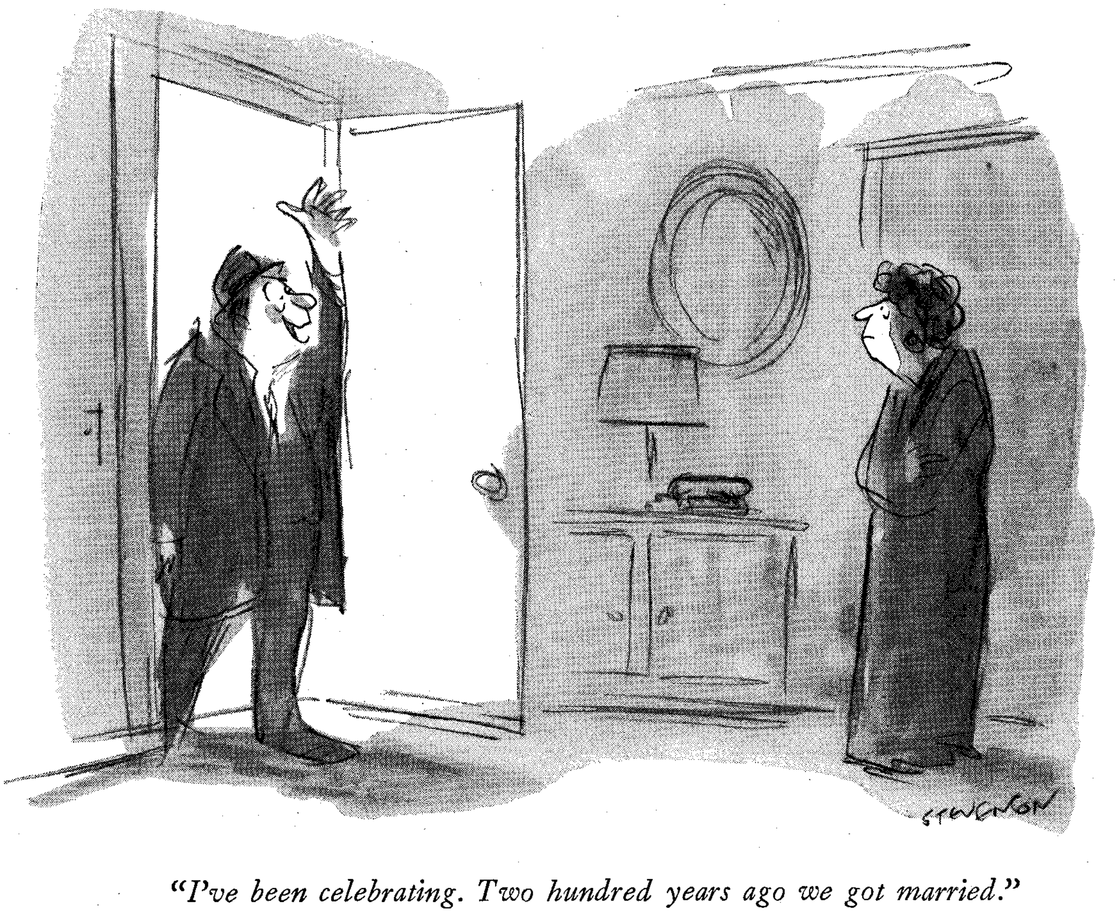
Aspects of Revolution

THE other day, we went to the twelfth National Fashion and Boutique Show, at the Hotel McAlpin, and then directly to the convention of the National Retail Merchants Association, which was being held twenty blocks north, at the New York Hilton. Going immediately from the one to the other gave us the impression that the more life changes the more it doesn't remain the same—at least in the realm of fashion. Five years ago, we went to the second National Boutique Show, also at the McAlpin. It was sponsored, like this latest one, by Larkin Publications, publishers of *Boutique Fashions Magazine*. The big word used then to describe the exhibitors, who were mostly young and mostly wearing hot pants, was "revolutionary." Other very popular words, used for the names of the then anti-business-establishment exhibitors, were "funky," "groovy," and "hip": Funky by Dexter, Groovy Headwear, Hip Products, etc. This time around? Right. No "revolution." No "funky," no "groovy," and no "hip." Not a single exhibitor listed in the Boutique Show directory under such names. But plenty of names striking an upbeat, cheerful, prosperous note: A. Smile, Inc.; Above the Belt, Inc.; Alaskan Silver & Ivory Co.; Beautiful Jools, Inc.; BonHomme Shirtmakers, Ltd.; Bottoms Up Jeans; Buck-L-Up; C'est Moi; Courageous Clothes, Ltd.; David King Buckles of Distinction; El Toro Bravo; Fresh from California; Granny's of New York; Hello, It's Me! by Marguerite; Joy Optical Co.; Liberty Country Wear, Inc.; Liberty Tree; Liberty Trouser Co.; Made in Paradise; Oui Oui; Sing & Smile; Well Made Pants Co., Inc.; Sunny Daze Shoe Co.; Blue Sky Leather; Superior Pants Co.; Faded Glory by Appendagez; and Hutspah Shirts. A kind of restless satisfaction was in the air at the show. Not a whiff of pot. Not a single pair of hot pants. The exhibitors still looked fairly young, and were carefully dressed to look poor and casual in denim and in leather, but were clearly on the flabby side. Not a wild eye in the place.

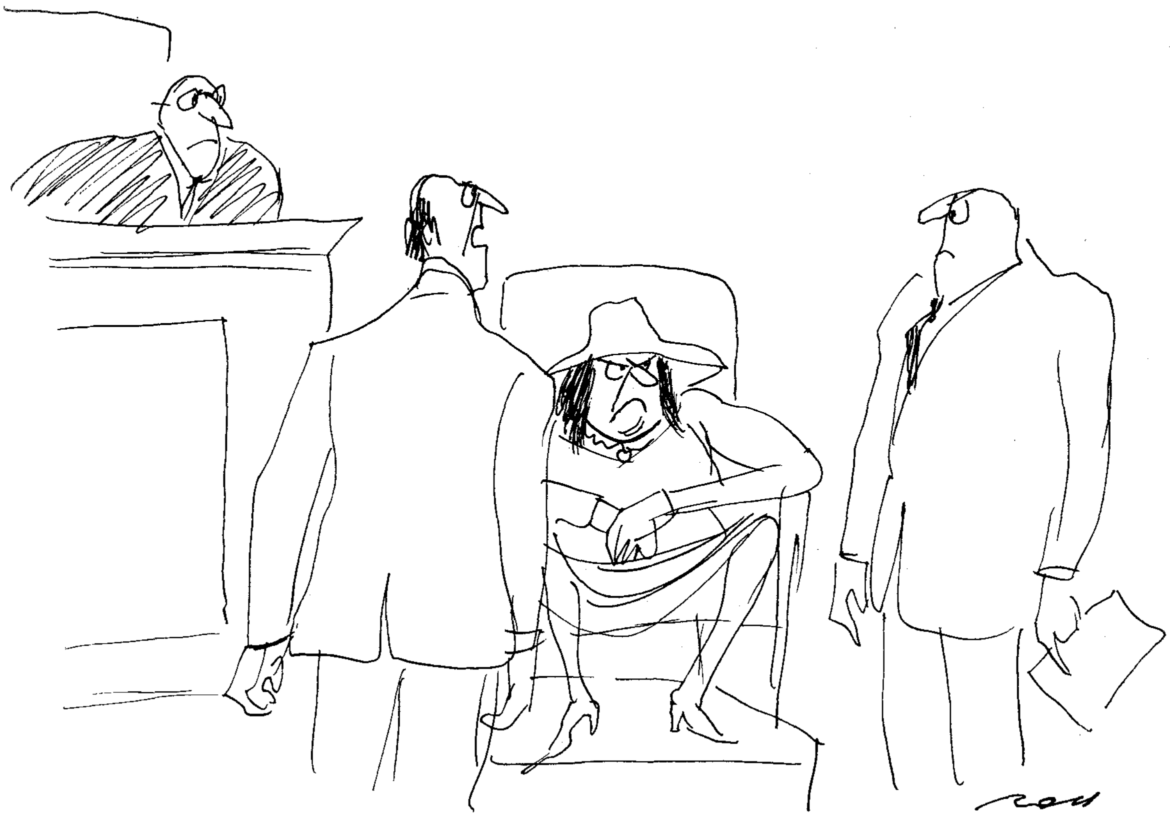
"Very funny thing—you are looking at what is now the backbone of the industry," said Alan Larkin, one of the sponsors of the show. (His co-sponsors were his brother Harold and a man named Oscar Pluznick, who is also president of the show.) Alan Larkin looked younger than he had looked five years ago—still tall and lean, with gray sideburns, and exuding confidence, suntan, relaxation, and profit.

"What's happened?" we asked.

"They used to talk revolution, and now they talk success," Mr. Larkin said, with a little, devil-may-care smile and a wave of the hand. "Five years ago, all



"I've been celebrating. Two hundred years ago we got married."



"She is not my witness! She's your witness!"

you saw here was bare feet. Now you see shoes. With heels. With socks. The head-shop scene is over. As the young people got older, the market moved up with them. To its dismay, it found out that middle-aged people have more money to spend than the very young. These manufacturers are now catering to them. The war in Vietnam ended. Poof! All the beards disappeared. We've got a few mustaches left, that's all. Our show is so big now we've had to set up a seniority system. It takes three years to get into it, and we've got a waiting list. We've grown from giving two shows a year to giving six—two in New York, two in Chicago, two in Los Angeles. You know who's waiting to get in? What used to be called the establishment. Now *they* are eager to change."

"For example?" we asked.

"Take El Toro Bravo," Mr. Larkin said, with another little smile. "El Toro Bravo is a fifty-year-old firm. Pants, jeans, knit shirts, T-shirts, leather, suède, rainwear—everything. They used to be M. Rubin & Sons, and they made work clothes. Take A. Smile. A successful jeans house. People used to call jeans dungarees. Take Landlubber. They're M. Hoffman & Co., Inc., who started making work clothes in 1919 under the name of Dubbleware. Sturdy, sturdy overalls and work shirts. Then they started making jeans and matching tops, and now they've dispensed with their entire work-clothes line. That's the way it goes."

"Who's buying all this stuff?" we asked. "What *is* the market?"

Mr. Larkin fixed us with an amused glance and gave us an immediate answer. "The fella who still has to wear a suit, shirt, and tie to the office but gets into jeans and the leather jacket the minute he gets home," he said.

"What would you say is the underlying theme of this show?" we asked, and this time Mr. Larkin delegated one of his many assistants, a young man named Robert Gelles, to answer.

"The natural approach in styling, fabrication, and color," Mr. Gelles answered instantly. "The casual image."

"Who's more popular here?" we asked. "The new manufacturers or the old ones who have joined up?"

"Both," Mr. Gelles answered, again instantly. "Everyone here wants to be near Faded Glory, a trend-setter in faded jeans. Faded Glory is a fairly new company that used to be in the wig business. They switched over when they started buying Army and Navy surplus stuff and started making recycled jeans. But Landlubber is about sixty years old. Both companies do about twenty-five million dollars a year. Both get about a million in retail orders at this show."

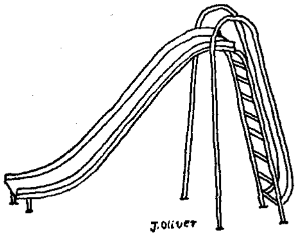
"What's one big item here?" we asked.

"Transfer T-shirts," Mr. Gelles said. "And the transfer-T-shirt machine. One model sells for seven hundred and another for five hundred and fifty. A young man can buy one and start a whole business with it. It was co-invented by Alex Feather and Bob Cohen, who used to be one of the largest footwear manufacturers in the East. They got bored and went out to California, where they started Photo-Lith, the company that makes the machine. Debbie Reynolds helps out with their public relations."

We wandered around the show for a while and were filled in on various patterns that the boutique revolution had developed. A young man named Stewart Richer—wearing Army-surplus drawstring pants, a collarless shirt circa 1920, and Olof Daughters boots—who was in charge of the Rossett Manufacturing Corp. exhibit of hats, sold us a newsboy cap made out of recycled-jeans parts. (For four dollars. Wholesale.) "I just sold eleven thousand dollars in hat orders to a store in Sweden!" Mr. Richer, who is sturdy-looking and has a classic, all-American-boy, pink-cheeked, young-entrepreneur face, told us. "I used to have a candle factory. Remember when candles were big? When they went from twenty-five million dollars to seventy-five million overnight? Then, in 1973, candles petered out. Hats are coming back big now. And drawstrings. I was the first to sell these drawstrings. In my own shop, Reminiscence, at 175 Macdougal Street. Now everybody's selling drawstrings. Can you imagine a Swedish store buying eleven thousand dollars' worth of hats?"

Next, we ran into a chic couple named Fil (for Filmore) and Angie (for Angelia) Griggs, of The Village Fox, a store in Little Rock, Arkansas, and they told us they had just spent about thirty-five thousand dollars buying items to stock in The Village Fox.

"A *lot* of denim, in all different looks, including Chinese and English," Mr. Griggs said. "And a lot of Indian things, but *sophisticated* Indian. Hemp shoes with string that ties up the leg. And hats. Lots of hats. Straw hats. Denim hats. Leather hats. Hats of every description." Mr. Griggs had long blond hair and a matching mustache—one of the few mustaches at the show. He was wearing a blue denim patchwork handmade jumpsuit designed by Phil Havice, of Free Flow, and a hand-laced leather jacket made by Varmint. Mrs. Griggs had on a T-shirt decorated with an airbrush-painted rose, and an antique-fabric skirt, both from Looking Glass. Very much the latest. The Griggses were model Boutiquers.



"Notice anything different about this show from other shows?" we asked.

"Back in the early seventies, things were kind of hippie, far out," Mr. Griggs replied. "Now everything is more subtle."

We paused briefly at UFO, a manufacturer of things denim, and talked with a young man named Robert Brody, who was wearing UFO jeans and matching work shirt, and who had one of the best suntans at the Boutique Show.

"Mine is a *Rio* suntan," Brody said. "That's what you get when you have an office, as we do, in Rio."

"Got a catalogue?" we asked.

"Ours is a non-catalogue, quick-changing thing," Brody replied cheerfully. "We're spreading so fast, who's got time to make a catalogue? Young people all over the world now want the instant-poverty look, and we're giving it to them. The workman look is big in Italy, Holland, Belgium, and Montreal, Canada. The personnel we cater to are getting older physically but not in their *thinking*."

SHIFTING gears, we headed quickly north to the New York Hilton, where we found "revolution" very much in the air at the sixty-fifth Annual Convention and Retailers Business & Equipment Exposition of the National Retail Merchants Association. "Your Official Program for 'The Retail Revolution of 1976,'" the program cover said. Inside, a letter from the N.R.M.A. president, James R. Williams, began:

> DEAR DELEGATE:
>
> Welcome to the RETAIL REVOLUTION OF 1976—your unparalleled opportunity to examine the challenges confronting key retail executives in this critical age of transition. . . . Our goal will be to help you improve your profits and maintain a razor-sharp competitive edge at a time when conflicting forces make these two crucial elements of success more elusive than ever.

It ended:

> By the end of these few days, we know you will be in full command of the revolution you must win.

A note about the convention's "Concurrent Workshops" began:

> As the big battles of The Retail Revolution of 1976 are faced in main conference rooms, these limited attendance workshops will establish a second front for skirmishes with specialized subjects at close range.

The titles of some of the workshops were "Effective Collections in Smaller Stores," "Updating Your Personnel Practices," "Direct Mail for Smaller Stores," "Capital Accumulation Through Tax Savings and Deferral Techniques," "Understanding Equal Pay," and "Building Profits in Smaller Stores Through Improved Inventory Management."

We didn't spot a single pair of jeans at the N.R.M.A. convention. The delegates seemed to be about ninety per cent male, of whom one hundred per cent were wearing dark suits, white shirts, and neckties with regimental stripes and ninety-eight per cent were carrying leather attaché cases and two per cent were carrying leather envelope cases. The feminine part of the delegation was wearing skirts—not pants—with matching jackets. No denim in sight. No leather, except for the briefcases. All the suited males and females wore neatly typed-out identification badges—white with red-and-blue borders. Everybody looked busy, busy, busy. Not restless, like the Boutiquers—just busy, with preoccupations that put stomach-ache expressions on all the faces.

We happened to find ourself in step with a gentleman (dark suit, white shirt, maroon regimental stripes on blue necktie, light-brown leather attaché case) whose I.D. indicated that he represented a store called Maison Blanche, New Orleans.

"Sir," we said, "could you—"

"Sorry. Sorry. No time to talk. Meeting," he said, brushing past us.

The N.R.M.A. convention program informed us that while a workshop entitled "Point of Sale Update" was going on in the East Promenade Room, an event entitled "The Essence of '76," put on by *Essence*, which was described in the program as "the magazine for today's Black woman and the fastest growing women's magazine in the country," would begin in the Grand Ballroom. The event included a fashion show called "Who's That Lady?" The attaché cases and their owners were in the audience, but the show put on by *Essence* didn't seem to have anything to do with them.

"We've broken rules," the mistress of ceremonies, Susan Taylor, who is the fashion and beauty editor of *Essence*, was saying as we entered. Miss Taylor, a beautiful young black woman, was decked out in a multi-colored dress and matching turban. Other beautiful young black women, wearing *Essence* T-shirts (Slogan: "Essence Knows Me Better Than Any Other Magazine"), were standing around handing out literature. On a ramp running the length of the ballroom was a parade of a couple of dozen of even more beautiful young black women, modelling clothes and swinging down the ramp in a fast, catlike, feeling-good, attractive, all-their-own walk to taped recordings of popular soul and jazz music. The models were elegant. They created an atmosphere that seemed to propel us light-years beyond the convention harboring them. There was some denim and some leather, but there was a lot of everything else, too.

"She's action- and body-conscious. She's on the move," Miss Taylor was saying as the models paraded in marvellously colored shorts and shirts, carrying golf bags, unicycles, tennis racquets. The show began to wind up, to the tune of Duke Ellington's "Satin Doll," with the modelling of evening clothes and furs—long, slinky, minky, and opulent.

"Denise Paschal is here. And Bethann. Darnella. Vody. All the top black models," one of the ushers behind us said.

As we emerged from the show, trying to figure out the status of the revolution and where it was really at, we ran into James R. Williams, the N.R.M.A. president. Mr. Williams, a pleasant, pink-cheeked gentleman, very much resembled Stewart Richer, except that he was a couple of decades older. He was carrying an attaché case, and he was looking preoccupied. We asked him how he had liked the fashion show.

"That was great!" he said heartily. "Nothing to be ashamed of in *that* show!"

THE POWER OF DARKNESS

THE doctors all agreed that Henia Dvosha suffered from nerves, not heart disease, but her mother, Tzeitel, the wife of Selig the tailor, confided to my mother that Henia Dvosha was making herself die because she wanted her husband, Issur Godel, to marry her sister Dunia.

When my mother heard this strange story she exclaimed, "What's going on at your house? Why should a young woman, the mother of two little children, want to die? And why would she want her husband to marry her sister, of all people? One mustn't even think such thoughts!"

As usual when she became excited, my mother's blond wig grew dishevelled as if a strong wind had suddenly blown up.

I, a boy of eleven, heard what Tzeitel said with astonishment, yet somehow I felt that she spoke the truth, wild as it sounded. I pretended to read a storybook but I cocked my ears to listen to the conversation.

Tzeitel, a dark, wide woman in a wide wig, a wide dress with many folds, and men's shoes, went on, "My dear friend, I'm not talking just to hear myself talk. This is a kind of madness with her. Woe is me, what I've come to in my old age. I ask but one favor of God—that He take me before He takes her."

"But what sense does it make?"

"No sense whatever. She started talking about it two years ago. She convinced herself that her sister was in love with Issur Godel, or he with her. As the saying goes—'A delusion is worse than a sickness.' Rebbetzin, I have to tell someone: Sick as she is, she's sewing a wedding dress for Dunia."

Mother suddenly noticed me listening and cried, "Get out of the kitchen and go in the other room. The kitchen is for women, not for men!"

I started to go down to the courtyard, and as I was passing the open door to Selig the tailor's shop I glanced inside. Selig was our next-door neighbor at No. 10 Krochmalna Street, and his shop was in the same apartment where he lived with his family. Selig sat at a sewing machine stitching the lining of a gaberdine. As wide as his wife was, so narrow was he. He had narrow shoulders, a narrow nose, and a narrow gray beard. His hands were narrow too, and with long fingers. His glasses, with brass rims and half lenses, were pushed up onto his narrow forehead. Across from him, before another sewing machine, sat Issur Godel, Henia Dvosha's husband. He had a tiny yellow beard ending in two points.

Selig was a men's tailor. Issur Godel made clothes for women. At that moment, he was ripping a seam. It was said that he had golden hands, and that if he had his own shop in the fancy streets he would make a fortune, but his wife didn't want to move out of her parents' apartment. When she got pains in the chest and couldn't breathe, her mother was there to take care of her. It was her mother—and occasionally her sister Dunia—who eased her with drops of valerian and rubbed her temples with vinegar when she grew faint. Dunia worked in a dress shop on Mead Street, wore fashionable clothes, and avoided the pious girls of the neighborhood. Tzeitel also watched over Henia Dvosha's two small children—Elkele and Yankele. I often went into Selig the tailor's shop. I liked to watch the machines stitch, and I collected the empty spools from the floor. Selig didn't speak like the people in Warsaw—he came from somewhere in Russia. He often discussed the Pentateuch and the Talmud with me, and he would speculate about what the saints did in Paradise and how sinners were roasted in Gehenna. Selig had been touched by Enlightenment and often sounded like a heretic. He would say to me, "Were your mother and father up in Heaven, and did they see all those things with their own eyes? Maybe there is no God? Or, if there is, maybe He's a Gentile, not a Jew?"

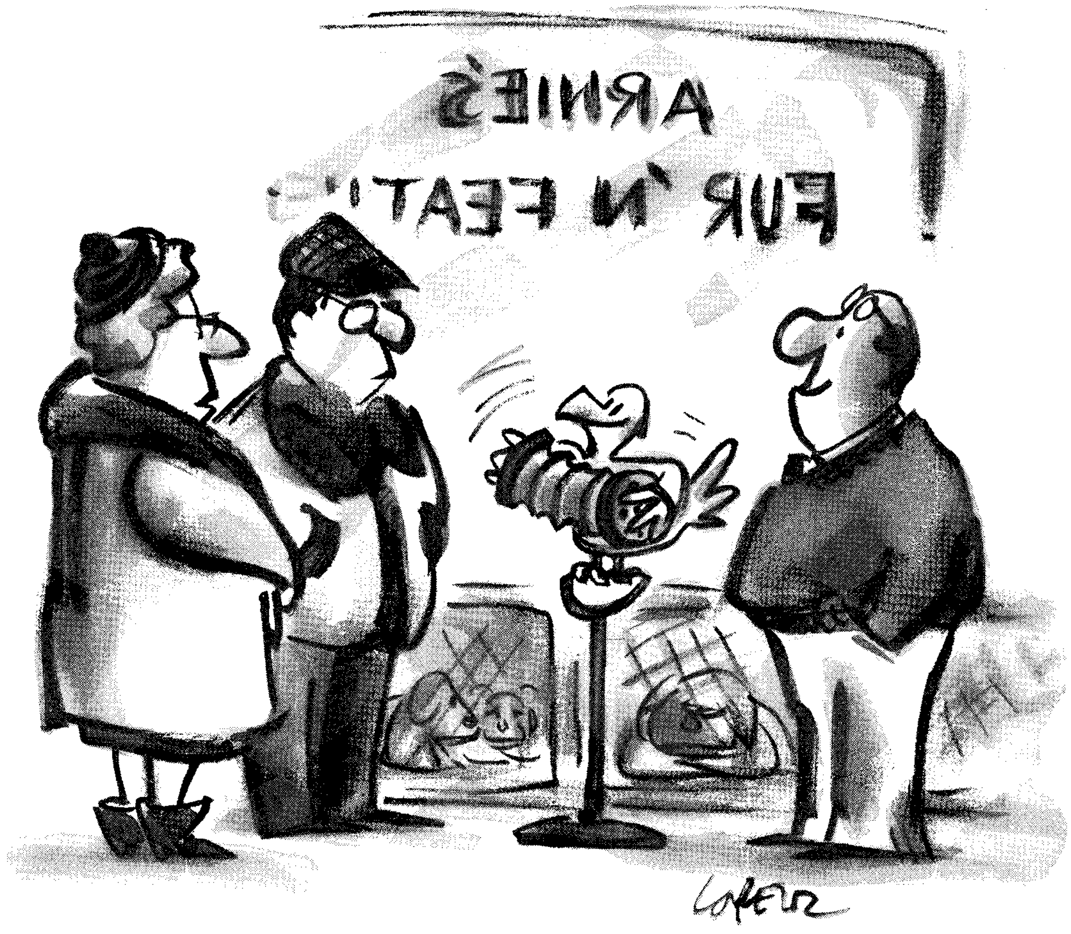
"God a Gentile? One mustn't say such things."

"How do you know one mustn't? Because it says so in the holy books? *People* wrote those books, and people like to make up all kinds of nonsense."

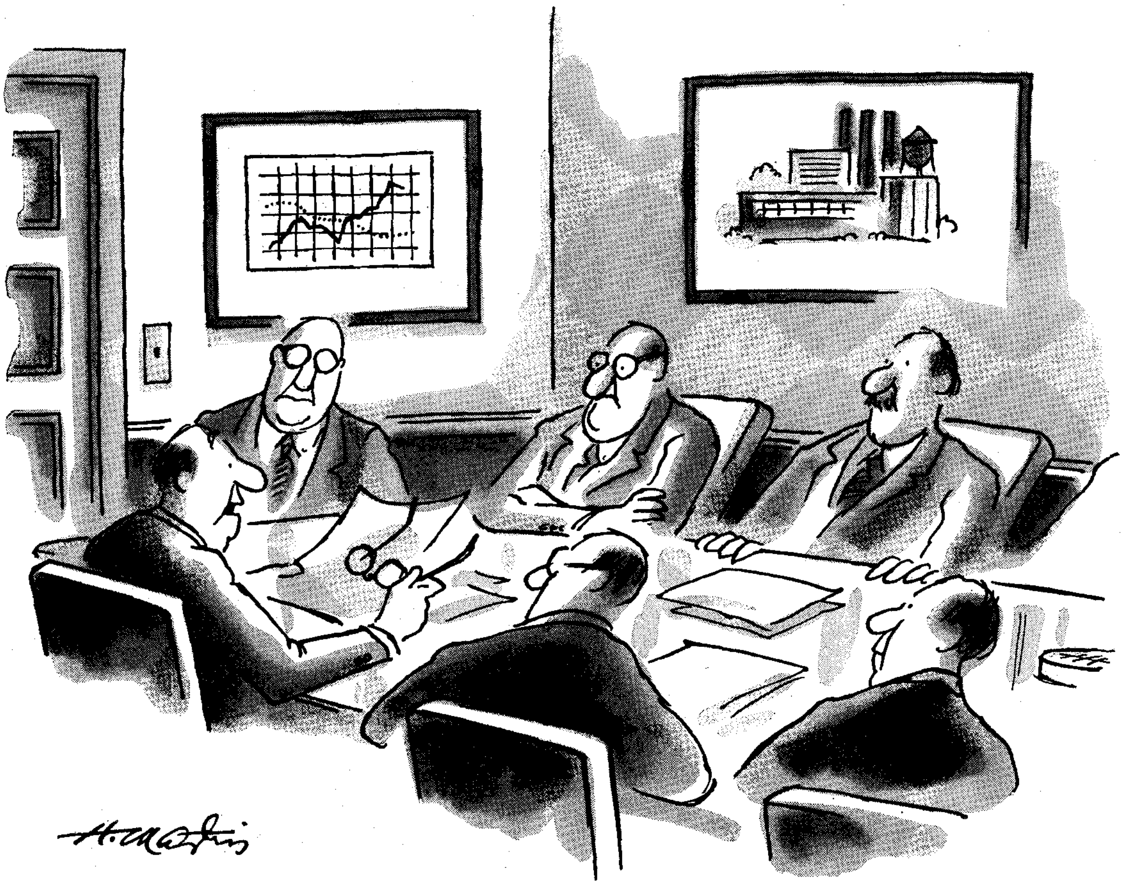
"Who created the world?" I asked.

"Who created God?"

My father was a rabbi and I knew wouldn't want me to listen to such talk. I would cover my ears with my fingers when Selig began to blaspheme, and resolved to never enter his place again, but something drew me to this room where one wall was hung with gaberdines, vests, and trousers and the other with dresses and blouses. There was also a dressmaker's dummy with no head and wooden breasts and hips. This time I felt a strong urge to peek into the



"Nice, but we were really thinking of a songbird."



"Now, depending on how we read these accounting figures, we have either an excess profit or an excess deficit."

• •

alcove where Henia Dvosha lay in bed.

Selig promptly struck up a conversation with me. "You don't go to cheder anymore?"

"I've finished cheder. I'm studying the Gemara already."

"All by yourself? And you understand what you read?"

"If I don't, I look it up in Rashi's Commentary."

"And Rashi himself understood?"

I laughed. "Rashi knew the whole Torah."

"How do you know? Did you know him personally?"

"Know him? Rashi lived hundreds of years ago."

"So how can you know what went on hundreds of years ago?"

"Everyone knows that Rashi was a great saint and a scholar."

"Who is this 'everybody'? The janitor in the courtyard doesn't know it."

Issur Godel said, "Father-in-Law, leave him alone."

"I asked him a question and I want an answer," Selig said.

Just then a small woman round as a barrel came in to be fitted for a dress. Issur Godel took her into the alcove. I saw Henia Dvosha sitting up in bed sewing a white satin dress that fell to the floor on both sides of the bed. Tzeitel hadn't lied. This was the wedding dress for Dunia.

I raced out of the shop and down the stairs. I had to think the whole matter out. Why would Henia Dvosha sew a dress for her sister to wear when she married Issur Godel after she, Henia Dvosha, died? Was this out of great love for her sister or love for her husband? I thought of the story of how Jacob worked seven years for Rachel and how her father, Laban, cheated Jacob by substituting Leah in the dark. According to Rashi, Rachel gave Leah signs so that she, Leah, wouldn't be shamed. But what kind of signs were they? I was filled with curiosity about men and women and their remarkable secrets. I was in a rush to grow up. I had begun watching girls. They mostly had the same high bosom as Selig's dummy, smaller hands and feet than men's, and hair done up in braids. Some had long, narrow necks. I knew that if I should go home and ask Mother what signs girls had and that Rachel could have given to Leah, she would only yell at me. I had to observe everything for myself and keep silent.

I stared at the passing girls, and thought I saw something like mockery in their eyes. Their glances seemed to say, "A little boy and he wants to know everything. . . ."

Although the doctors assured Tzeitel that her daughter would live a long time and prescribed medicines for her nerves, Henia Dvosha grew worse from day to day. We could hear her moans in our apartment. Freitag the barber-surgeon gave her injections. Dr. Knaister ordered her taken to the hospital on Czysta Street, but Henia Dvosha protested that the sick were poisoned there and dissected after they died.

Dr. Knaister arranged a consultation of three—himself and two specialists. Two carriages pulled up before the gates of our building, each driven by a coachman in a top hat and a cloak with silver buttons. The horses had short manes and arched necks. While they waited they kept starting forward impatiently, and the coachmen had to yank on the reins to make them stand still. The consultation lasted a long time. The specialists couldn't agree, and they bickered in Polish. After they had received their twenty-five rubles, they climbed into their carriages and drove back to the rich neighborhoods where they lived and practiced.

A few days later Selig the tailor came to us in his shirtsleeves, a needle in his lapel and a thimble over the index finger of his left hand, and said to my father, "Rabbi, my daughter wants you to recite the confession with her."

My father gripped his red beard and said, "What's the hurry? With the Almighty's help, she'll live a hundred and twenty years yet."

"Not even a hundred and twenty hours," Selig replied.

Mother looked at Selig with reproof. Although he was a Jew, he spoke like a Gentile; those who came from Russia lacked the sensitivity of the Polish Jew. She began to wipe away her tears. Father rummaged in his cabinet and took out "The Ford of the Jabbok," a book that dealt with death and mourning. He turned the pages and shook his head. Then he got up and went with Selig. This was the first time Father had been to Selig's apartment. He never visited anyone except when called to officiate in a religious service.

He stayed there a long time, and when he came back he said, "Oh, what kind of people are these? May the Almighty guard and protect us!"

"Did you recite the confession with her?" Mother asked.

"Yes."

"Did she say anything?"

"She asked if you could marry right after shivah, the seven days of mourning, or if you had to wait until after sheloshim, the full thirty."

Mother made a face as if to spit. "She's not in her right mind."

"No."

"You'll see, she'll live years yet," Mother said.

But this prediction didn't come true. A few days later a lament was heard in the corridor. Henia Dvosha had just passed away. The front room soon filled with women. Tzeitel had already managed to cover the sewing machines and drape the mirror with a black cloth. The windows had been opened, according to Law. Issur Godel appeared among the throng of women. He was dressed in a vented gaberdine cut to the knee, a paper dickey, a stiff collar, a black tie, and a small hat. He soon was on his way to the community office to arrange for the funeral. Then Dunia walked into the courtyard wearing a straw hat decorated with flowers and a red dress and carrying a bag in ladylike fashion. Dunia and Issur Godel met on the stairs. For a moment they stood there without speaking, then they mumbled something and parted—he going down and she up. Dunia wasn't crying. Her face was pale, and her eyes expressed something like rage.

DURING the period of mourning, men came twice a day to pray at Selig the tailor's. Selig and Tzeitel sat on little benches in their stocking feet. Selig glanced into the Book of Job printed in Hebrew and Yiddish that he had borrowed from my father. His lapel was torn as a sign of mourning. He chatted with the men about ordinary matters. The cost of everything was rising. Thread, lisle, and lining material were all higher. "Do people work nowadays?" Selig complained. "They play. In my time an apprentice came to work with the break of day. In the winter you started working while it was still dark. Every worker had to furnish a tallow candle at his own expense. Today the machine does everything and the worker knows only one thing—a new raise every other month. How can you have a world of such loafers?"

"Everyone runs to America!" Shmul the carpenter said.

"In America there's a panic. People are dying of hunger."

I went to pray each day at Selig the tailor's, but I never saw Issur Godel or Dunia there. Was Dunia hiding in the alcove or had she gone to work instead of observing shivah? As soon as this period of mourning was over, Issur Godel trimmed his beard, and exchanged his traditional cap for a fedora and the gaberdine for a short jacket. Dunia informed her mother that she wouldn't wear a wig after she was married.

THE night before the wedding, I awoke just as the clock on the wall struck three. The window of our bedroom was covered with a blanket, but the moonlight shone in from each side. My parents were speaking softly, and their voices issued from one bed. God in Heaven, my father was lying in bed with my mother!

I held my breath and heard Mother say, "It's all their fault. They carried on in front of her. They kissed, and who knows what else. Tzeitel told me this herself. Such wickedness can cause a heart to burst."

"She should have got a divorce," Father said.

"When you love, you can't divorce."

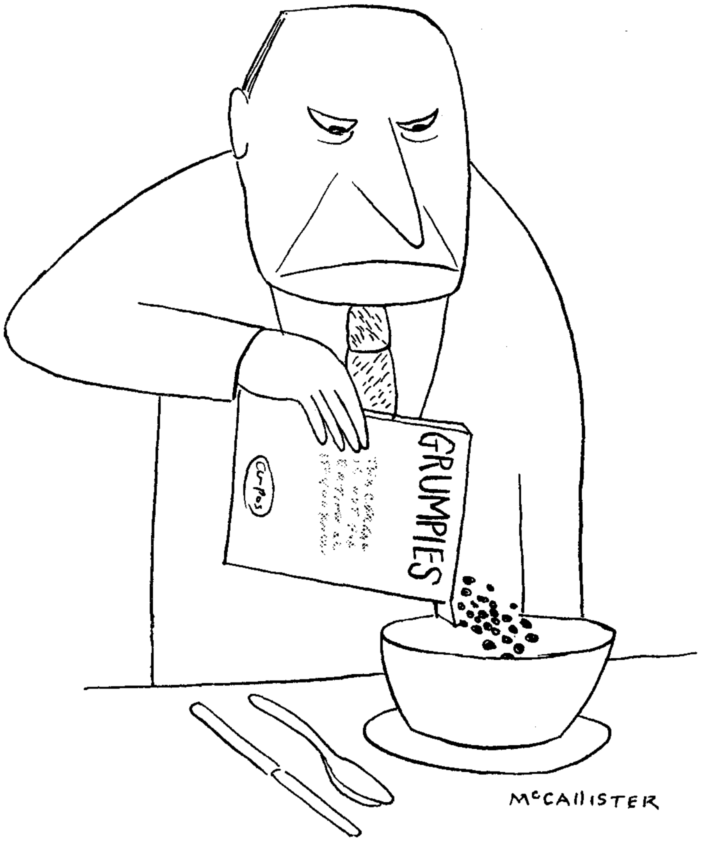
"She spoke of her sister with such devotion," Father said.

"There are those that kiss the Angel of Death's sword," Mother replied.

I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. The whole world was apparently one big fraud. If my father, a rabbi who preached the Torah and piety all day, could get into bed with a female, what could you expect from an Issur Godel or a Dunia?

When I awoke the next day, Father was reciting the morning prayers. For the thousandth time he repeated the story of how the Almighty had ordered Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac on an altar and the angel shouted down from Heaven, "Lay not thy hand upon the lad." My father wore a mask—a saint by day, a debaucher at night. I vowed to stop praying and to become a heretic.

Tzeitel mentioned to my mother that the wedding would be a quiet one. After all, the groom was a widower with two children, the family was in mourning—why make a fuss? But for some reason all the tenants of the courtyard conspired to make the wedding noisy. Presents came pouring in to the couple from all over. Someone had hired a band. I saw a barrel of beer with brass hoops being carried up the stairs, and baskets of wine. Since we were Selig's next-door neighbors, and my father would officiate at the ceremony besides, we were considered part of the family. Mother put on her holiday dress and had her wig freshly set at a hairdresser's. Tzeitel treated me to a slice of honeycake and a glass of wine. There was such a crush at Selig's apartment that there was no room for the wedding canopy, and it had to be set up in my father's study. Dunia wore the white satin wedding gown her sister had sewn for her. The other brides who had been married in our building



smiled, responded to the wishes offered them in a gracious way, laughed and cried. Dunia barely said a word to anyone, and held her head high with worldly arrogance.

It was whispered about that Tzeitel had had to plead with her to get her to immerse herself in the ritual bath. Dunia had invited her own guests—girls with low-cut dresses and clean-shaven youths with thick mops of hair and broad-brimmed fedoras. Instead of shirts they wore black blouses bound with sashes. They smoked cigarettes, winked, and spoke Russian to each other. The people in our courtyard said that they were all Socialists, the same as those who rebelled against the Czar in 1905 and demanded a constitution. Dunia was one of them.

My mother refused to taste anything at the affair: some of the guests had brought along all kinds of food and drinks, and one could no longer be sure if everything was strictly kosher. The musicians played theatre melodies, and men danced with women. Around eleven o'clock my eyes closed from weariness and Mother told me to go to bed. In the night I awoke and heard the stamping, the singing, the pagan music—polkas, mazurkas, tunes that aroused urges in me that I felt were evil even though I didn't understand what they were.

Later I woke again and heard my father quoting Ecclesiastes: "I said of laughter, It is mad, and of mirth, What doeth it?"

"They're dancing on graves," Mother whispered.

SOON after the wedding, scandals erupted at Selig's house. The newlyweds didn't want to stay in the alcove, and Issur Godel rented a ground-floor apartment on Ciepla Street. Tzeitel came weeping to my mother because her daughter had trimmed Yankele's earlocks and had removed him from cheder and enrolled him in a secular school. Nor did she maintain a kosher kitchen but bought meat at a Gentile butcher's. Issur Godel no longer called himself Issur Godel but Albert. Elkele and Yankele had been given Gentile names too—Edka and Janek.

I heard Tzeitel mention the number of the house where the newlyweds were living, and I went to see what was going on there. To the right of the gate hung a sign in Polish: "Albert Landau, Women's Tailor." Through the open window I could see Issur Godel. I hardly recognized him. He had dispensed with his beard altogether and now wore a turned-up mustache; he was bareheaded and looked young and Christian. While I was standing there, the children came home from school—Yankele in shorts and a cap with an insignia and with a knapsack on his shoulders, Elkele in a short dress and knee-high socks. I called to them, "Yankele . . . Elkele . . ." but they walked past and didn't even look at me.

Tzeitel came each day to cry anew to my mother: Henia Dvosha had come to her in a dream and shrieked that she couldn't rest in her grave. Her Yankele didn't say Kaddish for her, and she wasn't being admitted into Paradise.

Tzeitel hired a beadle to say Kaddish and study the Mishnah in her daughter's memory, but, even so, Henia Dvosha came to her mother and lamented that her shrouds had fallen off and she lay there naked; water had gathered in her grave; a wanton female had been buried beside her, a madam of a brothel, who cavorted with demons.

Father called three men to ameliorate the dream, and they stood in front of Tzeitel and intoned, "Thou hast seen a *goodly* vision! A goodly vision hast thou seen! Goodly is the vision thou hast seen!"

Afterward, Father told Tzeitel that one dared not mourn the dead too long, or place too much importance in dreams. As the Gemara said, just as there could be no grain without straw, there couldn't be dreams without idle words. But Tzeitel could not contain herself. She ran to the community leaders and to the Burial Society demanding that the body be exhumed and buried elsewhere. She stopped taking care of her house, and went each day to Henia Dvosha's grave at the cemetery.

Selig's beard grew entirely white, and his face developed a network of wrinkles. His hands shook, and the people in the courtyard complained that he kept a gaberdine or a pair of trousers for weeks, and when he finally did bring them back they were either too short or too narrow or the material was ruined from pressing. Knowing that Tzeitel no longer cooked for her husband and that he lived on dry food only, Mother frequently sent things over to him. He had lost all his teeth, and when I appeared with a plate of groats, or some chicken soup or stuffed noodles, he smiled at me with his bare gums and said, "So you're bringing presents, are you? What for? It's not Purim."

"One has to eat the year round."

"Why? To fatten up for the worms?"

"A man has a soul too," I said.

SPLITTING WOOD AT SIX ABOVE

I open a tree.
In the stupefying cold
—ice on bare flesh a scald—
I seat the metal wedge
with a few left-handed swipes,
then with a change of grips
lean into the eight-pound sledge.

It's muslin overhead.
Snow falls as heavy as salt.
You are four months dead.
The beech log comes apart
like a chocolate nougat.
The wood speaks
first in the tiny voice
of a bird cry, a puppet-squeak,
and then all in a rush,
all in a passionate stammer.
The papery soul of the beech
released by wedge and hammer
flies back into air.

Time will do this as fair
to hickory, birch, black oak,
easing the insects in
till rot and freeze combine
to raise out of wormwood cracks,
blue and dainty, the souls.

They are thin as an eyelash.
They flap once, going up.

The air rings like a bell.
I breathe out drops—
cold morning ghost-puffs
like your old cigarette cough.
See you tomorrow, you said.
You lied.
We're far from finished! I'm still
talking to you (last night's dream);
we'll split the phone bill.
It's expensive calling
from the other side.

Even waking it seems
logical—
your small round
stubbornly airborne soul,
that sun-yellow daisy heart
slipping the noose of its pod,
scooting over the tightrope,
none the worse for its trip,
to arrive at the other side.

It is the sound
of your going I drive
into heartwood. I stack
my quartered cuts bark down,
open yellow-face up.

—MAXINE KUMIN

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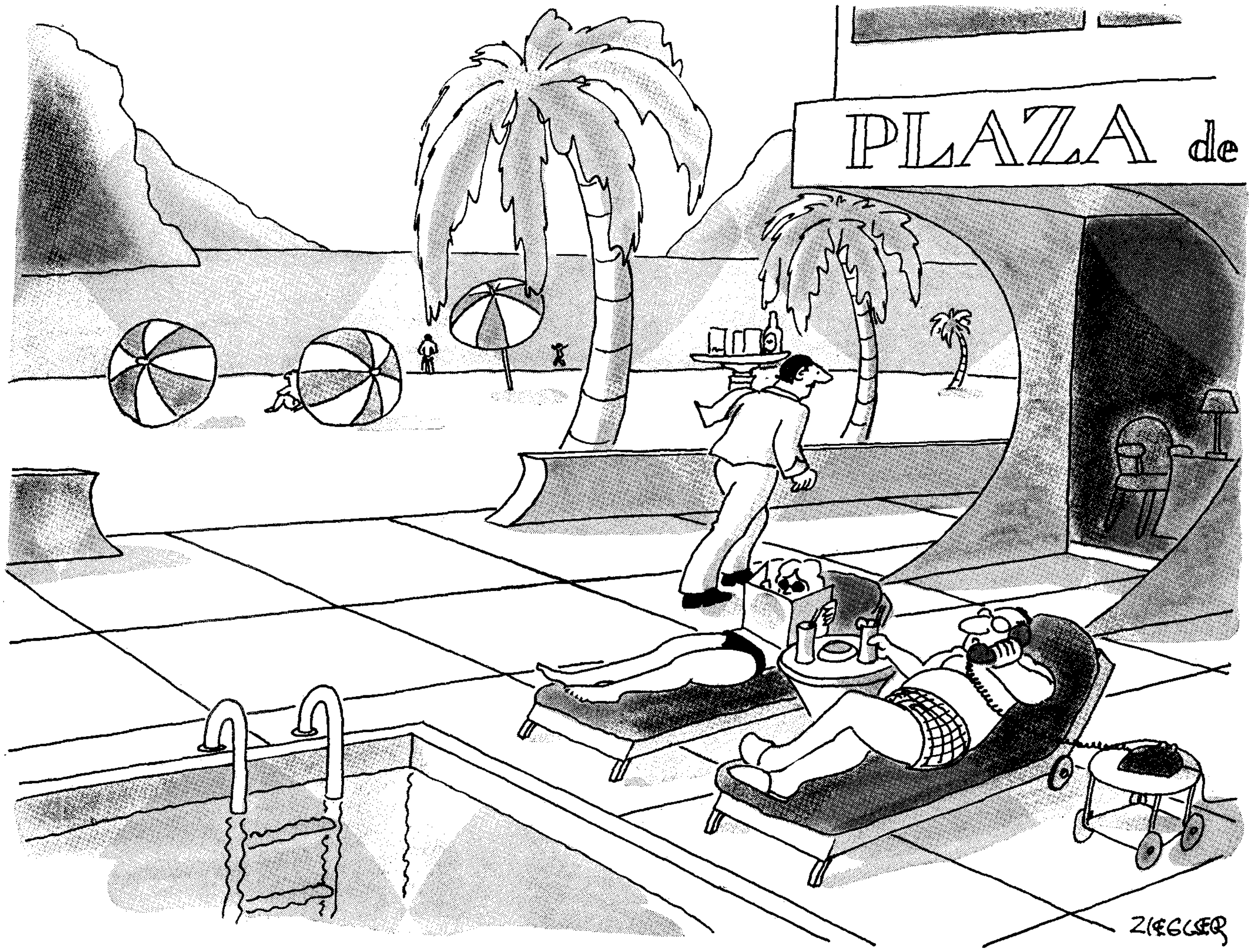


"Everything's under control at my end, Jenkins. Is everything under control at your end?"

• •

"The soul doesn't need potatoes. Besides, did you ever see a soul? There is no such thing. Stuff and nonsense."

"Then how does one live?"

"It's Breathing. Electricity."

"Your wife—"

Selig interrupted me. "She's crazy!"

One evening Tzeitel confided to my mother that Henia Dvosha had taken up residence in her left ear. She sang Sabbath and holiday hymns, recited lamentations for the Destruction of the Temple, and even bewailed the sinking of the Titanic. "If you don't believe me, Rebbetzin, hear for yourself."

She moved her wig aside and placed her ear against Mother's.

"Do you hear?" Tzeitel asked.

"Yes. No. What's that?" Mother asked in alarm.

"It's the third week already. I kept quiet, figuring it would pass, but it grows worse from day to day."

I was so overcome by fear that I dashed from the kitchen. The word soon spread through Krochmalna Street and the surrounding streets that a dybbuk had settled in Tzeitel's ear, and that it chanted the Torah, sermonized, and crowed like a rooster. Women came to place their ears against Tzeitel's and swore that they heard the singing of Kol Nidre. Tzeitel asked my father to put his ear next to hers, but Father wouldn't consent to touch a married woman's flesh. A Warsaw nerve specialist became interested in the case—Dr. Flatau, who was famous not only in Poland but in all Europe and maybe in America too. And an article about the case appeared in a Yiddish newspaper. The author borrowed its title from Tolstoy's play "The Power of Darkness."

AT just about that time, we moved to another courtyard in Krochmalna Street. A few weeks later, in Sarajevo, a terrorist assassinated the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand and his wife. From this one act of violence came the war, the shortages of food, the exodus of refugees from the small towns to Warsaw, and the reports in the newspapers of thousands of casualties. People had other things to talk about than Selig the tailor and his family. After Sukkoth, Selig died suddenly, and a few months later Tzeitel followed him to the grave.

One day that winter, when the Germans and Russians fought at the Bzura River, and the windowpanes in our house rattled from the cannon fire and the oven stayed unheated because we could no longer afford coal, a former neighbor from No. 10, Esther Malka, paid a call on my mother. Issur Godel and Dunia, she said, were getting a divorce.

Mother asked, "Why on earth? They were supposed to be in love."

And Esther Malka replied, "Rebbetzin, they *can't* be together. They say Henia Dvosha comes each night and gets into bed between them."

"Jealous even in the grave?"

"So it seems."

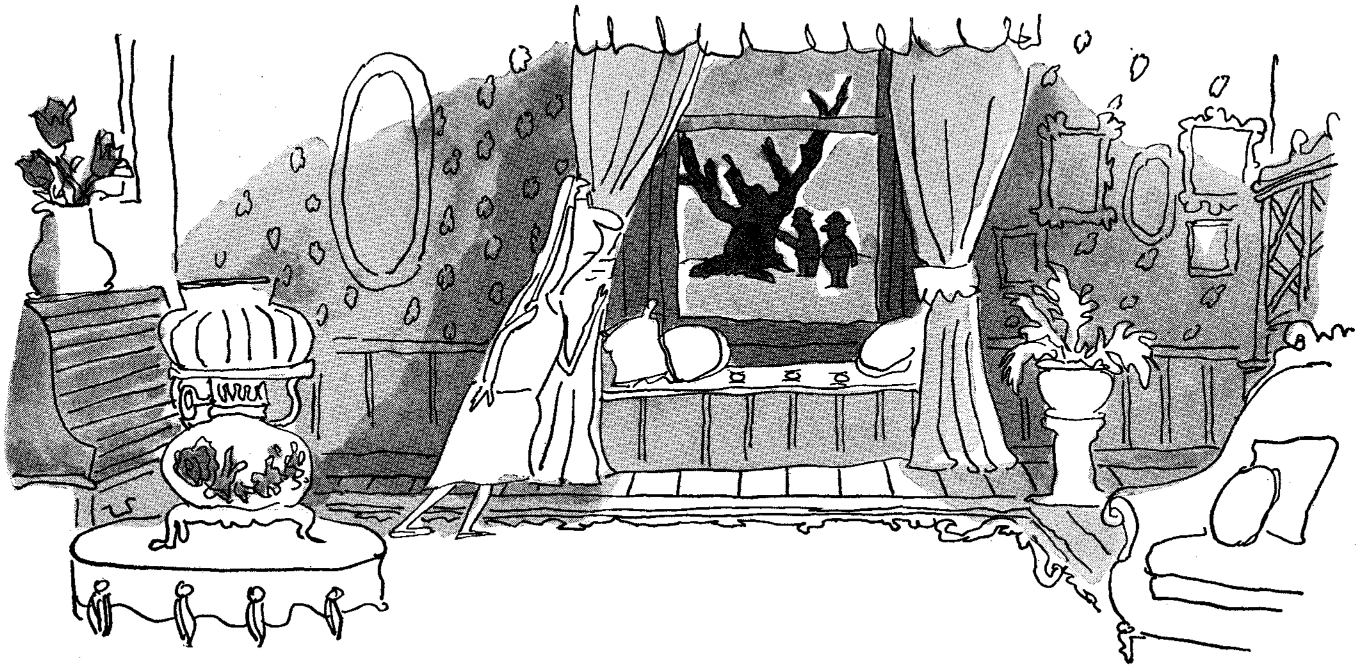
Mother turned white and said words I've never forgotten: "The living die so that the dead may live."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

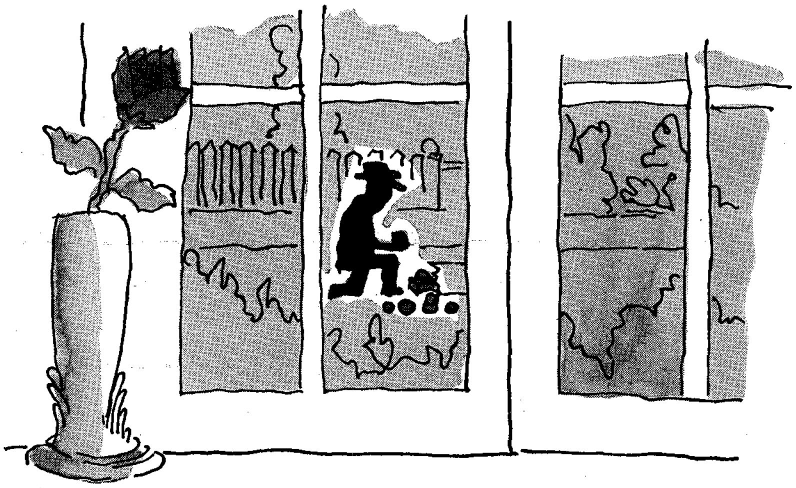
(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Joseph Singer.*)

THE MISTRESS OF BEDFORD MEWS

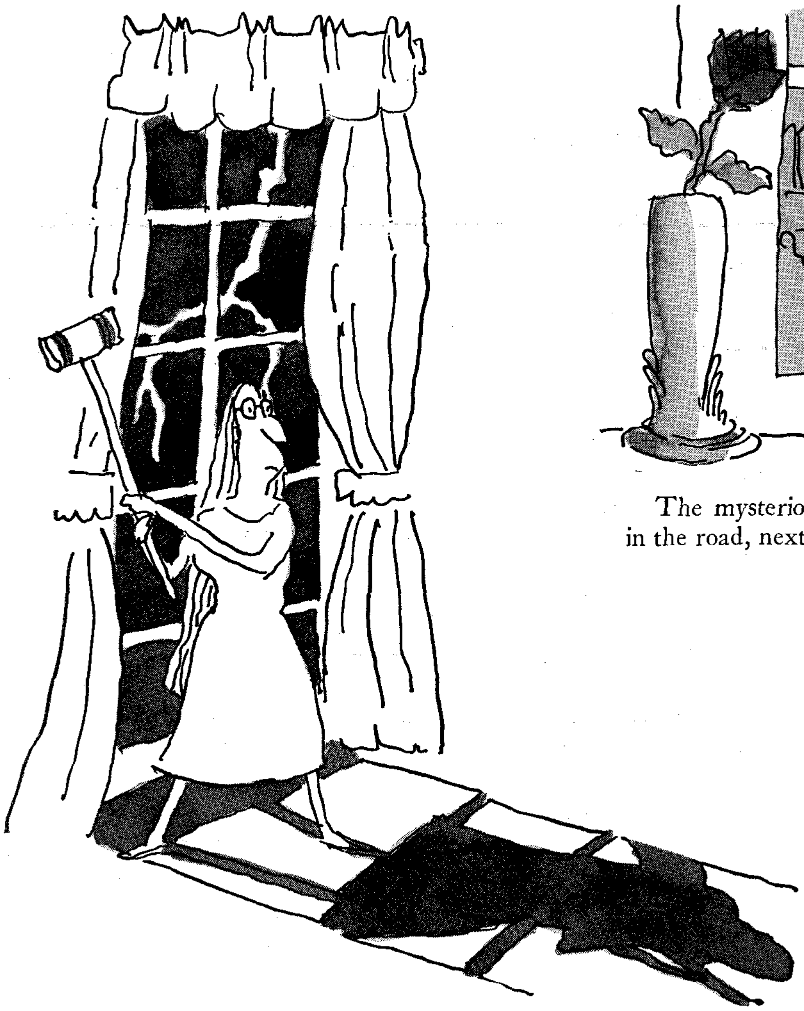
(A MINI-GOTHIC)



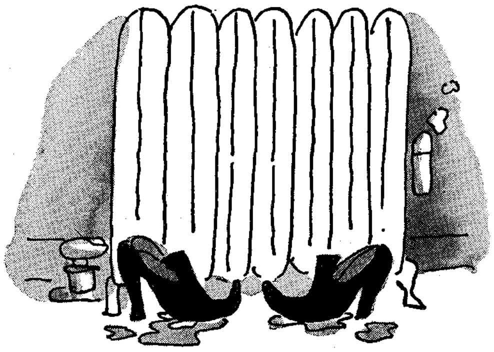
As far back as Helen could remember, the gnarled, dead tree had stood at the entrance of the walkway. A moment of apprehension crossed her mind. Suppose . . . no, the thought was too fantastic. Yet suppose the men who were about to cut it down were *not* from the Brooklyn Union Gas Company.



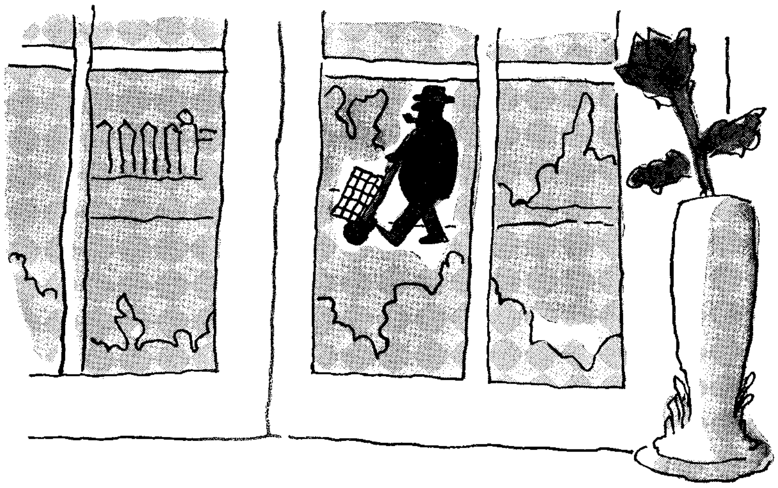
The mysterious stranger appeared. She could see him kneeling in the road, next to a broken shopping bag, picking up groceries.



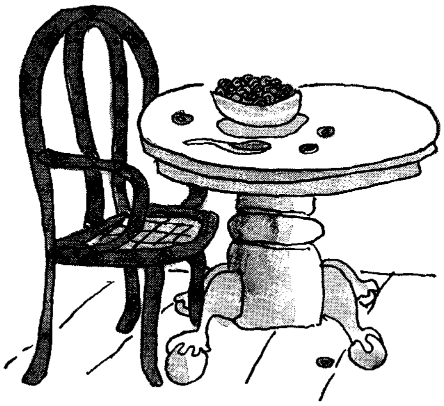
The knuckles of her hands turned white as she clutched the croquet mallet.



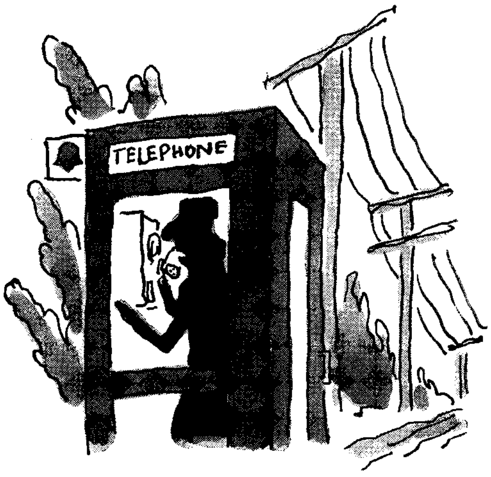
Helen stared in horror. For, as she stood watching, her wet shoes by the radiator curled, toes upward.



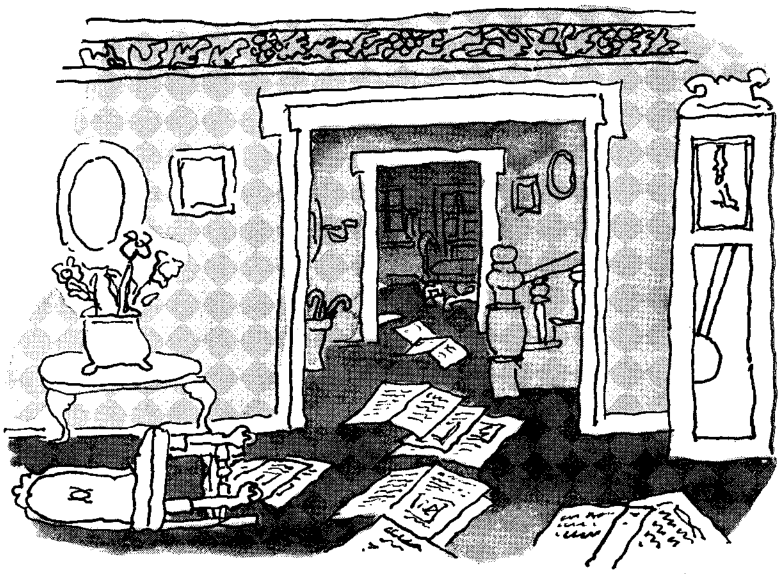
The mysterious stranger reappeared, this time wheeling a squeaky shopping cart.



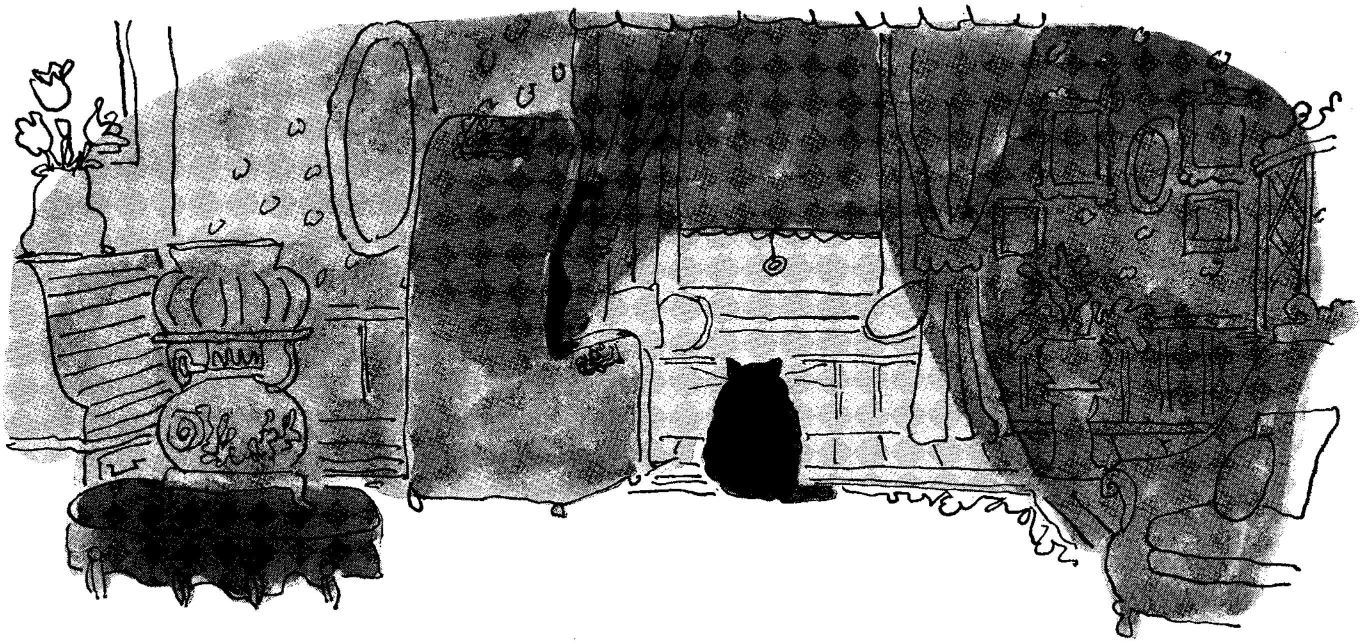
A chill shot up her spine. Someone or *something* had tampered with the Froot Loops.



"My God!" screamed the terrified woman into the telephone. "I don't *have* a Manhasset directory!"



Why? she thought. Why was the magazine section of the Sunday *Times* nowhere to be found? Exhausted, she abandoned her futile search.

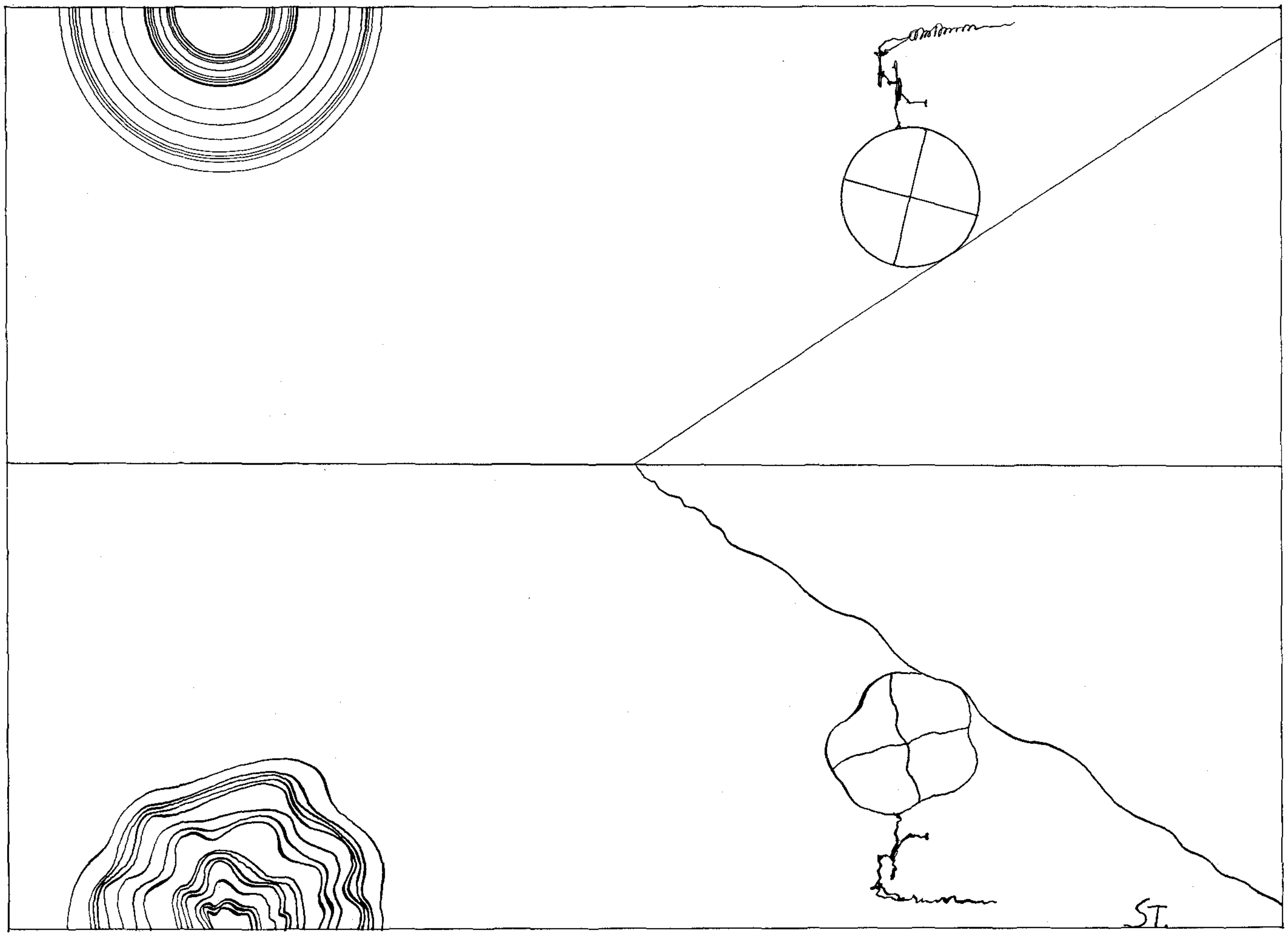


Helen sat quietly in the stillness of the semi-darkened room. The once proud, arrogant expression on her face was gone. Somewhere in the tattered recesses of her mind were thoughts of Dr. Brad Feldmen, the dermatologist she loved, the man who would come and take her away from this horrid place. She prayed with every fibre of her being that he could find a parking space.

—ARNIE LEVIN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ENERGY—I



IN the last ten years, the United States—the most powerful and technically advanced society in human history—has been confronted by a series of ominous, seemingly intractable crises. First there was the threat to environmental survival; then there was the apparent shortage of energy; and now there is the unexpected economic decline, which has made for high rates of unemployment and inflation. These are usually regarded as separate afflictions, each to be solved on its own terms: environmental degradation by imposing pollution controls; the energy crisis by finding new sources of energy and new ways of conserving it; the economic crisis by manipulating the federal budget, taxes, and interest rates. But each effort to solve one crisis seems to clash with the solution of the others—pollution control reduces energy supplies; energy conservation costs jobs. Inevitably, proponents of one solution become opponents of the others. Policy stagnates, remedial action is paralyzed, and the stagnation and paralysis add to the confusion and gloom that beset the country.

The uncertainty and inaction are not surprising, for this tangled knot of problems is poorly understood not only by citizens in general but also by legislators, administrators, and even the separate specialists. It involves complex interdependencies between the three basic systems—the ecosystem, the production system, and the economic system—that, together with the social and the political order, govern all human activity. Given these dependencies—the economic system dependent on the wealth yielded by the production system, and the production system dependent on the resources provided by the ecosystem—it would appear that the economic system ought to be designed to conform to the requirements of the production system, and the production system to conform to the requirements of the ecosystem. This is the rational ideal. In reality, the relations between the three systems are the other way around. The environmental crisis tells us that the ecosystem has been disastrously affected by the design of the modern production system, which has been developed with almost no regard for compatibility with the environment or for the efficient use of energy. Gas-gulping cars pollute the environment with smog; petrochemical factories convert an unrenewable store of petroleum into nondegradable or toxic agents. In turn, the faulty design of the production system has been imposed by the economic system, which invests in factories that promise increased profits rather than environmental compatibility and efficient use of resources. The relations between the great systems on which society depends are upside down. What confronts us is not a series of separate crises but a single basic defect—a fault that lies deep in the design of modern society.

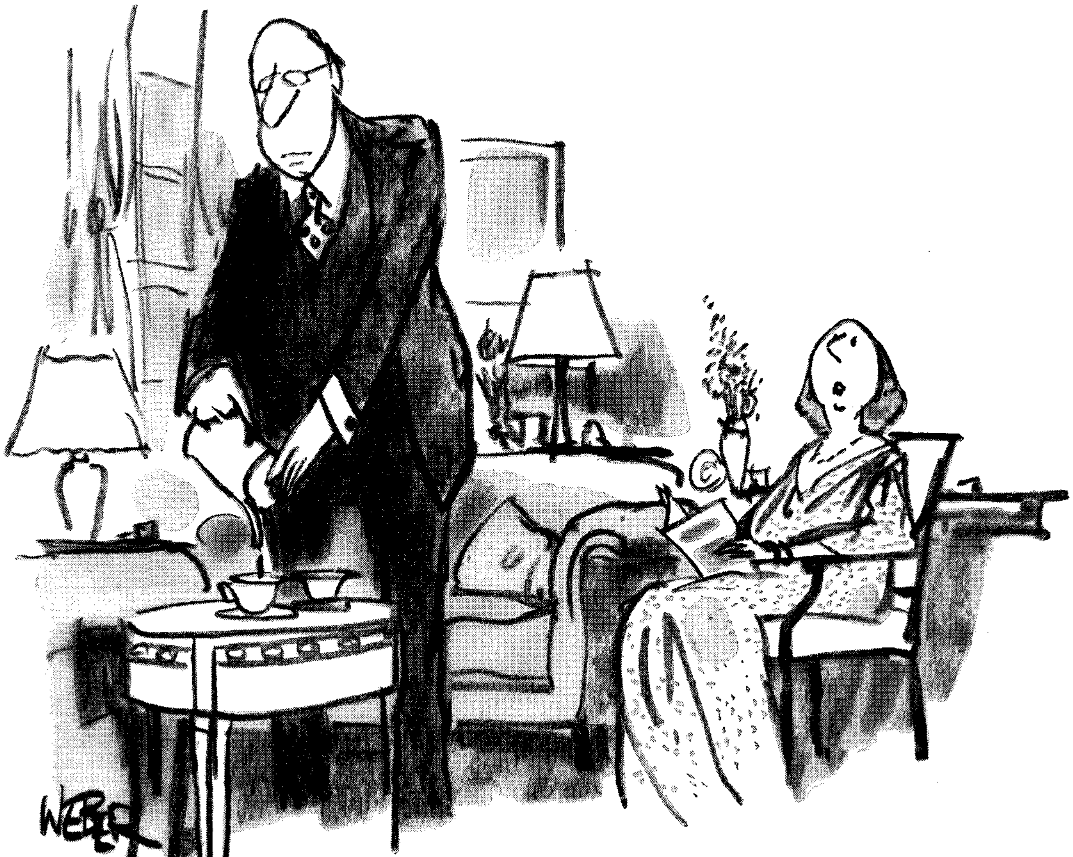
Energy plays a decisive role in the interactions between the three systems. Energy radiated from the sun drives the great ecological cycles. Energy derived from fuels powers nearly every production process. Most of the increases in the output of the production system and in the rate of economic growth are due to the intensified use of energy to power new, more productive machinery. The intensified use of energy is responsible for the rapid drain on fuel supplies and for much of the present environmental pollution. And the intensified application of energy to production processes is closely associated with three of our main economic difficulties: unemployment, inflation, and the less visible but equally dangerous shortage of capital. The energy crisis is so tightly linked to the crucial defects of the system as a whole as to offer the hope of leading us out of the labyrinth of interwoven crises—if we can understand it. And we do not. This has been made painfully evident by the rapid, unperceived onset of the energy crisis. For decades, the United States and most of the rest of the world employed energy as though it were a freely given resource, its availability and uses as clearly understood as those of water or air. But suddenly the availability of energy can no longer be taken for granted; the energy shortage has become a huge problem, strongly affecting almost every aspect of society. In the last few years, energy-supply problems have disrupted daily life; they have triggered an economic recession; they have led to a bitter confrontation between Congress and the President; they have altered the political relations between the industrialized countries and the developing countries; they have generated lightly disguised threats by President Gerald Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to use military force against oil-producing countries.

The energy crisis illuminates the world's most dangerous political issues as it wrenches into open view the brutality of national competition for resources, the festering issues of economic and social injustice, and the tragic absurdity of war. The crisis forces us to make long-avoided choices. If we must give up present energy sources and find renewable ones, curtail the wasteful uses of energy and the blind replacement of meaningful human labor by energy, where and how will the necessary decisions be made? Can these decisions be made, or even debated, without reëxamining the precepts of the economic system that now govern how energy is produced and used?

There are no simple answers to these questions. But there is one way to begin to look for them, and that is to recognize that the problems will not be solved by technological sleight of hand, clever tax schemes, or patchwork legislation. The energy crisis and the knot of technological, economic, and social issues in which it is embedded call for a great national debate—to discover better alternatives to the deeply faulted institutions that govern how the nation's resources are used. And to begin that debate we need to understand how the ecosystem captures energy, how the production system uses it, and how the economic system governs what is done with the resultant wealth. To penetrate the chaos that surrounds the subject of energy, there is one essential tool available to us—the science of thermodynamics. This tool is complicated and difficult, but none of us—for we all need to understand and do something about the energy crisis—can any longer indulge in the luxury of evading a science on which the future of the world has come to depend.

PERHAPS the most important role of thermodynamics in the structure of science is that it establishes a link between our everyday awareness of the one-way passage of time and the laws of physics, which generally do not distinguish between past and future. In establishing this link, thermodynamics also gives us an enormously valuable means of determining the ways that energy can be most effectively used to serve human needs. How does energy relate to the direction of time? Consider a teacup in two possible positions: resting on the floor or several feet up, in, say, a waiter's hand. Now, if we watch the cup on the floor, even after a very long time nothing will happen. Certainly it will not fly up into the waiter's hand. In contrast, our experience tells us that the elevated cup, if released from the hand, will spontaneously fall to the floor. Of the two events, only one—the cup falling—can happen by itself; the reverse event does not, and the cup, once fallen, lies there on the floor.

A simple experiment shows that the downward flight of the cup—or of any other object—is in theory entirely reversible, and in practice nearly so. Let us attach a thread to the cup and, hooking it over a friction-free pulley (perhaps obligingly held by the waiter), attach to the other end a weight about equal to that of the cup. Now as the cup falls it will raise the weight, and with a little encouragement the raised weight can then be made to fall and lift the cup. Carried out with more scientific sophistication, such an experiment tells us that as long as the cup is in motion there is nothing about its downward movement that cannot be undone—reversed. However, once



"Dear, when they talk about a corporate entity, do they mean somebody like you?"

it crashes on the floor and stops moving, its condition is fixed and irreversible. It can no longer lift a counterbalancing weight, and cannot leave its resting place on the floor unless some outside agency intervenes. There is such an agency—the application of energy, which can generate the force required to lift the cup.

Various other external agencies might raise the teacup. A person could simply pick it up, using muscles to do the work, the required energy coming from the combustion of bodily fuel—sugars and other food substances. Or he could lift the cup on a little elevator, hoisted by a motor-driven reel, the requisite energy coming from a battery or from electric lines, and ultimately from a power station fuelled by oil, coal, or perhaps uranium. In the one-way world of real life, in which teacups and other objects do not spontaneously move upward once they crash to the floor, they can be made to move upward, but only by doing work through the expenditure of energy. Technically, "work" is defined as force exerted through distance, and the flow of energy is the agency that produces work. "Power" is the technical term for the rate at which work is done—the work accomplished per unit of time. Or, at least, the energy *seems* to be expended. The muscular energy exerted to lift the teacup is certainly no longer available to do more work. (By lifting enough teacups, a person could, after all, eventually exhaust his ability to work if he failed to restore his metabolic energy by eating.) Or, if the teacup were to be hoisted by a battery-driven motor, it would certainly turn out that the battery could do less work than it could originally—that some of its stored energy was spent.

But in fact the loss of energy is only apparent. This is something that was learned about energy in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. With the development of the first steam engines, at the end of the seventeenth century, it became clear that heat could be converted into mechanical work and employed to pump water out of a mine and, much later, to drive a locomotive. Heat was at first regarded as a special kind of substance ("caloric") that had no fixed relation to the amount of mechanical work it generated. However, by measuring the heat produced during the boring of a brass cannon, Count Rumford (the American-born physicist Benjamin Thompson, who had been ennobled by the Elector of Bavaria) showed that it resulted from the friction generated by the motion of the drill, and not—as was widely believed at the time—from "caloric" squeezed out of the brass.

Such experiments suggested that heat and mechanical motion are expressions of the same sort of thing—which we now call energy. Methods were developed to measure both, and it was found that the amount of energy involved in the mechanical motion of a machine (such as the cannon-boring machine) is precisely equal to the energy represented by the heat produced by the resultant friction. This notion was eventually embodied in the First Law of Thermodynamics: energy can be neither created nor destroyed. When it is transferred from one form into another—in this case, from motion into heat—no energy is lost or gained. Energy is conserved; the amount that the universe possesses is fixed.

If we now return to our teacup, we are confronted with a new problem: Where is the energy that was seemingly lost—for example, by the electric battery—when the cup was lifted from the floor? If the law of energy conservation is true, this energy cannot be lost; it must be somewhere. Initially, the energy exerted to lift the cup off the floor must be somehow contained in the teacup's new location. Any weighty object elevated above the earth contains a form of energy—gravitational potential energy—that can be got out of it by letting the object fall. In falling, the object exhibits this energy in the form of motion—kinetic energy. So far so good. The teacup experiment seems to obey the law of the conservation of energy; the energy removed from the agency that lifted it is contained in the elevated cup. But in falling to the floor the cup loses both its kinetic and its potential energy. Now, where has the energy gone?

From Rumford's experiment, we know that as motion is countered by friction its energy is converted to heat. We can suspect, then, that when the movement of the falling cup is halted by the collision with the floor, its kinetic energy is converted into an equivalent amount of heat. After striking the floor, the cup—or its fragments—and the floor itself should be a little warmer than they were before. While this measurement cannot readily be made on a fallen teacup, it can be and has been made on more massive objects falling a good deal farther. For example, the water at the bottom of Niagara Falls is an eighth of a degree Centigrade warmer than it is at the top. A computation shows that the energy represented by this extra heat is exactly equivalent to the potential energy of the water at the top of the falls. The energy is conserved.

All is well, then. We can assume that the energy used to lift the teacup is not destroyed and can be fully accounted for, after the fall, as heat. The First Law of Thermodynamics—the conservation of energy—works with the falling of a teacup as well as it does with the boring of a cannon. But this logical triumph is short-lived. With a little further thought, a strange inconsistency appears. Since the energy needed to lift the teacup in the first

THERE IS A PLACE

There is a place that yet is not a place,
And you have been there. In an empty room,
Walled high and windowless, twin urns of light,
Under the ceiling, cast a sombre glow,
And always, somewhere, a lone flute is warbling
Its desultory music. Also always,
From the high shelf along the western wall,
Those effigies look out, of carven stone
Or molded plaster, blessèd artifacts,
Exempt from breathing's harried to-and-fro,
The hounded heart's compulsive laboring—
In bloodless ease at rest, calm, sad, secure,
They wait upon the future, and the eerie
Enchantment of the music lends them there
A strange nobility, a mimic peace,
Such peace as comes after forgotten sorrow,
Dread peace, that follows unremembered joy.

—John Hall Wheelock

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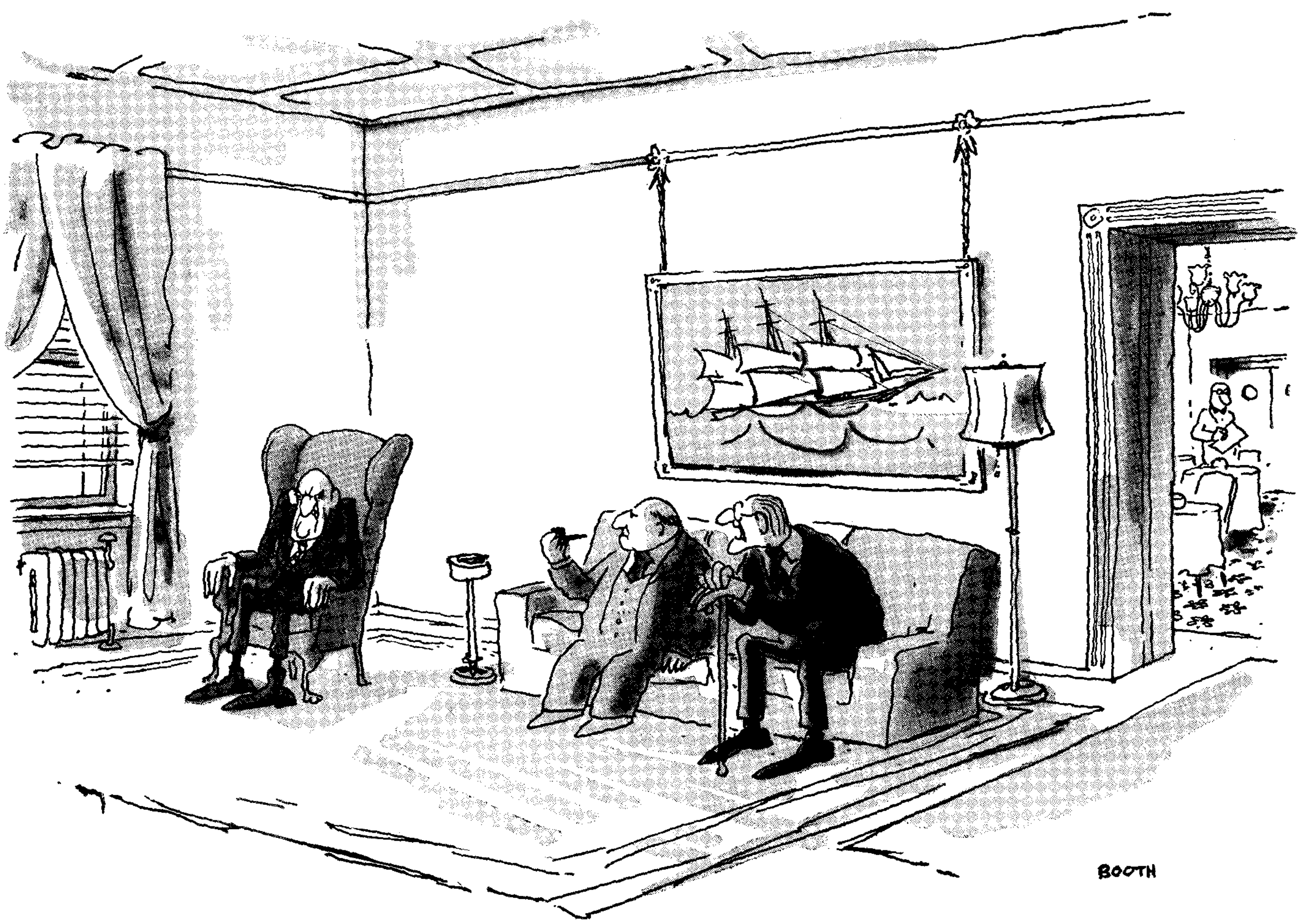

"Old Whittington figures if he makes it through March he's good for the rest of the year."

• •

place reappears as heat when it falls to the floor, why not use the energy represented by that heat to lift the teacup once more? But if that were possible, then the crash of the teacup would be a readily reversible process, and we would have the experience of teacups falling to and rising from the floor with equal ease.

Clearly, we are in some kind of logical trouble. The discovery of the First Law has solved one problem but created another. While the First Law closes the door on machines that purport to do work by creating energy—perpetual-motion machines—it appears to tolerate, and even to encourage, machines that are almost as miraculous in their freely given power. Consider another version of the teacup situation: a ship floating on the sea, which—like the floor—contains energy. The amount of heat energy in a given amount of seawater of known temperature and its relation to the amount of energy needed to drive the ship are easily calculated from the First Law. It turns out that the needed energy could theoretically be obtained from the four inches of water immediately surrounding the ship's hull by cooling that water a little. A ship equipped with a device that continuously extracted heat from the surrounding water could, in cooling the water by one degree, obtain from it enough energy to sail the sea, using no fuel, forever. The same marvellous device sitting at the bottom of Niagara Falls and extracting enough heat from the water to cool it by an eighth of a degree could obtain sufficient energy to drive the water back to the top of the falls. Such a device would be a perpetual-motion machine—which, far from being forbidden by the First Law, in a sense seems to be suggested by it.

If such a machine could actually operate, it would not only levitate teacups and reverse the direction of Niagara Falls but also wipe out the passage of time. We can look at it this way. We are aware of the passage of time because events happen: the hands of a clock move; sand runs down the hourglass; water flows down Niagara Falls. Each of these events is a spontaneous, irreversible process, in which the energy of motion is converted to heat. If a perpetual-motion device could indeed recapture the heat energy and, with no loss, use it to reverse the original process, the clock's hands would move backward as fast as they moved forward; the sand and the Niagara River would *run* upward as fast as they ran downward. The forward and backward motions would cancel each other; nothing would occur; time would stand still.

Since none of these events happen, it appears that this type of perpetual motion, in which energy is not "created" but simply gathered up from the vast reservoirs of heat on the earth's surface, is also impossible. The relevant principle is that energy occurring only as heat stored in a single reservoir, no matter how plentiful the amount of the heat, cannot be used to do work. This is one way of stating the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which involves the nature of heat—in particular, its intensity, or temperature, and its relation to other forms of energy, such as motion.

But why is it that the conversion of the kinetic energy of bulk motion—the teacup smashing against the floor or the water of the Niagara River crashing at the bottom of the falls—into heat makes that energy no longer available to reverse the spontaneous fall? In a sense, most of the science of thermodynamics is built around efforts to answer this question. To deal with it, we need to wander deeper into the thicket of abstract thermodynamic ideas and consider two more subjects: order and probability.

The kinetic energy of the water flowing over Niagara Falls is represented by the downward motion of huge numbers of molecules. All these water molecules fall together—as a random, jiggling crowd, it is true—with the same overall direction and speed. In this respect, the bulk downward motion of the water—its kinetic energy—is a regular, coherent motion. When the water hits bottom, the energy represented by its bulk motion is converted into heat; the water molecules jiggle more fiercely, raising the temperature by an eighth of a degree. Their movements are random—on the average, equally intense in all directions. Compared with their earlier, coherent downward motion, the molecules' motion is now disordered, in the sense that all possible directions of movement are equally expressed. Now, in bulk, the water as a whole goes nowhere; on the molecular scale, the motion has no recognizable pattern; it lacks the order of the falling water. In the conversion of the kinetic energy of the falling water into heat—an event that is crucially linked to the irreversibility of the process and to the one-way direction of time—order gives way to disorder.

In thermodynamic terms, disorder is represented by a situation in which the outward appearance of an object is consistent with a large number of different possible internal arrangements of the constituent parts, and order is increased if the overall appearance will permit fewer arrangements. Thus, various heaps of lumber can have the same outward shape with the separate boards arranged internally in thousands of different ways. If the same pieces of lumber are to have the outward appearance of a barn, however, the number of possible internal arrangements is much reduced. In other words, the overall structure of a barn will tolerate fewer different internal arrangements of boards than will the structure of a heap. Thus, in the thermodynamic sense order is a measure of the degree to which the overall properties of a physical system dictate the selection of a particular internal arrangement of its parts. Order expresses the relation of the properties of the whole (the barn) to the properties of its parts (the boards). Order signifies that the properties of the whole are not a simple summation of the properties of the parts but are strongly affected by the relations among them—in particular, by how these relations are limited or constrained. The whole, therefore, constitutes a system whose behavior is strongly affected by its internal design.

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Spontaneous, irreversible processes are the events that signal the one-way passage of time, and the affected systems end up with less order than they had when they began. In each case, some random, reversible, time-independent processes generate disorder in a system that began with some degree of order. And so we can account for the universal experience that, with the passage of time, more and more disorder is observed in the world, if we assume that the world was once a more ordered system than it is now. It is the earlier existence of order that gives us a way to sense the passage of time. A barn can be seen to decay with time because it was once a perfectly formed barn. A clock tells time because it was once wound up. This shift from order to disorder is the foundation of the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which, together with the First Law, governs the outcome of every energetic process. The Second Law asserts a single cosmic fact: that the universe is constantly, irreversibly becoming less ordered than it was. It is this behavior of the universe that accounts for the one-way direction of events and the irreversible passage of time.

Since an ordered arrangement will, in time, spontaneously become more disordered, it follows that an improbable situation will tend to become transformed, with time, into a more probable one. This is yet another way of stating the Second Law of Thermodynamics: "Every system which is left to itself will, on the average, change toward a condition of maximum probability." Stated this way, the Second Law does not claim that a system will certainly change into a more probable configuration. It claims only that this will happen on the average. Any particular change might go the other way, but with a low probability. What this feature of the Second Law tells us is that we cannot be absolutely certain that, say, the teacup (or its fragments) will not spontaneously leap upward. But the probability of this event is fantastically small. In "The Anatomy of Science," published in 1926, Gilbert N. Lewis, a brilliantly iconoclastic chemist, who liked to be accurate about such things, computed the actual probability that an object weighing one one-hundred-millionth of a gram, if looked at once a second, will ever be found one ten-millionth of a centimetre above a supporting surface. On the average, the object will be found in this position 6.32 times every million years. The probability that an object as large as a teacup will rise several inches off the floor is so small that it would take a lifetime of writing zeros to record the number of years in which it might happen even once. A

reasonable estimate of this probability is never. When we lift the teacup, this otherwise enormously improbable event does occur. In other words, work can powerfully increase the probability of an event. Work suitably done on a disordered heap of lumber can produce the more ordered, less probable state known as a barn.

The framework of the Second Law of Thermodynamics binds together a fundamental body of knowledge—about the spontaneity and irreversibility of natural processes, the degree of order and disorder in the universe, and the meaning of probability and information. The central assertion of the Second Law is that the spontaneous processes that are the actual events of the real world always lead to states that are less ordered and more probable and that represent less information than the states in which they began. This means that every spontaneous process irreversibly decreases the order of the universe and brings it to a more probable state, which contains less information than before. Whatever happens in the world leads in this downhill direction. The Second Law also tells us that such a natural process can be reversed by the application of energy but that this reversal can be accomplished only at the expense of further decay in the overall order of the universe.

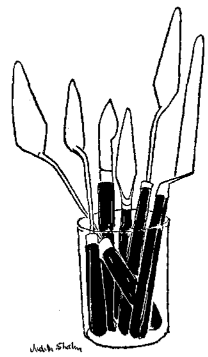
In these ways, the Second Law of Thermodynamics lays out the grand scheme of what happens in the world: what events (a teacup falling, a river crashing down falls, a sand castle crumbling into shapelessness) are likely to happen spontaneously, on their own; what events (the cup or the river water raised to its original heights, the castle organized from the jumbled sand of the beach) are vanishingly improbable unless they are made to happen by doing work. Thus, every event, everything that happens in the universe, is fundamentally connected with energy. And in this relation we can begin to see the strong links between the abstract, cosmic aspects of thermodynamics and its prosaic uses in industry and everyday life.

The chief practical purpose of thermodynamics is to learn how energy can best be harnessed to work-requiring tasks. These tasks—the work that people do—are all intended to generate order from disorder (building barns from heaps of lumber or skyscrapers from piles of sand, cement, and metallic ores); to produce events that in nature are enormously improbable (teacups lifted from the floor, rockets shot toward the moon); to create new information (the designs of the barns, skyscrapers, and rockets). What people do, then, is to use energy to reverse, in highly specific, localized ways, the decay of the universe toward disorder, increased probability, and loss of information. We cannot, of course, change the fate of the universe; overall, the spontaneous downhill process continues. But human activity does create, for a time, local islands of order, improbability, and information—barns, skyscrapers, rockets, and all the other trappings of civilization. The practical value of thermodynamics is that it can teach us how to mobilize this energy and most effectively use it to generate the activities of civilized life.

The junction point between the splendid, arching abstractions of thermodynamics and its powerful, concrete achievements was first arrived at by a young French physicist and economist, Sadi Carnot. This is contained in a pamphlet he published in 1824, when he was twenty-eight (he died in a cholera epidemic eight years later), under the title "Reflections on the Motive Power of Fire, and on Machines Fitted to Develop That Power." Carnot was interested in improving the efficiency of steam engines, because engines of the time had low efficiencies; only a small per cent of the energy applied to them as heat was recovered in the form of mechanical work. Carnot worked out general principles that govern the operation not only of steam engines but of "all imaginable heat engines" as well.

The basic outcome of Carnot's formulations was the idea that any engine that can absorb heat to do work, or can use work to absorb heat, must be hot in one place and cold in another. The amount of work that can be got out of a given amount of heat as it flows from the engine's hot place to the cold reservoir depends on the difference between their temperatures. (Temperature measures not the amount of heat energy but, rather, its intensity—the special quality of energy that tells us how well it can yield its most valuable product, work.) Although the energy content of the whole system is constant (in keeping with the First Law), a particular quality of the energy—its availability to do work—is diminished as the energy flows from its hot, entering status to its cooler, final status. Carnot showed that there is an absolute limit to the efficiency of a heat engine. Only part of the energy that enters it as heat can be converted to mechanical work; the rest is rejected into the surroundings as low-temperature "waste" heat. The work that can be produced by the operation of the engine is equivalent to the loss of the energy's work capability as it flows through the engine. Thus, although no energy is lost in the operation of a heat engine, something associated with that energy—its ability to do work—is irretrievably lost.

Carnot's pamphlet became the starting point of thermodynamics, which created a series of mathematical relations that connected the efficiency of heat engines to measures of the work available from energy, and to measures of disorder, probability, and information. There emerged a new concept—entropy—which was mathematically related to all these thermodynamic properties. Entropy is a measure of the unavailability of energy for work, of disorder, of a high degree of probability, of a loss of information. When the entropy of a system increases, its energy is less able to do work. In any irreversible process, in which entropy necessarily becomes larger, the total energy is conserved but some of the work that can be got from it is lost.



A kind of paradox seems to lie at the heart of a good deal of the confusion about the theoretical and the practical meanings of the energy laws. The laws of thermodynamics tell us that while energy cannot be lost, merely possessing it is of no value. Energy is valuable only insofar as it is used to generate work, to produce power. But in that process some of its ability to do work is necessarily lost. What inevitably diminishes is not the world's stock of energy but its ability to do what we value—work. The scientific knowledge that is symbolized by the laws of thermodynamics gives us the ability to measure both of the basic attributes of energy—its amount and its ability to do work. The First Law gives us the basis for measuring amounts of energy regardless of their form or their availability to do work. It enables us to count up our stores of energy—the amount represented by a tank of gasoline or by the huge beds of coal in the Western states. Applying these measures, we have begun to worry about budgeting the use of these stores. We have begun to think about "conserving" energy—saving so many B.T.U.s of energy by home insulation and so many by driving at fifty-five miles an hour. But the Second Law tells us that it is not energy that needs to be conserved; what needs to be conserved is a certain quality that is associated with energy but that different forms of energy possess in differing degrees. This quality—the available work that can be obtained from the energy—is not conserved; it is irretrievably lost whenever energy is used to produce work. The science encompassed in the Second Law, if we would use it, is specifically designed to show how we can maximize the amount of work—the value—that can be got from using a given amount of energy. It is not the First Law that ought to govern the campaign to conserve energy but, rather, the Second.

Yet most of the present measures of energy efficiency and the resultant conservation efforts are based only on the First Law. Indeed, the pioneering comprehensive effort to show how the Second Law might be used to measure and maximize the work yielded by energy in transportation, industrial processes, and home heating was made by a group of American physicists, under the auspices of the American Physical Society, in the summer of 1974, and the results were published last year under the title "Efficient Use of Energy." The analysis showed that in some instances the efficiencies measured according to the precepts of the Second Law are about eight times as low as the efficiencies measured by applying the First Law. Because we have thus far failed to use the appropriate (Second) law of thermodynamics to judge the efficiency with which the limited stores of fuel that drive the production system are used, we have been misled into the illusory belief that we are many times as well off as we really are. The Second Law of Thermodynamics is perhaps our most powerful scientific insight into how nature works. A hundred and fifty years have elapsed since it was discovered; it may well be time for us to begin using it to govern the ways in which energy is employed.

Science has social value because it can provide useful answers to important questions. But science also has the more basic capacity for asking the right questions. The science of thermodynamics is a rich source of both answers and questions, but we have used it chiefly to find answers rather than to propound questions. Thermodynamics has given us numerous valuable answers; it is the foundation of the design and construction of every modern instrument of agricultural and industrial production, of transportation and communications. But the energy crisis and its attendant environmental and economic problems tell us that there is something seriously wrong with the ways in which the automobiles, power plants, and factories that are the practical fruits of this science meet human needs. Yet among these devices there are relatively few that are purely technological mistakes; most of them work fairly well.

What, then, has gone so wrong? The answer, I believe, is that we have failed to use thermodynamics to ask the right questions. As a result, we are burdened by powerful and overbearing answers to the wrong questions, or to questions that no one has bothered to ask. For example, one reason some people are so enthusiastic about nuclear power is that they assume that one of its products, electricity, is an essential and unquestioned good. However, behind this assumption lies an unasked question: What is electricity good for? Thermodynamics can answer that question; but, even more important, thermodynamics requires that the question—and others, equally important—be asked.

OIL epitomizes the energy crisis. It is the dominant source of energy for most of the world. Oil, together with the closely related natural gas, provides three-fourths of the national energy budget in the United States. Oil is the basis of the two industries—automotive and petrochemical—that, with the petroleum industry, make up nearly a fifth of the total United States economy. And apart from their economic effects, the oil-based industries have done a great deal to set the pattern of national life. Oil powers the horde of cars, the vehicles of the urban diaspora that has scattered people's homes, and the places where they work and shop, over wide, once rural areas. The intensive use of petroleum-based fertilizers and pesticides has nearly transformed the farm from an outpost of nature into a branch of the chemical industry.

Because of the enormous importance of petroleum in the American economy, an assured supply of oil ought to be among the highest of national priorities. Many people were shocked, therefore, in the fall of 1973 to find that the petroleum supply was far from assured; that nearly half of it came from abroad; and that the embargo imposed by Saudi Arabia and other Mideast oil producers—to express their displeasure over the American attitude toward their conflict with Israel—appeared to create serious shortages of gasoline and fuel oil. On the East Coast, gasoline was so hard to find at times that motorists spent hours in long lines (their idling engines uselessly burning gasoline) waiting to buy a few days' supply. Heating oil was also scarce, and farmers were forced to pay premium prices for the propane that they needed to dry harvested grain before it rotted.

The 1973 oil embargo set off a sharp rise in the price of gasoline, heating oil, propane, and the numerous chemicals—especially fertilizers and pesticides—that are made from petroleum products. The gasoline shortage depressed the sale of cars, and the automotive industry went into a steep decline; within a year about twenty per cent of its plant capacity and more than a hundred thousand of its workers were idle. The increased fuel costs raised rents, and the rising cost of agricultural chemicals contributed to inflated food prices. Suddenly energy problems were problems of inflation and unemployment; energy had become firmly enmeshed in the deepening economic crisis.

The oil companies were quick to respond to the nation's ordeal; they sharply stepped up their advertising budgets. Oil-company advertisements sought to explain the sudden onset of the energy crisis. They blamed the environmentalists for delaying the construction of offshore wells, of refineries, of power plants, and Congress for its failure to enact tax concessions that would give the industry the "incentive" to produce more domestic oil. Yet, despite the advertisements—or perhaps because of them—some public-opinion polls showed that more than half of the American people blamed the oil companies for the energy crisis.

The ensuing debates and discussions—including the interminable and largely fruitless haggling by Congress and President Ford over the control, or lack of control, of the price of oil and natural gas—have been seriously hampered by the shortage of an essential ingredient: the facts. During the 1973 crisis, no one knew exactly how much oil the country had or needed. The oil companies claimed that the long lines at gasoline stations were caused by a severe shortage of crude oil resulting from the embargo. When all the data were in, however, it was learned that at the end of 1973, when the embargo had been in effect for about two months, the available stocks of gasoline were only about one and a half per cent below the amounts available a year earlier, and that at the end of February, 1974, nearly three weeks before the embargo was lifted, gasoline stocks were five per cent higher than they were a year earlier. When congressional committees tried to investigate such discrepancies, they discovered that nearly all the original information about the production and availability of petroleum was in the hands of the oil companies and their organizations. Few hard facts about the oil situation reached the arena of public debate in a form that the participants could understand. In their absence, sharp disagreements broke out, and suspicions flourished.

Was the country really "running out of oil" or were the oil companies promoting that idea in order to justify a price rise? Was the failure of the American petroleum industry to meet the rising demand for oil and its derivatives caused by the depletion of a limited resource or the result of deliberate oil-company policies? Where were the missing facts? Ironically, the sought-for data were hidden—perhaps unintentionally but nevertheless effectively—by a modern bureaucratic version of the wonderfully simple method made famous by "The Purloined Letter." All the facts needed to delineate, in stark and frequently embarrassing terms, the role of the oil companies in the oil crisis were and are available. They are laid out in great detail in reports published by the Federal Energy Administration and other government agencies and by the National Petroleum Council, an official arm of the oil companies established to advise the Department of the Interior. These reports make up thousands of heavily documented pages; one report on the availability of oil and gas in the next decade is more than seven hundred and fifty pages long and contains six hundred and eighty-eight tables and a hundred and fourteen illustrations and graphs. We can learn a good deal about the origin of the oil crisis from these informative but rarely discussed reports.

PETROLEUM fuels are used, in the main, for two energy-requiring tasks in America. About fifty-four per cent of the petroleum is used to drive transportation vehicles, and about twenty-one per cent is used to warm up the places where people live and work—that is, to provide "space heat"—and to heat water for washing. In view of the enormous amount of petroleum used for these purposes—the per-capita consumption is about three and a half gallons a day—and the considerable trouble that results from consuming more petroleum than we produce, it seems sensible to find out how much of it is wasted. Waste or its converse—efficiency—can be looked at in several ways. The most obvious way to waste a resource such as petroleum or

Dana Fradon

"'Balderdash'! Did I hear you say 'Balderdash'?"

natural gas is to lose it before it can be used. Oil spills and pipeline fires fall into this category; the amount of petroleum lost in such events is tiny compared to the amount used, and can reasonably be neglected.

A resource can also be wasted *when* it is used, in the sense that some of it is frittered away in the process and does not end up where it is wanted. In the case of petroleum, this kind of waste is moderately large but not overwhelming. Consider a familiar example: the amount of heat wasted as an oil-burning furnace system delivers heat to the rooms that it is supposed to warm. One way to compute efficiency of such a furnace system is based on the First Law of Thermodynamics. This tells us that the energy produced by burning a given amount of fuel must be conserved as it flows from the furnace to the rooms. Therefore, the amount of energy wasted is equal to the amount produced in the furnace less the amount that reaches the rooms. (The difference might represent heat that goes up the smokestack or leaks out of the house as it is transferred.) This First Law efficiency can then be expressed by the ratio of the amount of heat delivered to the rooms to the amount that is generated when the oil is burned.

Measurements of such efficiencies were for a long time ignored by everyone except heating engineers. But in the last few years, as the need for conserving fuel has become painfully apparent, such data have been reported in the growing literature of energy technology. By all accounts, the efficiency of furnaces computed in this way is moderately good. A typical efficiency for an oil-burner supplying warm air to a home at 110°F. when the outside temperature is 32°F. is sixty to sixty-five per cent. This suggests that there is some room for improvement but not a great deal. Even if the oil-burner system were made one hundred per cent efficient (impossible in practice), by this measure the amount of fuel used would be reduced by forty per cent or less.

Nearly all the current estimates of possible energy savings are made in this way, using the First Law to find out where energy is lost and how to stop some of the losses. The general outcome is a possible saving of no more than thirty or thirty-five per cent. However, the First Law, as we have seen, is only the initial building block of the science of thermodynamics, which in the subtleties of the Second Law becomes vastly more revealing. The Second Law reminds us that energy in itself has no value unless it can be used to produce work by flowing from one place to another; that every spontaneous, irreversible event, such as heating a home, involves the loss of available work; that the value of energy is measured by the work it can do; and that the efficiency with which energy is used ought to be measured by how closely the amount of available work used to accomplish a task corresponds to the minimum amount that the task requires.

These basic precepts define the Second Law efficiency proposed by the American Physical Society's study. To compute this efficiency, one begins by determining the minimum loss of available work that is entailed in accomplishing a particular task—in this case, to warm a home by delivering air at 110°F. while the outside air is at 32°F. The next step is to compute the work that is available from the amount of energy that is actually used to accomplish the task—in this case, the available work that is consumed when the oil is burned and the heat transferred to the rooms. The Second Law efficiency is the ratio between these two measurements, or (to quote the A.P.S. study) "the efficiency is equal to the ratio of the least avail-

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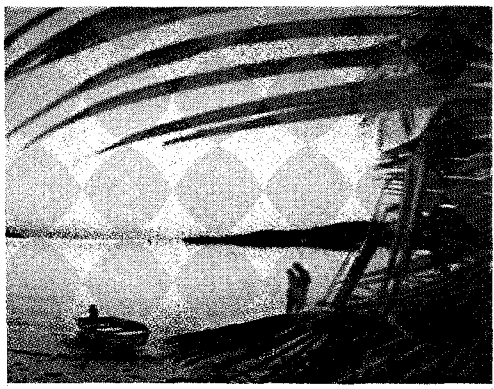

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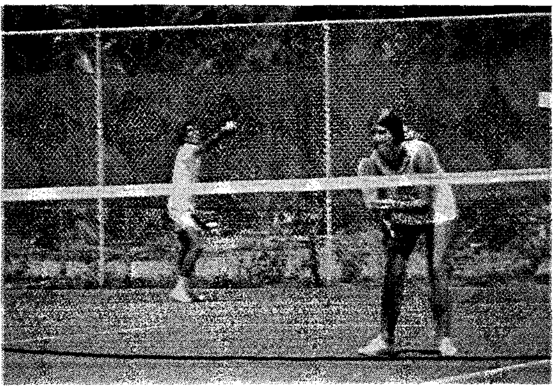

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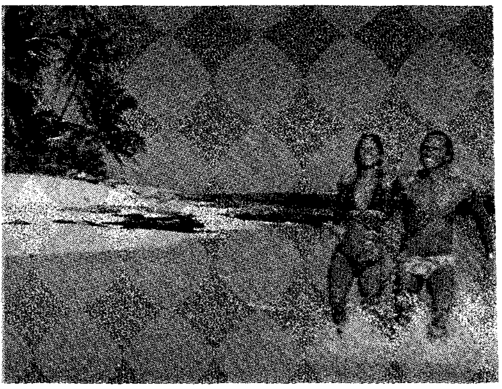

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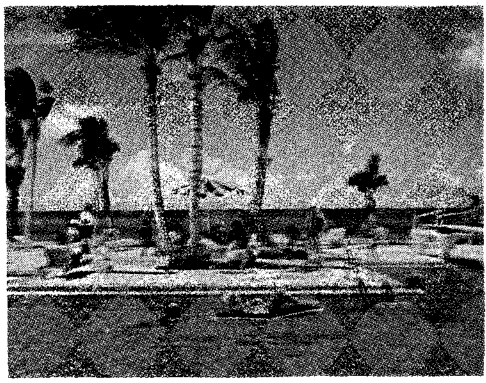
3. How would you rather enjoy the sun?



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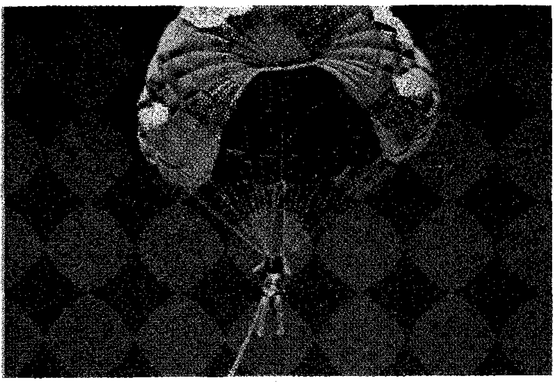
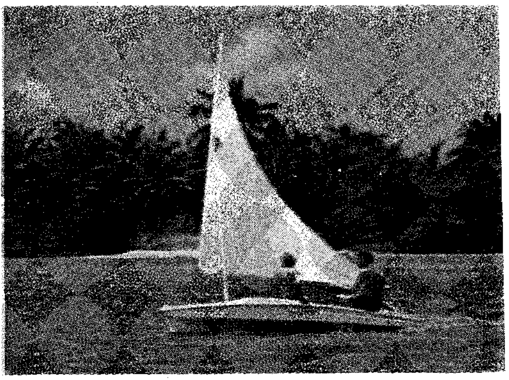


☐ Parasailing above the beach



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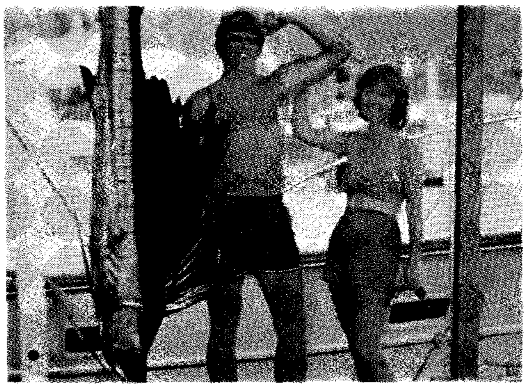
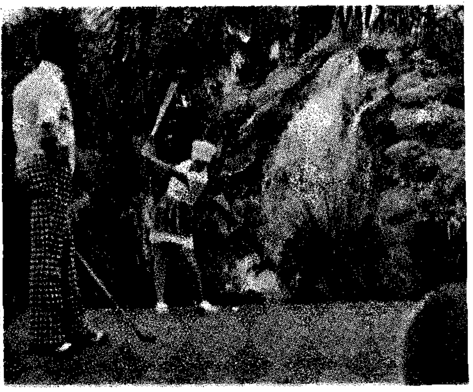


☐ Going out after the big ones

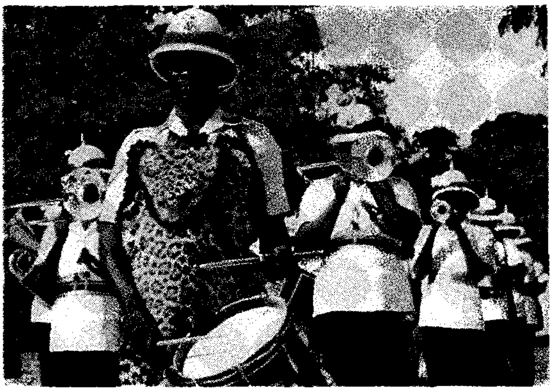
☐ Discovering treasure wrecks and friendly fish



☐ Getting your handicap down

6. What's your idea of culture?

☐ A Bahamian folklore show



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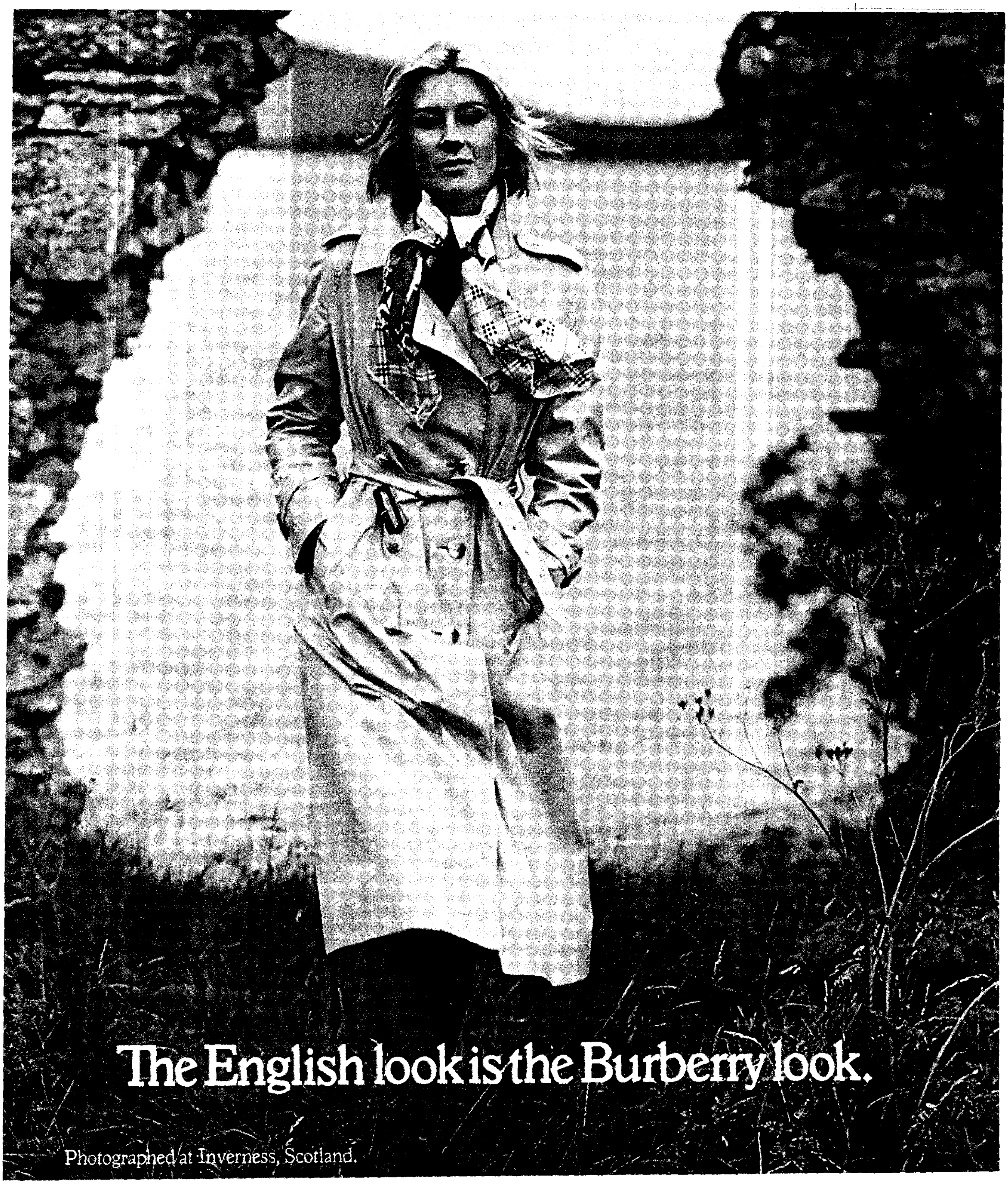
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able work that could have done the job to the actual available work used to do the job." When such a Second Law efficiency is computed for the oil-burner system, it turns out to be eight and two-tenths per cent. According to the First Law, the oil-burner system wastes a little less than half of the energy that it uses; according to the Second Law, it wastes all but about eight per cent of the work available from the energy that it uses. The Second Law efficiency tells us that there is much more room for improvement than the First Law suggests.

In a sense, the two procedures take an opposite approach to the efficiency problem. The First Law approach focusses on the energy content of the fuel and computes how much of it fails to get where it is supposed to go—to the rooms. It ignores alternative ways to heat the home and is concerned only with how well a particular method works. The Second Law approach focusses on the *task* and determines how much work is needed to get it done. It then seeks out whatever method does the job with the least available work. The Second Law approach makes the most of that quality of an energy source that gives it its value—the work available from it. This is the quality that, unlike energy itself, is always consumed, and the Second Law efficiency aims at finding a way of using as little of it as possible in getting the task done.

It turns out that the most efficient way to warm a house is often not by burning the fuel but by using it to run a kind of refrigerator. In its familiar sense, a refrigerator is a heat engine that uses mechanical work (the motion of a motor-driven pump acting on a compressible gas) to cause heat to flow from a colder place (inside the refrigerator) to a warmer place (the kitchen). The same kind of device (now called a heat pump) can be used to bring heat into a house by extracting warmth from the colder out-of-doors. The heat pump cools the out-of-doors in order to warm the house, just as the refrigerator warms the kitchen in order to cool its own interior. But Sadi Carnot's work reminds us that the engine used to drive the heat pump—for example, a diesel engine—cannot convert all the energy of its fuel into such mechanical work. Some of it must be rejected into the environment as waste heat. Since this waste heat is at a suitably low temperature, it can readily be used to help warm the home (through an appropriate heat exchanger). According to the A.P.S. study, with a heat-pump

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arrangement a diesel-driven home-heating system could operate with a Second Law efficiency of about twenty per cent. This is more than a twofold improvement over the conventional furnace—something that would appear to be impossible if the efficiency were computed by the First Law, at sixty-five per cent.

Considerations of the same sort can be used to effect substantial improvement in the Second Law efficiency of transportation, which is only about ten per cent. Since transportation accounts for more than half of the petroleum that is consumed, such an improvement could do a great deal to reduce the enormous waste that is revealed by thermodynamic analysis. What is so shocking about this waste is that petroleum is an irreplaceable resource. This is evident from what we know about its origin. There is persuasive geological evidence that underground deposits of petroleum, natural gas, and coal are the residues of fossil plants; hence the term "fossil fuels." As the plant remains were buried, their organic compounds were subjected to variable pressures and temperatures. Depending on local conditions, the ensuing chemical reactions produced the hydrocarbons of petroleum and natural gas or the nearly pure carbon of coal. All these fossil-fuel deposits represent energy originally delivered to the earth as sunshine and converted into chemical form by photosynthesis.

Oil deposits are now generally found at depths ranging from a few hundred feet to about twenty thousand feet. The only way to know if oil lies below a particular point on the earth's surface is to drill down. The amount of oil in a given geological area, or field, can be estimated by drilling enough exploratory wells into it. Since drilling to such depths is expensive, an effort must be made in advance to find where oil can be expected to occur. This is done by geophysical exploration—for example, by monitoring the echoes of shocks from explosive charges in order to map out the reflecting contours of underlying structures. An experienced geologist who examines such an underground-contour map can judge what areas are most likely to contain oil. The judgment involves some guesswork, so the results are uncertain. In any case, the most promising sites are chosen, and exploratory wells are drilled. These usually fail to find oil. In 1973, even after the best available geophysical exploration, about eight out of every ten exploratory wells drilled in the United States were "dry holes." Finding oil is very much a hit-or-miss geological proposition and a risky economic one.

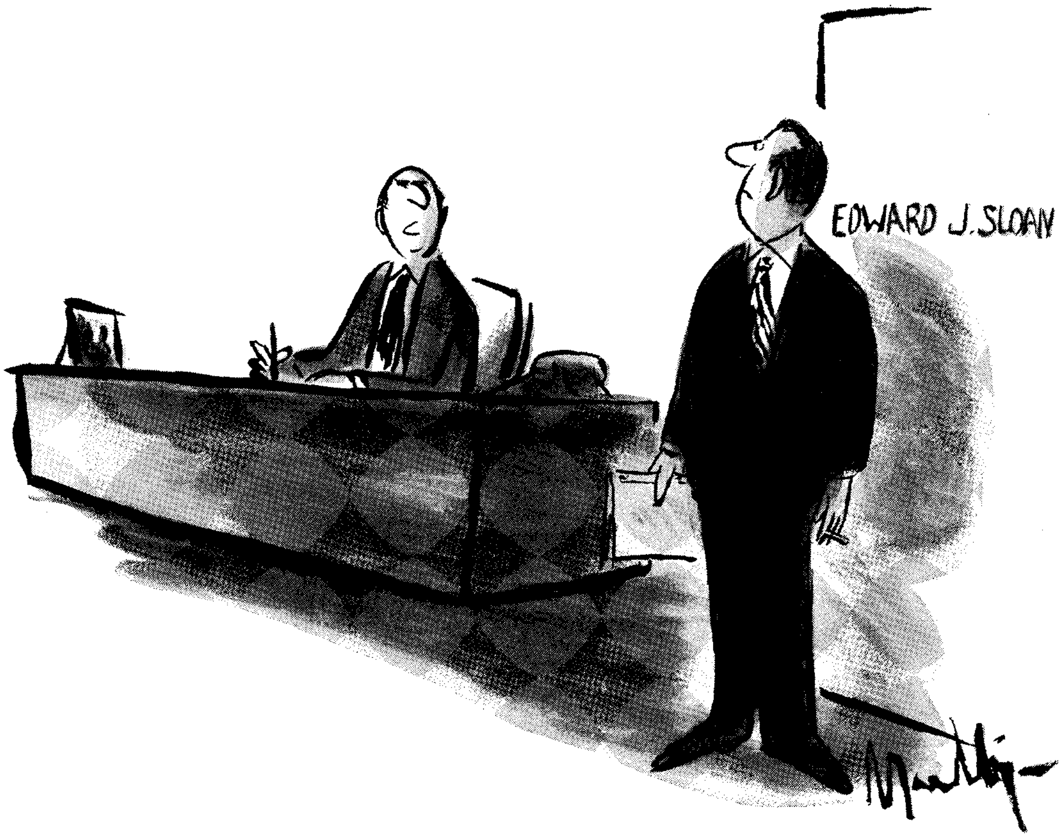
The immediate outcome of a successful exploratory effort is the discovery of a certain amount of crude oil "in place." This term refers to the size of the underground reserve of oil that has been discovered, only part of which can be brought to the surface, or "produced." As of 1970, an average of about thirty per cent of the oil in place was actually produced, but, owing to improved recovery methods, this is expected to increase to about forty-two per cent over the next twenty-five years. The amount of oil discovered, corrected for the recovery rate, constitutes the crude-oil reserve—that is, the amount of oil that is known to exist underground and that can actually be brought to the surface. It represents the nation's stock of available oil, as it is known at the time. Two processes affect the size of this stock. One of them is discovery of new oil in place, which adds to the reserve. The other process is the rate of production of oil, which, of course, diminishes the reserve.

Until 1959, the size of the American crude-oil reserve gradually increased, because the rate of new discoveries exceeded the annual rate of production. For several years, beginning in 1959, the size of the reserve remained roughly constant. Then, in 1967, the reserve began to decline progressively. We were consuming more oil each year than was found, and the notion arose that we were beginning to "run out of oil." This idea plays a powerful role in the current arguments over oil policy, and needs to be closely scrutinized. One reason for the falling reserve in recent years is that the rate of petroleum production has increased in order to try to meet a rapidly growing demand. The annual rate of production of domestic crude oil increased by forty-three per cent between 1953 and 1969, reaching a peak of slightly more than nine million barrels a day in 1970. Over the same period, the rate of finding new oil—the amount found each year—decreased by some thirty-five per cent of its 1953 value.

The decline in the rate of oil discovery that began rather abruptly in 1957 has continued. It has brought on an equally abrupt decline in the ability of the petroleum industry to meet increasing domestic demand and led to the now lamented dependence on imported oil. Between 1954 and 1957, oil imports increased only slightly, from fourteen per cent of total domestic consumption to nineteen per cent. Imported oil amounted to twenty-two per cent in 1965 and forty per cent in November of 1974. Thus, the gap between American oil consumption and domestic oil production, and its grave economic and political consequences, can be traced to a rather sudden decline after 1957 in the rate at which oil was discovered in the United States. If we are to make any sense out of the confused debate over oil policy, we need to find out why this decline occurred and whether there is any hope of reversing it.

The issue that we must examine is to what extent the falling rate of new oil discovery in the United States is due to the physical depletion of accessible oil deposits (an irremediable situation) and to what extent it results from conscious decisions on the part of those engaged in the search for oil to hunt less diligently. Suppose it to be true that the rate of finding new oil in the United States is declining because we are running out of oil. Then, as new oil fields are found, and the number remaining to be found is thereby reduced, each additional new field would become increasingly more difficult to find. A familiar analogy might be the matter of trying to find all the beads scattered from a broken necklace. The first few beads are easy to find, but the task becomes increasingly difficult as progressively fewer beads need to be spotted, in widely dispersed places.

In the same way, if the number of accessible but as yet undetected oil fields in the United States is now being appreciably reduced by current discoveries, then the effort needed to find each new field should be increasing. If we chose not to increase the exploratory effort, then the amount of oil found per year would decrease. And if the amount of oil discovered per unit of exploratory effort remained constant with time, it might be concluded that there was still a good deal of oil left to be found. As in the hunt for scattered beads, the rate of discovery of new oil can be used as an indicator of the phase of the discovery process. A year-by-year record of the effort made to find oil and the rate at which it is found can tell us where we are at the moment in the inevitable process of exhausting the discoverable fields of oil.



"Do me a big favor, Burke. Stop calling me Edwardo."

Much of the controversy among oil experts regarding the potential oil reserve in the United States and what fraction of it we have consumed thus far results from the different ways in which they obtain and analyze this record. Unfortunately, the way in which the analytical method influences the results is not usually made clear. This is one reason that policymakers and the public are confused by the disagreements on how much oil remains to be found in the United States. The unexplained disagreements have seriously hindered the effort to develop a sensible petroleum policy.

One of the curious aspects of these disagreements is how sharply they divide oil companies and government agencies. A recent summary by the Department of the Interior lists five oil-company estimates of as yet undiscovered recoverable petroleum, which future exploration is expected to discover: 168 billion, 90 billion, 89 billion, 55 billion, and 24 billion to 64 billion barrels. Also listed are four United States Geological Survey estimates: 458 billion, 400 billion, 200 billion to 400 billion, and 72 billion barrels. Even more curious are the separate estimates of onshore and offshore reserves made by the Geological Survey and the Mobil Oil Corporation. For onshore reserves, including Alaska, the Geological Survey estimates are 135 billion to 270 billion barrels of oil. The Mobil Oil Corporation estimate is much lower: 34 billion barrels, or thirteen to twenty-five per cent of the Geological Survey estimate. However, the offshore estimates are in much better agreement; Mobil's estimate (54 billion barrels) is within forty-two to eighty-four per cent of the government's (64 billion to 130 billion barrels). Perhaps by coincidence, the disparities between the two sets of estimates parallel the interest of the oil companies in developing offshore deposits rather than onshore ones.

Such disagreements—and the resulting confusion—can be considerably reduced by sorting out the factors that influence the rate of finding oil. Both geophysical oil exploration, which seeks to find geological deposits that may contain oil, and the drilling of exploratory wells are carried out by people—geologists, geophysicists, drillers—who are in the hire of oil companies. (The federal government does little or no exploration itself.) The decision to employ these people and to direct them to look for oil is, of course, made by the oil-company management, so one element that affects the rate of oil discovery is simply the company's policy on how hard to look for oil. In addition to these administrative decisions, physical factors arising from the actual depletion of deposits will, naturally, affect the discovery rate.

The combined effect of the administrative and physical factors can be measured by the rate of discovery—the amount of new oil found per year. This method of measurement does not distinguish the relative influence of the two factors. Its main practitioner is a well-known oil geologist, M. King Hubbert, formerly with the Shell Oil Company and now with the Geological Survey. Hubbert's estimates, based on the variations in the amount of oil discovered per year, start in 1860, shortly after the first American oil well was brought into production. Despite the dual factors involved in these measurements, his estimates lead him to conclude that "the discovery of crude oil in the coterminous part of the United States and its adjacent offshore areas has passed its culmination and is well advanced in its decline"—which means that the ultimate amount of oil recoverable in the United States is about 175 billion barrels. Since about 107 billion barrels had already been consumed by 1974, this would leave about 68 billion barrels available for future use. With oil now being consumed at the rate of about six billion barrels a year, we are indeed "running out of oil."

Hubbert acknowledges, in effect, that his conclusion takes account of the influence of company decisions on how hard to seek oil, for he states, "When a *given amount of exploratory effort per year* in a given area yields over a long period of time continuously diminishing returns in the amount of oil discovered, the inference can hardly be avoided that the pond is about fished out." The phrase that I have emphasized is critical. To go back to the bead analogy, it is certainly true that for "a given amount of exploratory effort" a declining rate of finding beads would mean that there are few remaining ones to be found. But if you stop looking for a while the amount of exploratory effort is no longer "given," and the resultant slow rate of finding beads means not that most of the beads have been found but that you have become less interested in finding them.

Another geologist, the late Alfred D. Zapp, who was also on the staff of the Geological Survey, proposed a different way to measure the rate of oil discovery. His method diverged sharply from Hubbert's both in its assumptions and in its results. Zapp's method eliminated the influence of company decisions by comparing the amount of new oil discovered in a given period with the amount of exploratory drilling actually carried out (as given by the total length, in feet, of the exploratory wells). Where Hubbert plots the amount of oil discovered per year for successive years, Zapp plots the amount of oil discovered per foot of exploratory well for successive cumulative lengths of wells drilled. In this way, Zapp's method, unlike Hubbert's, really does measure the amount of oil found for "a given amount of exploratory effort." It reflects only the frequency with which a purely physical effort—the probing of the earth by a given length of exploratory well—manages to hit upon an oil deposit, and records the amount of oil in it. Hubbert has acknowledged this difference in methods, stating that Zapp's results are "less subject to economic and administrative influences."

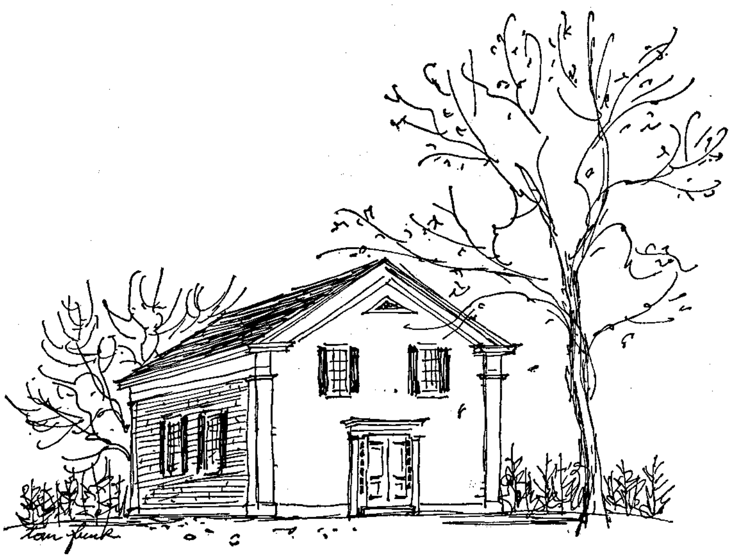
To return to the bead analogy, Zapp would record how many beads are found per unit of effort, perhaps measured by the amount of floor space covered in order to find one bead. In contrast, Hubbert would measure the number of beads found per minute. This measure would include the effects of "administrative" decisions, such as deciding to hurry the search for a time or to give it up temporarily in favor of some more attractive pursuit. Using his method, Zapp estimated that the potential recoverable oil in the United States amounted to about six hundred billion barrels. And the estimates by other government geologists, also based on the Zapp method, were in the range of four hundred billion barrels of recoverable crude oil, all of them well in excess of the estimates made by Hubbert and the oil companies.

Hubbert's rejoinder to these estimates has been to reanalyze Zapp's data in an effort to show that the amount of oil found per foot of exploratory well has actually been decreasing since about 1935, as one would expect if oil deposits were becoming scarcer. Some evidence of such a decline can be seen in the data, but it is sporadic; instead of following a smooth curve, as Hubbert's hypothesis would require, the decline actually occurs in two rather sudden drops—one around 1945 and the other around 1953. This suggests that the decline is the result not of some gradual process, such as the progressive depletion of accessible oil deposits, but of some more abrupt event, such as a change in drilling procedures.

In any case, Hubbert's own figures for oil discovered per foot of exploratory well drilled, which he computed by applying Zapp's method, show that since 1953 there has been no sign at all that the Zapp ratio has fallen as exploratory drilling has continued. Far from declining, the ratio has increased slightly. This is a crucial fact, for it is precisely in the post-1955 period that the amount of oil found per year (that is, in the Hubbert type of measurement) has steadily decreased. Between 1956 and 1969, the amount of oil discovered per year decreased nearly thirty per cent. Thus, Zapp's method shows that in this critical period there has been no decrease in the physical efficiency of discovery (measured by the amount of oil found per foot of well drilled), while Hubbert's method (which includes policy decisions as well as the physical-efficiency factor) has it declining sharply. It follows, then, that the reason for the decreased rate of oil discovery per year is not that the returns have diminished as the stock of oil is depleted but that the oil companies have been making progressively less effort to look for oil.

This explanation is confirmed by the records of the number of exploratory wells drilled annually between 1950 and 1971. In 1950, about ten thousand wells were drilled; the number increased to a peak of about sixteen thousand in 1956 and then dropped sharply, declining to just under seven thousand in 1971. The number of months spent in the field by geophysical crews also dropped between 1956 and 1971—from about eight thousand to twenty-seven hundred. Thus, there is in fact no discrepancy between Hubbert's results and Zapp's. Indeed, with respect to the crucial events since 1957 that have led to the heavy foreign-oil imports, the two sets of results lead to the same conclusion: The declining rate of oil discovery per year is a result of company decisions to cut back on exploration efforts, rather than a result of the depletion of accessible oil deposits. We are not so much running out of domestic oil as running out of the oil companies' interest in looking for it.

WHY did American companies that had been organized to produce oil decide after 1957 to reduce their effort to find it in the United States? The officially published reports provide the answer. In July of 1970, the Committee on Possible Future Petroleum Provinces of the United States of the National Petroleum Council, in response to a request from the Department of the Interior, published a summary of a detailed study of the nation's potential petroleum reserve. (The study itself, "Future Petroleum Provinces of the United States—Their Geology and Potential," was published the following year, in two thick volumes, by the American Association of Petroleum Geologists, with funds provided by the National Petroleum Council.) The study committee was headed by the chairman of the board of the Standard Oil Company of California; the members included officers of large, integrated oil companies and a number of the independents. Leading geologists from universities, government agencies, and industry served as advisers. The actual work was done by eleven regional subcommittees comprising a total of a hundred and forty-one geologists drawn from oil companies and the federal and state geological surveys. Obviously, the group was in an excellent position to consider the geological aspects of the problem of finding new petroleum in the United States and



to estimate the potential size of the reserve.

The summary completely supports the conclusion I have drawn from the Hubbert-Zapp controversy—that the recent decline in the oil-discovery rate was caused by deliberate company decisions. The reasons for those decisions are spelled out explicitly. A sharp distinction is made between oil-company practices before and after 1957. Before 1957, the ratio of company expenditures for the exploration and development of new oil fields to barrels of crude oil produced increased steadily, rising about two hundred per cent between 1942 and 1957. After 1957, there was an abrupt change; instead of increasing, the exploratory expenditures per barrel of crude oil produced fell—by some twenty-five per cent in the next ten years. This trend is in keeping with the post-1957 decline in the footage of exploratory wells drilled and in the rate of geophysical exploration.

This reversal in the trend of exploration expenditures was foreshadowed by changes in the oil companies' income. While the price of a barrel of crude oil increased by more than a hundred per cent between 1942 and 1952, it increased by only eleven per cent in the next five years, by only four per cent between 1957 and 1962, and after 1962 it even declined slightly (until, of course, the recent sharp rise, beginning with the 1973 embargo).

On the analyses of the potential petroleum reserve in the country's geological regions, the summary remarks, "None of the 11 regions has been adequately explored," and it asserts that the potential recoverable oil reserve of the United States "may exceed 432 billion barrels." With a hundred and seven billion barrels already consumed as of 1974, according to this estimate there would remain about three hundred and twenty-five billion barrels available for future use. This is more than four times Hubbert's estimate of sixty-eight billion barrels of crude oil available after 1974. Finally, the summary reaches an unmistakable conclusion about the cause and the consequences of the declining rate of oil discovery:

> The trend in the last decade of devoting a declining percentage of producing revenue to finding and developing production of crude oil and natural gas has resulted in a drastic decline in exploratory and development drilling which together with deëmphasis of the onshore of the coterminous United States is inimical to the development of the country's enormous petroleum resources.

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and government militate against accelerated exploration, particularly drilling, a high percentage of the petroleum resources of the United States is immobilized.

The evidence provided by this distinguished group, uniquely qualified to estimate the effect of both geological and economic factors on discovery rate, appears to be irrefutable. The failure of the oil companies to keep up with the increase in domestic demand since 1957 is the result of their decision to reduce exploratory efforts following a period of disappointing economic returns on the domestic oil produced. It was this decision that led to lower production of domestic oil, to the growing gap between domestic production and domestic demand, to the increased importation of oil to make up the difference, to the nation's vulnerability to an oil embargo—and to all the economic troubles that followed.

The motivation for this historic shift in the status of the nation's oil supply is not hard to find. Between 1947 and 1956, the profitability of the domestic petroleum industry dropped from a return of about fifteen per cent on equity to fourteen per cent. In that same period, the profitability of foreign operations by American petroleum companies increased from a return of about fifteen per cent on equity to a return of about twenty-eight per cent. The lesson was not lost on the oil companies. This was made clear in 1966 by an explanation that Howard W. Blauvelt, then vice-president (and now chairman) of the Continental Oil Company, gave of why his company, which in 1950 operated almost entirely within the United States, "decided to go abroad." In a paper published under the refreshingly frank title "How to Become a Foreign Oil Company," he cites three reasons for this move:

> First, there was the need to maintain and increase our sources of low-cost oil.... Only the low-cost operator can survive and earn a reasonable profit. The cost of finding and developing a barrel of crude oil in the U.S. was revealing a stubborn upward trend.... The discovery of prolific reserves in the Middle East, beginning prior to World War II ...had made it evident where the large fields of low-cost oil could be found.

A second reason was the simple fact of economic competition; a producer of purely domestic oil would find it all but impossible to compete with companies whose foreign operations enabled them to sell oil in the United States at a lower price. Finally, Mr. Blauvelt tells us:

> A third consideration important in our decision was the apparent profitability of foreign oil operations. As overseas crude output rose, profits also grew rapidly, and the rates of return earned by U.S. companies from their international operations proved considerably higher than the returns from their U.S. operations alone.

Mr. Blauvelt also notes that his company's actions were not unique:

> The decision taken by Continental in the fifties to go abroad was in line with similar decisions by other U.S. oil companies [so] the number of U.S. oil companies operating abroad rose from 13 in 1945 to over 200 at present.

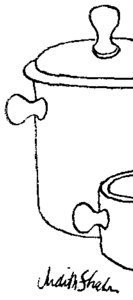
Thus, we have the direct testimony of an officer of a major United States oil company on why the decision was made in the nineteen-fifties to divert to foreign countries the effort to find and produce oil. It can fairly be summed up in one word: profit.

But all this is past. If we are to benefit from our understanding of the recent history of American oil resources, that knowledge must be used to develop a more rational oil policy. We now know that there is no physical reason for the failure of the petroleum industry to keep up with domestic demand, a failure that made the country dependent on foreign oil and set the scene for the 1973 oil crisis and the ensuing economic difficulties. Despite confusing disagreements among oil geologists, it is now evident that some three hundred and twenty-five billion barrels of domestic crude oil are available to us. At the present rate of oil consumption, this amount would take care of the total national demand for oil, without any imports, for fifty or sixty years. There is good reason to believe that in that time nearly all our present reliance on oil could be replaced by energy from our one renewable source—the sun.

What would be a rational, prudent response to these facts? Clearly, there is no need to act as though we were now running out of oil, for we are not. On the other hand, there is a limit to the accessible supply of domestic oil, which, if it is not approached in fifty years, is likely to confront us in the following half century. This physical fact alone is a persuasive reason to plan for a transition from our present heavy dependence on petroleum to renewable sources of energy. There are strong economic reasons as well. And it is essential that the transition be an orderly one; this is obvious from the disastrous economic consequences of the chaotic response to the 1973 embargo. Given that there is enough domestic oil to support us during the expected development of renewable resources, the fundamental problem is to discover what it will cost to produce the available oil and how these costs can be met. A task force of Project Independence Blueprint (an effort by the Federal Energy Administration to discover how the United States might become independent of imported oil) has made a detailed study of this problem, based partly on an earlier one conducted by the National Petroleum Council. The task force concluded that it should be possible to reach an annual production of total petroleum liquids (crude oil plus a small amount of liquid petroleum derived from natural-gas production) of eight billion one hundred million barrels per year. This is more than the total quantity of petroleum liquids (including imports) consumed in 1974, which was about six billion barrels. Thus, if some steps are taken to control the rate of increase in petroleum consumption, it should be possible to produce—if we wished to—all or nearly all our needed oil from domestic sources over the next decade. We could then readily sustain our energy needs during an orderly transition to alternative sources; there would be no necessity for shortages, rationing, or panic over future energy supplies.

The task force also computed the capital that would be needed to meet the cost of reversing the present trend toward reduced domestic exploration and production. In 1974, in order to produce about three billion eight hundred million barrels of domestic petroleum liquids, the industry invested about a billion three hundred million dollars in capital. In order to increase domestic production from that level to about seven billion three hundred million barrels in 1985 and to eight billion one hundred million barrels in 1988, annual capital expenditures would need to rise to about nine billion one hundred million dollars in 1980 and remain at a level of about eight billion dollars per year thereafter. (These and the following dollar values are cited in 1973 dollars to eliminate the effect of inflation.) In 1974, the productivity of the invested capital—that is, the amount of oil produced per dollar invested—was about three barrels. In contrast, to produce a total of about eighty billion barrels between 1975 and 1988, about a hundred billion dollars of capital would be needed, representing a capital productivity of about eight-tenths of a barrel per dollar. In increasing the annual rate of oil production, the productivity of invested capital—the efficiency with which capital is converted into oil production—would fall by seventy per cent.

This considerable increase in the cost of producing the extra oil must be met in some way. The task force has computed that in order to provide the capital needed to support such a high rate of production a barrel of oil would have to be sold at a minimum price of eleven dollars. The price early in 1975 averaged about seven dollars. Thus, the United States can become essentially independent of imported oil *if* there is a sharp increase in the price of domestic oil. This, of course, represents the oil companies' demand for higher returns, to provide "incentives" to invest enough capital to produce more oil. If we meet this demand, how much more oil can we expect to get in return for paying such a high price for it? According to the task force, if the price were held to seven dollars a barrel, total production between 1975 and 1988 would amount to only about seventy billion barrels; this means that to finance the production of that much oil, the public would need to pay a total of four hundred and ninety billion dollars for crude oil. If the price were allowed to reach a minimum of eleven dollars a barrel, the industry would produce about eighty billion barrels of oil, and the total cost to the public would be eight hundred and eighty billion dollars. So in order to finance an increase of about ten billion barrels in national oil production, three hundred and ninety billion dollars additional would be paid for the oil; this means that the price per barrel of this additional oil would be about thirty-nine dollars. In other words, the price of oil must rise disproportionately more than the increase in production that the price is supposed to finance; for each additional dollar spent to meet the oil industry's demand for higher prices, the nation would receive progressively less return in the amount of oil produced. The law of diminishing returns is at work.



Why is increased oil production so closely linked to higher prices? Here we can turn to the National Petroleum Council report that provided the method of calculation used by the F.E.A. task force. It was by computing what income the oil companies would need in order to sustain a specified rate of return

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on their investment that the N.P.C. report determined the price per barrel of crude oil required to support various levels of domestic crude-oil production. The report showed that the price of crude oil in 1970 was equivalent to a fifteen-per-cent return on net oil-company assets. It noted, however, that if the price of oil were to remain constant, as measured in 1970 dollars, "in 1985, the rate of return on net fixed assets would decline to a completely unacceptable level of about 2 per cent." Accordingly, the report explained, "the projections indicate the need for significant price increases, a strong reversal of prices being required if the industry is to attract the venture capital required."

This study, which was completed in 1972, showed that to maintain the current rate of oil production from the forty-eight contiguous states, the price per barrel of crude oil, which had declined slightly in real dollars between 1955 and 1970, would need to increase, slightly at first but rather sharply beginning in 1973. This is an impressive demonstration of the accuracy of the council's computations. In advance of the 1973 oil embargo, the council predicted, from the requirements of the oil industry for a satisfactory rate of profit, that in 1973 the price of crude oil, which had declined slightly during the preceding decade, would need to rise. And it did rise. This reflects a remarkable gift of economic prophecy; or perhaps the industry's prophecy was somehow self-fulfilling. It appears that we can again quite fairly sum up the factors that govern the price the oil industry demands in return for producing, from oil reserves that clearly exist, the amount of oil that the nation needs in a single word: profit.

Nearly all the discussions of the size of oil-company profits since the 1973 oil embargo have been cast in moral terms: How large a profit should the companies be allowed to enjoy? How much profit is "excessive"? In fact, until recently American oil-company profits, which, of course, fluctuate from year to year, depending on current economic conditions, have not been appreciably different from those of other industries. Here we are concerned with a quite different aspect of the profit issue: How does the expected rate of profit influence the companies' decision to find and produce domestic oil? Despite the apparent complexity of this question, the answer turns out to be readily at hand—in the deliberations of the F.E.A. task force that studied the factors that might influence the future production of domestic oil. The report states:

> Future oil production is mainly a function of its anticipated profitability compared to other opportunities for investment, the amount of exploratory drilling undertaken and its success, and the extent of constraining policies that limit profitability or the availability of land favorable for exploration and production.

Of these operative factors, the controlling economic consideration is the relative profitability of producing oil—the profit that it is expected to yield compared to any other investment that can be made with the available capital. According to Blauvelt, this is precisely why some American oil companies hastened in the nineteen-fifties to take the profits they had earned in this country and invest part of them in the development of foreign oil production. That decision was mandated not by the absolute size of the industry's profit rate, which at the time was not very different from the profit rate of the rest of American industry, but by the difference between that rate and the profit that might be had elsewhere—in this case, the Mideast. It is this principle—that the profit differential will determine where investments are made—which accounts for the recent tendency of oil companies to invest their capital in chemicals. According to a January, 1975, report in *Chemical & Engineering News*, "the renewed interest in chemicals by [oil] companies that took a beating in chemicals just a few years ago is due to the enormous profit gains in basic petrochemicals in the past year." It also explains why in 1974 the Mobil Oil Corporation spent eight hundred million dollars to purchase a majority interest in Marcor, Inc., a company formed in 1968 by the merger of Montgomery Ward, the nation's fourth-largest general-merchandise retailer, and the Container Corporation of America, the largest domestic producer of paper-board packaging.

Clearly, then, the oil companies' interest in producing domestic oil is not governed by devotion to the national need for oil, or even by an insistence that their effort to meet that need be rewarded by an equitable rate of profit. Rather, the oil companies' decisions are governed by their insistence on being free to invest their capital in whatever activity promises the greatest profit. This position is explicitly confirmed by statements from oil-company officers, of which a recent example, from John J. Dorgan, an executive vice-president of the Occidental Petroleum Corporation, is typical:

> It doesn't mean a thing to say to a private company that there's a great need for oil. You have to have incentive. If it turns out that phosphate rock is more profitable, we'll put our money there.

Apparently, then, the oil companies are not a reliable vehicle for the production of American oil, since they seem to be interested less in producing oil than in producing profit. Like a poorly trained bird dog distracted by the appearance of a stray rabbit, an oil company is likely to drop one project for another whenever there is a hint of larger profits. Another oil-company official—George C. Hardin, Jr., formerly vice-president for North American oil and gas exploration of the Kerr-McGee Corporation and now president of the Ashland Exploration Company, a division of Ashland Oil, Inc.—confirmed this inference as it affects the direction taken by oil-exploration efforts. In a paper entitled "Economic Parameters in Prospect Evaluation," which was presented at a West Texas Geological Society symposium in 1966, Hardin said:

> Although modern oil and gas exploration is based on geology and related sciences, the goal is economic. . . . The goal of any exploration program should be to find oil and gas at a profit.

Apart from their unreliability as orderly vehicles for the development of the nation's oil resources, the oil companies, like most of the United States economic system, must operate according to the principles of private enterprise. Therefore, not only their willingness to undertake a new productive operation but also their ability to do so depends entirely on whether or not their own private efforts are sufficient to produce the requisite amount of capital. From the data available, it is evident that the productivity of capital will decline sharply in future efforts to find and produce more domestic oil, and thus that very large and rapidly increasing amounts of capital will be needed if the expansion is to take place. The question arises, therefore, of whether the industry will be able to raise these large amounts of capital by its own efforts out of accumulated profits and borrowing power.

A recent article in the *Oil & Gas Journal* carries the headline "U.S. OIL INDUSTRY FALLING FAR SHY OF CAPITAL NEEDS" and opens with this statement:

> Will the U.S. oil industry be able to raise enough money to make the invest-

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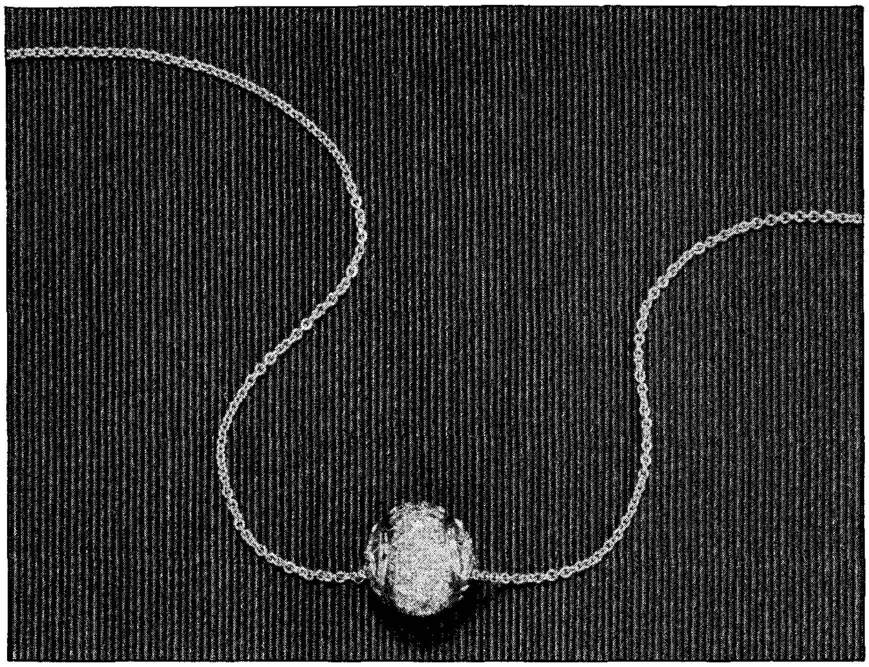

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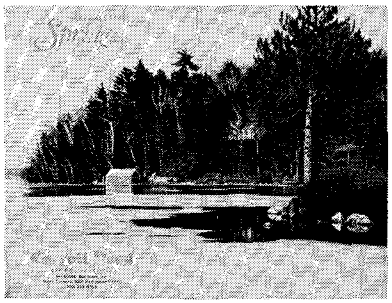

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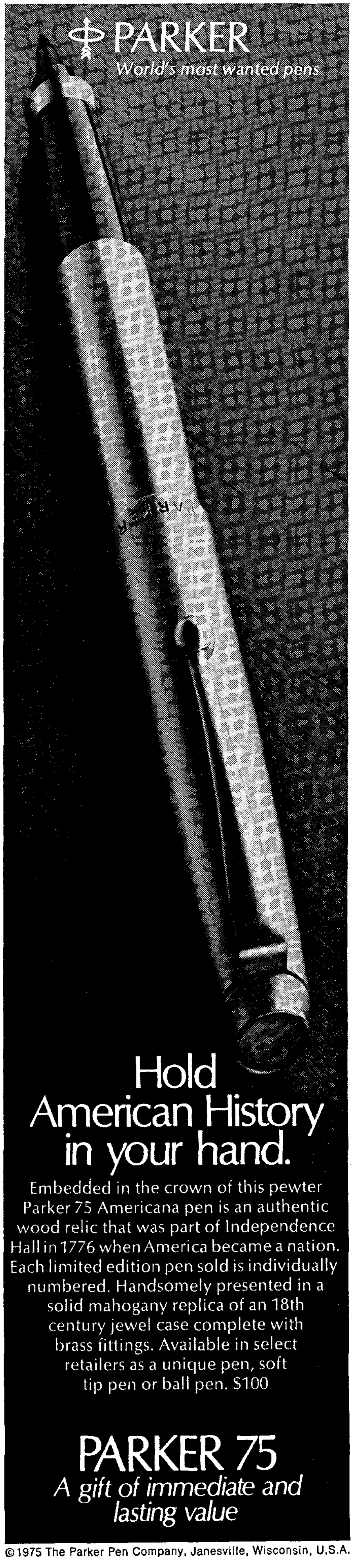

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ments required to meet future energy demand? That's a question causing increasing worry among oil executives.

Current (1974-75) earnings of American oil companies are much higher than they were for most of the postwar period—an average of about fifteen and a half per cent after taxes. Nevertheless, William T. Slick, Jr., a senior vice-president of the Exxon Company, U.S.A., has said, "Current earnings aren't adequate to generate the necessary capital." The annual net income of the eight largest American petroleum companies over the period 1951-71 was not very different from those of all manufacturing companies. The petroleum companies earned a net income of eleven and a half per cent and all manufacturing companies ten and a half per cent on stockholders' equity after taxes. But this rate of return, or even the present rate, may be insufficient to raise the industry's needed capital. A Gulf Oil official has said:

> Unless the industry can earn a 15-20 percent rate of return after taxes, it will neither be able to generate the needed funds internally [out of profits] nor will it be able to borrow them at attractive rates.

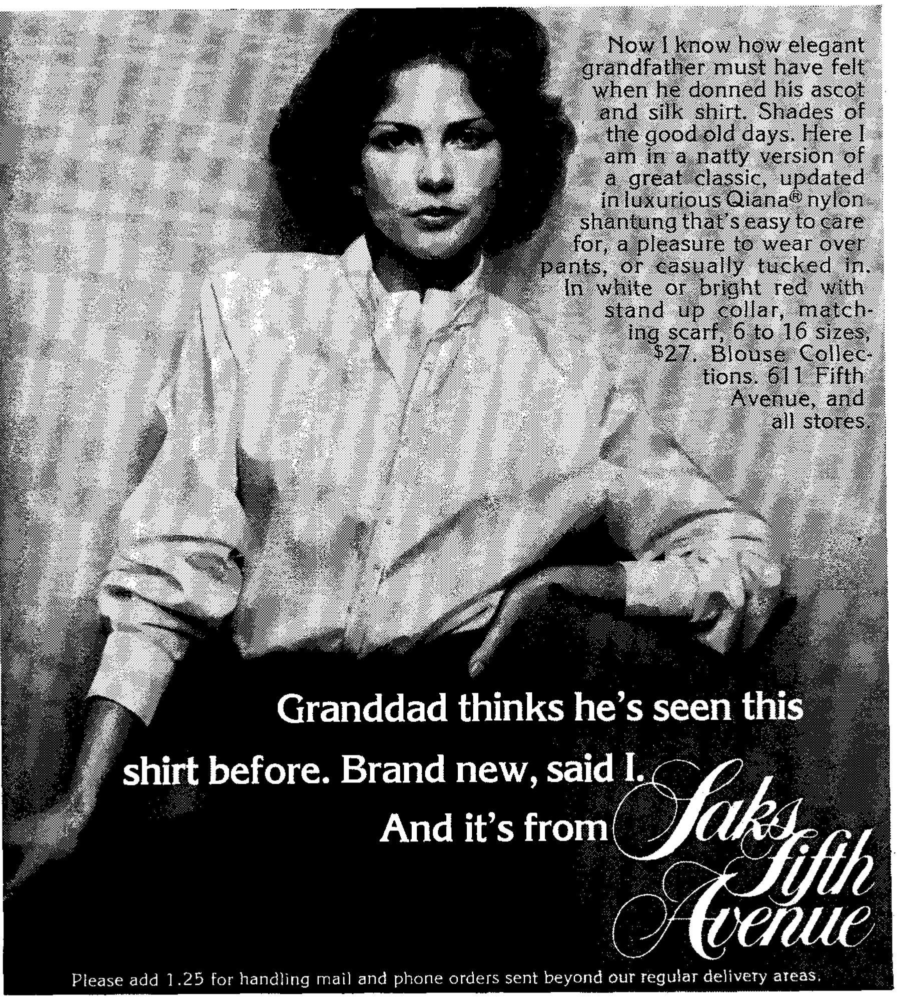
This appears to be a worldwide problem in the industry, for a March, 1975, survey by the Chase Manhattan Bank reports that—assuming a ten-per-cent rate of inflation—of the eight hundred and forty-five billion dollars in profits needed for world petroleum production between 1970 and 1985 only seven per cent had been accumulated by the end of 1974. This makes the situation quite plain: Unless the oil companies are allowed to earn a rate of profit that considerably exceeds the rate of profit of corporations generally—and their own average rate of profit in the postwar period—the industry will not be able to generate from its own productive activities the capital needed to maintain, let alone expand, domestic production of oil in the United States.

LIKE oil, coal is the product of the singular burst of photosynthetic activity that, some billion years ago, produced all the fossil fuels the earth now possesses—and the oxygen needed to burn them. But there are striking differences between the problems of using hydrocarbon fuels—oil and natural gas—and those of using coal. The known reserves of coal are about ten times as large (measured by their energy content) as the known oil and gas reserves. There seems to be general agreement among geologists that the accessible deposits of coal, in the United States and worldwide, can last from four hundred to six hundred years at the present rate of use. There is no short-term problem of "running out of coal;" the United States does not import coal but exports it; there is no threat of a "coal embargo." While there are huge reserves of coal, using them (for example, during a transition to renewable energy sources) involves two difficult problems. One is how to use coal for transportation, which represents about a quarter of the national energy budget. The other is the effect of coal production and use on environmental quality and health, for the hazards include water pollution caused by acid seepage from underground mines; the gross ecological disruption brought about by strip-mining; the damage to the health of underground miners; and the danger of cancer.

Coal was once the main source of energy for transportation: until the nineteen-twenties, coal-fired railroads and ships carried most of the freight and passengers. Since then, petroleum-driven cars, trucks, and airplanes have been displacing the railroads. And after the Second World War the railroads themselves gave up coal; the coal-driven steam locomotive has given way to the diesel engine to the point of becoming a museum piece. One reason for these shifts is that by weight hydrocarbon fuels contain nearly fifty per cent more energy than coal. Another reason is that they can be used in internal-combustion engines, while coal is restricted to externally heated devices, such as steam engines. The most efficient internal-combustion engine, the diesel, has a thermal efficiency (the efficiency with which heat is converted into mechanical work) about forty per cent greater than that of a steam engine. In addition, internal-combustion engines have a considerable weight advantage over steam engines. The weight of a diesel engine is significantly less than that of an equally powerful steam engine, and the weight advantages of gasoline and jet engines are even greater. Coal, therefore, cannot directly meet the enormous needs for energy to fuel vehicles. There is one outstanding exception: electrified railroads, which can be very efficiently operated on electric power produced by a coal-fired power plant.

However, coal can be chemically converted into either liquid or gaseous hydrocarbon fuels that can be used in engines now run on petroleum products. A similar process produces oil from certain shale deposits. The problems of producing and using the synthetic hydrocarbon fuels made from coal and shale are similar. Under the impetus of the notion that we are "running out of oil," there has been a recent upsurge of interest in the production of such synthetic fuels. One of the most recent manifestations is the hundred-billion-dollar corporation—originally proposed by a task force headed by Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller and subsequently embraced by President Ford—that would use public credit and public funds to finance the development, by private corporations, of synthetic-fuel processes and other energy sources. In October of 1975, Senator Paul J. Fannin, Republican of Arizona, introduced a bill to carry out the purposes of this scheme by establishing an Energy Independence Authority that would provide a hundred billion dollars in guaranteed loans to private companies engaged in the development of new energy sources. The bill is still in committee, and an effort to legislate a six-billion-dollar guaranteed-loan program for synthetic-fuel production—similar to one of the provisions in the E.I.A. bill—has already failed. The proposal, reduced to two billion dollars, appears in President Ford's new budget as an "off-budget item," on the ground that the funds to be spent are reimbursable loans; however, twenty-five billion dollars in expenditures for the E.I.A., which are not to be secured by reimbursable loans, are nevertheless included, also "off-budget." Still, the existing reserve of domestic natural petroleum could readily take care of our total needs for such fuels for a period of fifty years or more, in which time they could be replaced by renewable fuel sources. There would then be no need to develop coal conversion or shale-oil production. Nevertheless, in the absence of such a rational energy program, the production of synthetic fuels from coal and shale is often put forward as a viable substitute for imported oil, and—leaving aside for the moment the serious hazards to health and environment—we need to consider how well it might serve that purpose.

Coal is largely composed of carbon. Like oil, it can be burned at high temperatures, and is therefore a source of high-quality energy. Coal now provides nearly a fourth of the total en-



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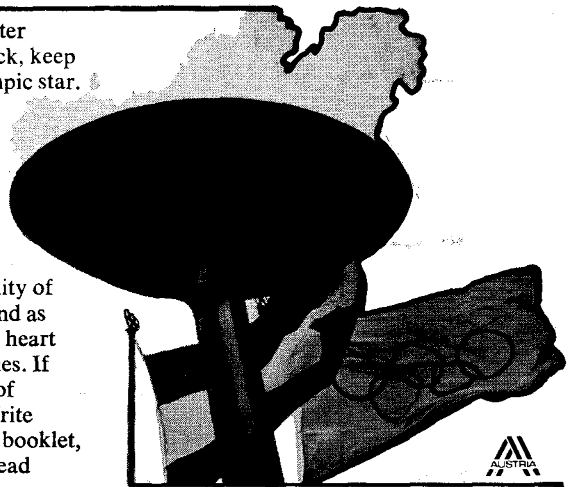

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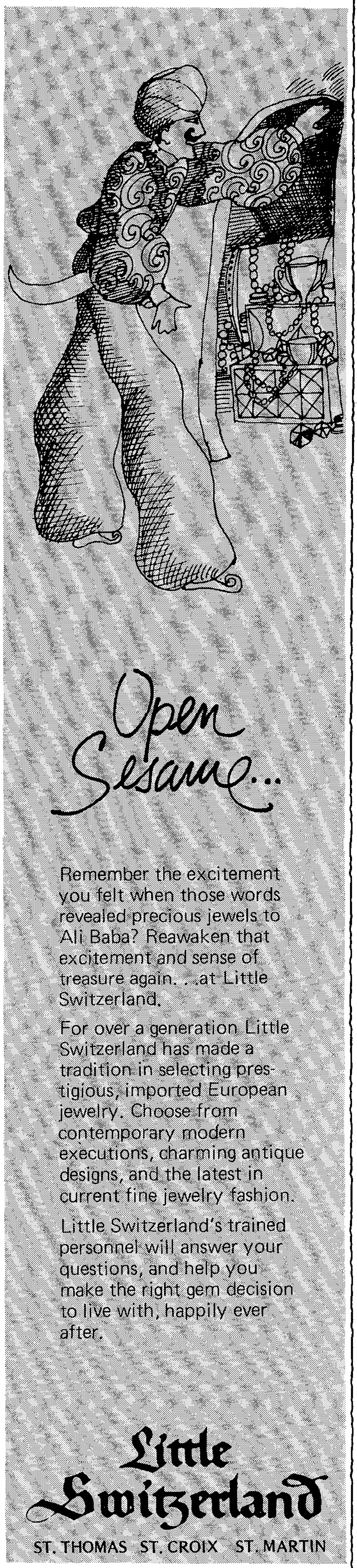
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ergy consumed in the United States. In order to determine how efficiently it is used, we need to look at the jobs to which it is applied. In 1968, fifty-four per cent of the coal was used to generate electricity, about twenty-four per cent to provide heat for industrial processes, and about eighteen per cent to provide industrial steam. Coal is well suited to each of these tasks, since they all need relatively high temperatures (ranging up to 3000°F.). The Second Law efficiencies for these tasks, computed on a national average by the American Physical Society study, are twenty-five to thirty per cent—much higher than the efficiencies for the main uses of petroleum: transportation, space heat, and hot water. Thus, in sharp contrast to petroleum, coal in the United States is fairly well matched, thermodynamically, to the energy-requiring tasks it performs.

If we look more closely at what is done with the electricity that is produced by coal-fired power plants, however, at least one very wasteful practice turns up—the use of electricity for space heat and hot water. When high-quality electrical energy is used to provide such low-quality heat, even by First Law computations about two-thirds of the energy content of the ultimate energy source—the fuel burned by the power plant—is wasted. The Second Law efficiencies are very much lower—for example, only one and a half per cent for electrically heated water. Of the electricity generated by coal-burning power plants, about ten per cent is devoted to such thermodynamically mismatched uses. Almost all the energy expended in these wasteful ways could be saved by using low-quality energy sources instead.

One obvious way to do this is to recognize that a home using electricity for hot water or space heat is simply hooked up to the wrong energy output of the power plant. Every power plant produces two kinds of energy, which are very different in quality—electricity (high quality) and rejected heat (low quality)—and for maximum efficiency these two sources should be matched to thermodynamically appropriate tasks. Electricity should be used for tasks that are mechanical (driving a train or a washing machine) and for other tasks requiring high-quality energy, such as illumination. The low-quality rejected heat should be used for low-temperature heating (of a home or of the washing machine's hot water)—tasks that can be done with precisely that kind of low-quality energy. (Air-conditioning offers an interesting option. Common air-conditioners are driven mechanically by a compressor and are efficiently run by electricity. However, there are less common heat-operated air-conditioners that could be run by the power plant's rejected heat, saving the electricity for tasks that must use it.) To achieve such a thermodynamically efficient match between energy sources and energy-requiring tasks, the power plant and the homes (or commercial buildings) that it supplies must be linked into an integrated system—by wires to conduct electricity, and by steam or hot-water lines to conduct low-temperature heat. The Second Law efficiencies of such combined electricity-and-heat systems are very high, ranging from forty-four to forty-nine per cent. If the same fuel were used to provide electricity and heat (and heat-operated air-conditioning) separately, about thirty to seventy per cent more fuel would be needed to obtain the output of the combined systems. Such "total-energy systems" are also effective on a much smaller scale, and small-scale systems have been installed in apartment and commercial building complexes. Some buildings in New York and many in Moscow are supplied with waste heat from local power plants.

Thermodynamic considerations make it appear that the task to which coal can be most efficiently applied, apart from producing electricity to drive domestic appliances and industrial equipment, is the one for which it is used least—ground transportation. Only about two-tenths of one per cent of coal is now used for that purpose. Electricity can be converted with nearly one-hundred-per-cent efficiency to the motion of a train. What is more, an electric train can neatly prevent one of the main thermodynamic inefficiencies in transportation—the heat dissipated when friction is used to brake a vehicle to a stop. Suitably equipped, an electric train can be stopped by a switching arrangement that converts the train's motor into an electric generator, which transforms the train's forward motion into electricity that can be fed back into the power system while the train slows down. A large power network receiving electricity from coal-fired plants and used to run electrified railroads would be an ideal way to make efficient thermodynamic use of coal. Though transportation now accounts for about a fourth of the total United States energy consumption, only about one per cent of the required energy is obtained in this thermodynamically sensible way.

In contrast, the notion of converting coal into a liquid fuel to run vehicles flies in the face of thermodynamics. For one thing, by the time the fuel has been produced, about a third of the coal's original energy content has been used up to run the liquefaction process. Then, when the fuel is used to run cars and trucks, most of it is wasted, because these vehicles operate with a Second Law efficiency of about ten per cent. The waste heat that their engines produce is spewed into the environment and cannot be applied to any useful tasks. Thus, while the present uses of coal are well matched to thermodynamically suitable tasks (the production of electricity and of industrial heat and steam), there is an as yet unexploited opportunity to extend its use to transportation and to combined electricity-and-heat systems.

COAL, coal conversion, and shale oil, among others, have been suggested as alternatives to oil and natural gas. It is appropriate, therefore, to compare the environmental and health effects of these fuels. Apart from the aesthetic effects of oil derricks, the environmental impact of land-based oil and gas operations is less than that of underground coal mines, and very much less than that of strip-mining or shale-oil production, both of which involve the displacement of huge amounts of material. The main environmental effects of oil production (excluding the refining and use of fuels) are in the ocean. Belatedly, the industry has begun to develop methods for cleaning up oil spills, but these still occur frequently and place an ecological burden on the marine food cycles that is thus far poorly assessed. If oil pollution were to seriously affect the photosynthetic activity of marine algae, it might turn out to be a global catastrophe. Another major environmental question about oil production is the impact of offshore operations. These are just now in the process of being assessed. The oil industry claims that with newly developed precautions the sort of disastrous blowout that fouled miles of beaches around Santa Barbara, California, in 1969 can be avoided. However, it is too soon to tell whether they will work, and the danger must be regarded as still grave.

Air pollution is probably the most serious environmental problem associated with the use of coal. Certain types of coal contain sulphur. These, when burned, release sulphur oxides,

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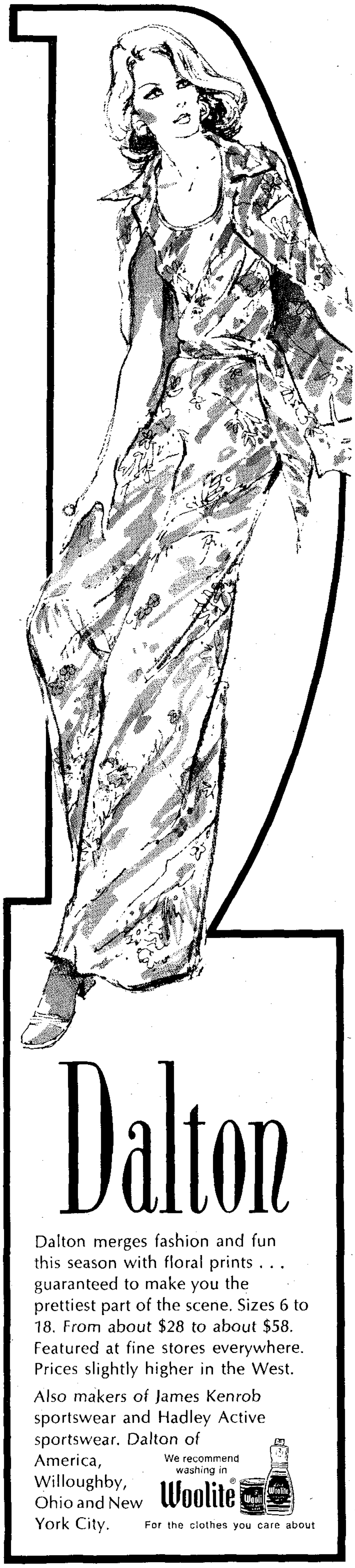

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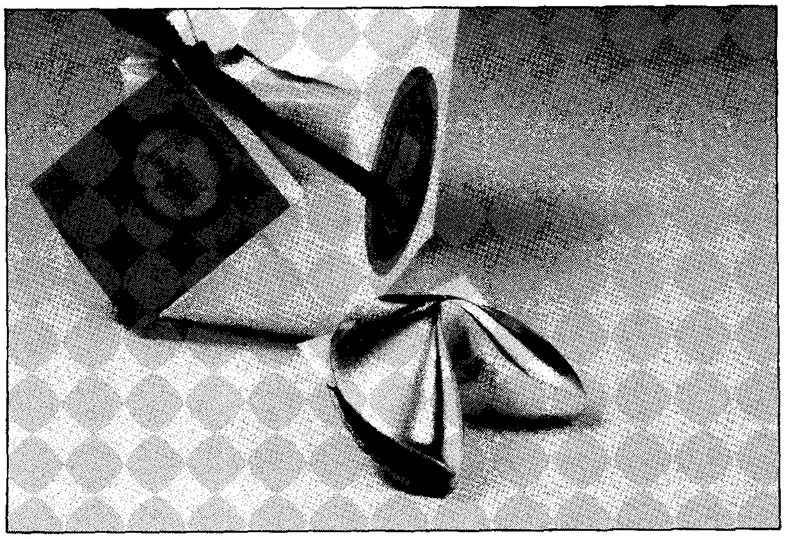
which are particularly pernicious pollutants, for they tend to interfere with the self-protective mechanisms in the lungs that help to reduce the effects of dust and other pollutants. As a result, the health effects of other air pollutants may be intensified in the presence of sulphur oxides. Certain fuel oils are also high in sulphur content and contribute significantly to the sulphur-oxides problem. When coal is burned, it also tends to produce fine ash particles, some polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons (including at least one that is carcinogenic), and mercury and other toxic metals. Precipitators that significantly reduce the emissions of ash are widely used. The Environmental Protection Agency and the utility industry have been battling over the feasibility of stack devices that remove sulphur oxides. Recent developments tend to support the E.P.A.'s contention that they are technically and economically feasible, but they are not widely used as yet. On balance, the air-pollution problems created by the burning of coal are more serious (and therefore more costly to control) than those resulting from the burning of oil. Of the three fossil fuels natural gas is clearly the most environmentally benign and coal the worst.

In general, the main advantage of coal production over oil and natural-gas production in a future energy program appears to be that, unlike petroleum, coal production can be expanded without a reduction in capital productivity. However, this advantage immediately disappears if coal is to be converted into liquid or gaseous fuel. Such conversions are technically complex processes, in which large amounts of coal go through a series of carefully controlled chemical treatments. In a typical coal-liquefaction plant, the coal is made into a paste with oil, and then treated with hydrogen gas in a reactor at high pressure and high temperature. The crude hydrogenation product is subsequently separated into a series of different liquid products, some of which are further purified before being shipped. Such a conversion plant is comparable to an oil refinery in technical complexity, so the capital costs are high compared with the cost of producing coal itself. For example, in 1970 a strip mine produced per year per dollar of capital invested coal representing about two million B.T.U.s of heat energy. In contrast, if that coal were liquefied, the amount of fuel produced per dollar of invested capital would represent only about two hundred and fifty-four thousand B.T.U.s of heat energy—a reduction of more than eighty-seven per cent in capital productivity. Similarly, coal gasification involves a reduction of ninety-two per cent in capital productivity compared with direct production of strip-mined coal. In shale-oil production, only about four hundred and twenty thousand B.T.U.s of heat energy is produced per dollar of capital invested. Thus, if coal or shale is used to replace oil or natural gas, it would be impossible to escape the same problem—escalating capital costs—that makes the expansion of crude-oil production so difficult. This is reflected in the estimated price of synthetic fuels—about twenty-six dollars per barrel, or well above the highest expected price of natural crude oil.

Of course, the problems with capital costs are not the only ones associated with coal conversion. A 1974 National Cancer Institute survey of cancer deaths in the United States showed that for the years 1950 to 1969 death rates among males from lung, liver, and bladder cancer are significantly higher in the one hundred and thirty-nine counties in which the chemical industry is most highly concentrated. The scientific study of environmental cancer had its origins in Percivall Pott's classic account, in 1775, of the occurrence of cancer of the scrotum among chimney sweeps. More than a century later, it was discovered that skin cancers can be caused by certain chemical substances found in soot and coal tar. More than two hundred different chemicals have been identified in the output of one coal-hydrogenation plant in West Virginia, including many polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons. The workers' health record at this plant during the years 1954 to 1959 stands as a sombre reminder that the chemistry of coal conversion may produce powerful carcinogens. The plant, designed as a large-scale pilot plant with a potential capacity of three hundred tons of coal a day, began operation only after seventeen years of extensive research. But it was not until late in 1952, after the plant was already in business, that the company toxologist reported that some of the chemicals used in the hydrogenation process caused cancer when applied experimentally to animals. The plant medical director noted, "This stimulated the introduction of protective measures for workmen who would be exposed." The plant's medical department set up an elaborate program of education, hygiene, and frequent medical examinations in order to prevent exposure and to detect skin cancers as early as possible. Examination of three hundred and forty-two workers in the plant with nine months or more of exposure between 1954 and 1959 found five cases of verified skin cancer, eleven cases of probable skin cancer, and forty-two precancerous skin lesions. The incidence of verified and probable skin cancer in this group was sixteen to thirty-seven times as high as the incidence in similar populations outside the plant. The medical director's report concluded that despite intensive hygienic precautions, "Heavy exposures to coal-hydrogenation materials, even those of relatively short duration (less than ten years), are capable of producing cutaneous tumors—both precursors and neoplasms," or actual cancers.

Despite all these difficulties, the Ford Administration is actively pressing for the development of coal conversion and shale-oil production. These schemes are economically feasible only if the price of the product that they are supposed to compete with—natural crude oil—is very high. When, following the 1973 embargo, the price of crude oil began to rise, seemingly without any foreseeable limit, commercial interests started to develop several experimental and pilot-plant operations. However, when the price of crude oil failed to rise sufficiently, some of these projects were abandoned, because it was evident that their products would be unable to compete unless the price of crude oil increased further. At this point, the federal government tried to come to the rescue. President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger, despite their earlier efforts to persuade the OPEC countries to reduce oil prices, now attempted (unsuccessfully thus far) to persuade them to agree to a floor for crude-oil prices. In a speech to the National Press Club, in Washington, in February of 1975, Mr. Kissinger proposed to "insure that the price for oil on the domestic market does not fall below a certain level," so that investors in alternative energy sources such as coal conversion and shale oil would not be discouraged. In March, a New York *Times* dispatch from Paris, where the Kissinger plan was adopted by a conference of oil-consuming countries, stated:

> Countries with large domestic energy reserves, such as Canada and the United States, need a price floor to safeguard capital investments in the development of new energy sources such as oil shale and coal gasification. . . . The United States might preserve the floor by imposing a



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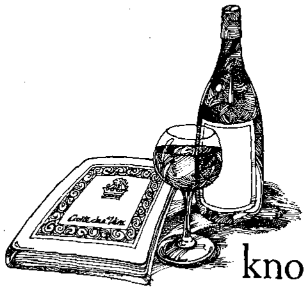

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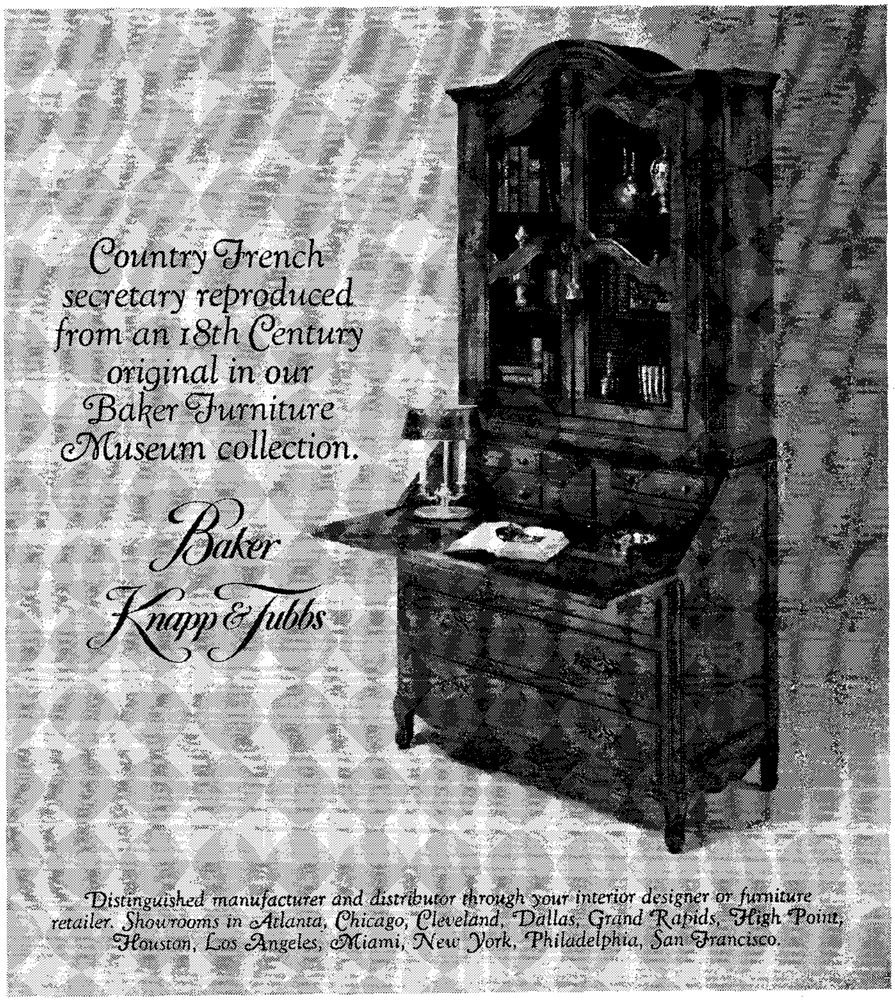

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tariff or quota system on the imported oil or setting a special tax.

It seems to me that not only these efforts but also Mr. Ford's persistent attempts to raise the price of domestic oil by imposing a tariff on imported oil or by lifting price controls may be motivated less by the hope of reduced consumption (as he claims) than by his interest in making the synthetic-fuel industry a safe investment for private capital.

Against this background, the pessimism regarding the future of coal conversion which was exhibited at a coal conference held in Chicago in mid-1975 is understandable. It was reported that the cost of coal-conversion plants is so high that their products would need to be sold at a price equivalent to twenty-six dollars per barrel of oil. Since such plants could not possibly compete with oil production on their own, potential operators were looking to the federal government for help. However, a government representative reported that plans for a demonstration coal-conversion program were uncertain because it was doubtful whether the industry could raise its one billion two hundred and fifty million dollars of the total capital of two billion eight hundred million. The account closes with the observation of some conference participants that "more funds to encourage domestic gas exploration might do more for our energy budget than would the big and expensive coal-conversion plants."

Now Mr. Ford has discovered how to make up for the inability of private companies to assume these risks. He is offering them public funds. This, after all, is the real meaning of the proposed hundred-billion-dollar corporation designed to provide government guarantees against the risks of investing in synthetic-fuel production. If this move succeeds, it would eliminate one of the main barriers that have thus far held back the unnecessary, hazardous, and enormously expensive enterprise—the unwillingness of private entrepreneurs to risk their own funds. In addition, the new scheme has a special kind of irony. It proposes to use public funds to guarantee an enterprise that would burden the people of the United States with higher fuel prices if it succeeds and with higher taxes if it fails.

—BARRY COMMONER

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

●

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Times*]

MERIT IS URGED AS A
BASIS FOR JUDGESHIPS

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"THE SHORTCHANGED REVIEW," which opened Off Broadway last week at the Newhouse (after a brief run Off Off at Curt Dempster's Ensemble Studio Theatre), introduces a new dramatist named Michael Dorn Moody. This is his first produced play, and, for all the reservations one may have about it, there is never any doubt that we are in the hands of a writer, and a writer who belongs in the theatre. The principal character of "The Shortchanged Review" (I don't understand the title) is a middle-aged man named Nicky Shannigan, who owns and operates a rock radio station that is in bad financial trouble, partly because he refuses, over the protests of his junior partner, who spells him as disc jockey, to accept any advertising, and partly because he has no interest in playing Top Forty records, literally banking everything on promoting a new young rock singer and his group. The young rock singer telephones Nicky: he has been picked up for selling cocaine and needs bail money at once. Nicky withdraws from the bank money that was left by his late first wife to his son, a Marine on his way back from Southeast Asia. The son, badly damaged physically and psychologically, arrives much sooner than expected, and so begins the plot.

The action takes place in various rooms in Shannigan's suburban house; it is sometimes overlapping, sometimes contrapuntal, and always almost brimming over with incidents, emotions, and words. Although some of the incidents seem forced or stagy, the emotions ring true, and the words, much more often than not, are good; at a time when so many plays Off Broadway are skimpy or barely exist, one can only feel encouraged about a playwright so prodigal with his talent. It is the characters of "The Shortchanged Review" who really matter, and of them all Shannigan is the most fascinating. He is a self-absorbed, self-indulgent dreamer and self-deluded idealist, whose ideals take a terrible toll of those around him, and eventually—when he is alone in his abandoned living room, his furniture shrouded in covers, packing boxes scattered around the floor—of himself. Even his devoted second wife—neglected, badly used, and worried about her teen-age daughter—can no longer put up with him. His son, home with a medical discharge, is furious when he finds out that the money is gone and grows steadily more antagonistic and bitter. His young stepdaughter, on the other hand, is an affectionate, attractive, normal girl—normally a little overweight, normally rebellious against her mother, normally given to smoking pot when she gets the chance, and normally deciding to give it up before leaving home for Bennington. As for the rock singer—pusher, bail jumper, and deserter from the Army—he is, in spite of everything, an appealing fellow and believably talented. That Shannigan treats him as a surrogate son at his own son's expense precipitates much of the trouble. Plenty of trouble, plenty of melodrama. Before the evening is over, there is a rape and a murder, neither of them entirely convincing.

The production, under Richard Southern's direction, is all that one could hope for, and the actors do him proud. Mason Adams is first-rate as Shannigan, using his Irish charm on those around him, and just as casually letting them down, since he is so caught up in his own feelings that he is unaware that anybody else has any. T. Miratti is excellent as the tortured Marine, and so is William Russ as the rock singer. Tricia Boyer, making her stage début, is delightful as the delightful adolescent; Herbert Braha is good as the disc jockey; and so is Virginia Vestoff as the put-upon wife. The multilevel setting, by Marsha Eck, the lighting, by Cheryl Thacker, and the music, by a group called Clouds, are extremely effective.

A PAIR of bickering old men, Abe and Cohn—the one a skeptic who believes only what he can see, the other inclined to stretch a point or two—live together in a house in the middle of a wood, where perforce, in the course of Jules Feiffer's "Knock Knock," they become hosts to a succession of visitors. These include a philosopher, a rabbi, a river gambler, a judge, a soldier in a gas mask, and, most notably, Joan of Arc (formerly Cinderella), complete with inner (but audible) voices, who comes to recruit the men to go straight to Heaven with her army, leaving the earth to some future holocaust. That, in brief, is the situation of the comedy, which opened last week at the Circle Repertory on Sheridan Square. There is also considerable action—scene upon scene accompanied (or stopped cold) by a rat-tat-tat of puns, jokes, word games, and plastic maxims, some of them quite funny, some not. What purpose all this serves I cannot tell you, nor do I see why I should take Mr. Feiffer's play more seriously than he does.

The production, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, is as good as any I've seen by the Circle Repertory (which is not a repertory company but a stock company). The sight and sound effects, of which there are many, all pay off, and are frequently funnier than the verbal jokes. The performances are right. Neil Flanagan is crotchety Abe, at one point dying and then returning to life, his disposition unchanged. Daniel Seltzer is Cohn, somewhat irritable himself, and, whether he is aware of it or not, as susceptible to Joan's beauty as he is to her faith and determination. (The cynical Abe, ignoring a series of miracles, sees Joan as a "chippy" from beginning to end.) Nobody can blame Cohn, for Nancy Snyder, as Joan, is beautiful, at no time more so than when she levitates toward Heaven. Judd Hirsch, who was so good as the night manager in "Hot l Baltimore," plays all the other roles, making each of them an amusing comic turn, and takes on Joan's voices as well. Setting by John Lee Beatty, costumes by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, lighting by Dennis Parichy, and sound by Charles London and George Hansen.

THE Manhattan Project's production of Michael Moran's "Jinxs Bridge," at the Public, is a harmless little frolic—if a plethora of sugar can be considered harmless—about one of those fictional assortments of people (unsuccessful actor, unsuccessful writer, unsuccessful painter—that sort of thing) who have holed up in an office under an old bridge across the Harlem River. City threatens to sell bridge for scrap to oil sheikh in return for fuel. Young woman from City Hall first breaks bad news to about-to-be-dis-

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possessed tenants and then, in a change of heart, encourages them to rally to save their home by having bridge declared landmark. Well, they rally and lose and finally win. Hugs and kisses all around.

There are a few tolerable moments, and one truly funny brief scene, when Angela Pietropinto, as Miss Bianci, the woman from City Hall, and John Ferraro, as a tenant named Benelli, have at each other in street Italian with low accompanying gestures. That is about all, though. André Gregory, the Artistic Director of the Manhattan Project, did not artistically direct this show; his actors, such as they are, were in charge.

"GILBEAU," by Clayton Riley, former arts editor for the *Amsterdam News* and contributor on theatre events to the *Times*, is a rich and ironic comedy that ran for only two weekends Off Off, at the New Federal. The play deals with the new breed of Negro (Mr. Riley's word) businessmen and criminals, and the title character is a middle-aged pimp, down on his luck, who is marked out to be killed, at the behest of a group of black suburban revolutionaries. The high point of the evening was a long, nostalgic monologue, delivered by Graham Brown as Gilbeau, about the good old days of pimpdom, before the hard-eyed, coldhearted Vietnam veterans took over the trade. Elegant Novella Nelson was splendid as the despotic woman criminal who chooses Gilbeau as victim, and Kim Sullivan, Walter Steele, Shauneille Perry, and Clebert Ford did well, too. A refinement of speech among the low-life characters on hand reminded me—though there is little other similarity—of some of Joe Orton's dialogue. The first act ran far too long, but I suspect that part of the reason was that the play was directed by the dramatist himself, with not much variety of pace or emphasis.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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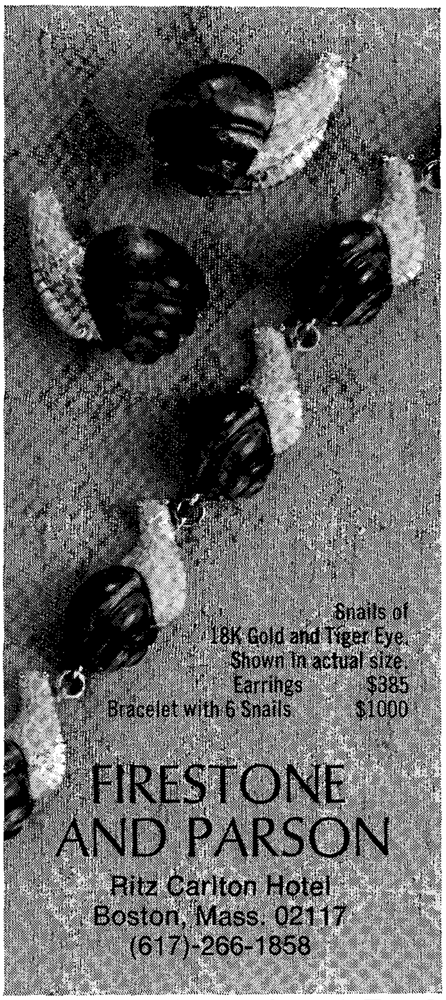

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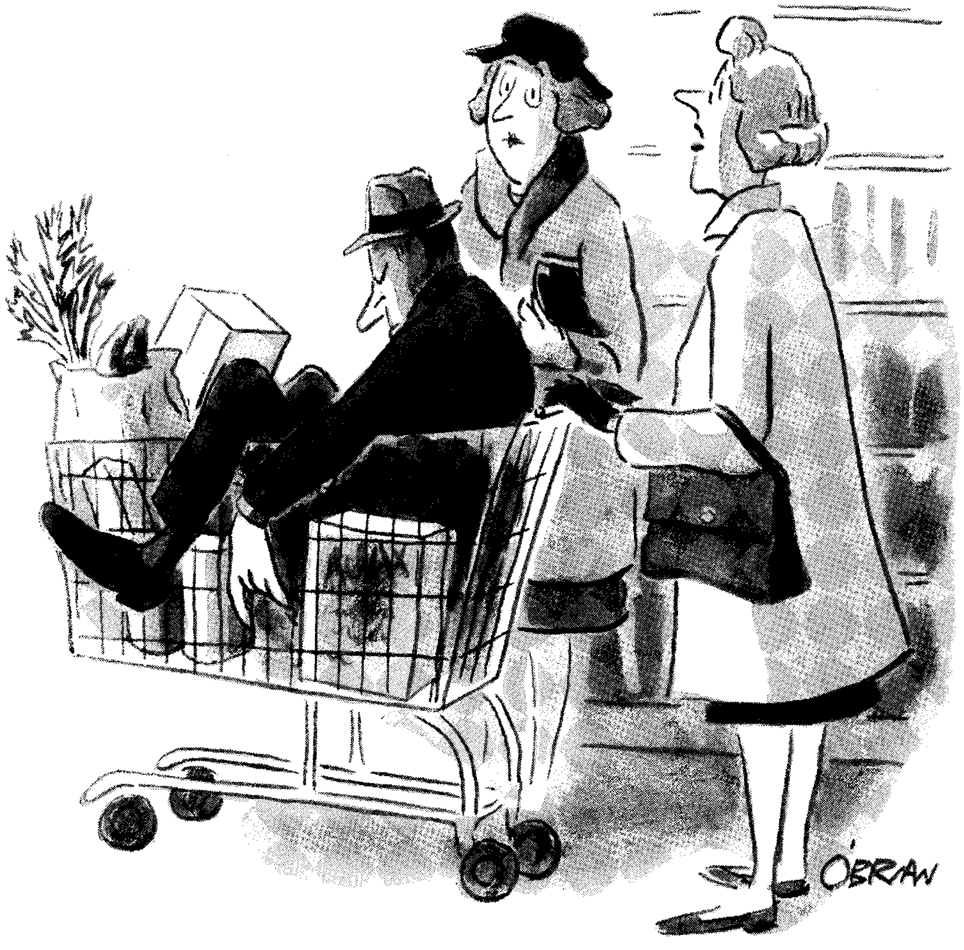
U.S. JOURNAL: MOUNT LAUREL, N.J.

SOME THOUGHTS ON WHERE LINES ARE DRAWN

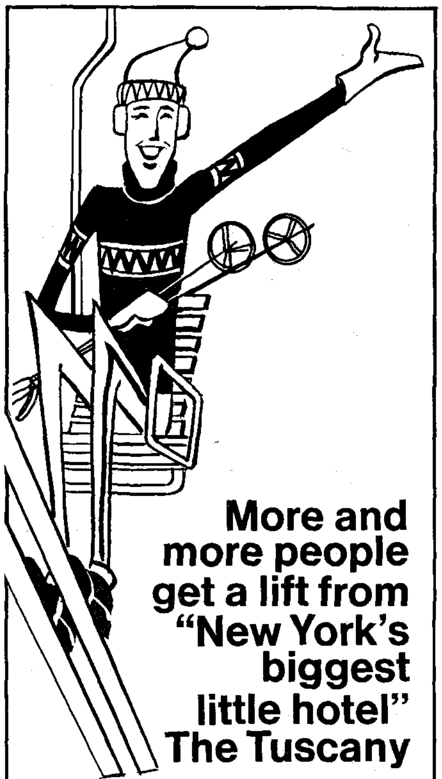
THE councilmen of Mount Laurel, New Jersey, thought they were just doing their duty to their constituents. By the traditional measurements of American municipal management, they were. Mount Laurel is what planners call "a developing suburb." In the forties, it was an expanse of farmland and woodland inhabited by a couple of thousand people whose proximity to Camden and Philadelphia meant only that they had a relatively convenient market for their produce. By 1971, with two-thirds of the township still rural, Mount Laurel had a population of twelve thousand—most of the new people being commuters who lived in developments with names like Ramblewood on the Green and Countryside Farms. In New Jersey, where the reliance on property taxes to pay for local services is particularly strong, a purely practical oath of office for a suburban councilman would include the phrase "I shall endeavor in every way to encourage good ratables and discourage bad ones." In the sweet dreams of councilmen in places like Mount Laurel appear sixty-thousand-dollar houses inhabited by couples who have no school-age children, along with unobtrusive headquarters buildings for data-processing firms on ten acres of expensively landscaped property—what a mayor of Mount Laurel once called "selective non-school ratables." The premise of zoning ordinances in places like Mount Laurel is simple: Development that would tend to lower property values or to use more services than it pays for in property taxes is against the law. In 1970, a Mount Laurel councilman said, "We can approve only those development plans which will provide direct and substantial benefits to our taxpayers." It was a fair statement of what councilmen in Mount Laurel were elected to do. It was also one of the statements used in court a year later as evidence against them.

The suit that brought Mount Laurel to court alleged that the township used zoning laws to prevent low-income housing. The township officials answered, accurately, that the zoning ordinances of many other New Jersey towns were more restrictive than those of Mount Laurel, but that was about as close as they could come to denying what sounded to them like an accusation of sensible management. Naturally Mount Laurel had zoning laws that were used to prevent low-cost housing. "Thirty-thousand-dollar homes come into a township where they are protected against cheaper homes coming into the area," a Mount Laurel councilman said in the sixties—before the cheaper homes started costing thirty thousand dollars themselves. The further charge that Mount Laurel had not sought federal money to provide public housing could hardly be answered by the township's officials, any one of whom could have used the accusation as a campaign promise. In places like Mount Laurel, a councilman who encouraged public housing would be thought of as the equivalent of a councilman who went out of his way to expose himself to contagious diseases. Why would a conscientious councilman seek to attract a project full of the sort of people his constituents had moved to town to escape? Why would people concerned with how to pay for municipal services want to attract residents who, without paying substantial property taxes themselves, put a burden on the schools and the social services and maybe even the police department? Because, the trial judge decided, Mount Laurel has an obligation to accommodate its fair share of the region's poor people—almost all of whom live in crumbling neighborhoods in Camden. But poor people in Camden, the public officials of Mount Laurel said, are not their responsibility. Poor people in Camden are someone else's constituents.

THE contention that a township like Mount Laurel has some responsibility for people who live outside of the township lines is based partly on the fact that legally a municipality has only the power that the state assigns it. The State of New Jersey permits Mount Laurel to enact its own zoning ordinances for the "general welfare," and, as it turned out, a state judge has the power to order those ordinances changed if they are being used instead for what the New Jersey Supreme Court, in upholding the judge, called "selfish and parochial" purposes. In the past several years, an increasing number of cases have been based on the notion that a municipality cannot, in effect, draw a line around itself and act, selfishly and parochially, for the



"The poor dear is just worn out. They've been terribly overworked at his office the past two weeks."



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benefit of those within the line. A town, the plaintiffs say, is not a club.

Suburban officeholders would say that there is nothing parochial about "home rule" and nothing selfish about good planning. If the most efficient way to provide low-cost housing in an almost rural suburb is to encourage the construction of huge, faceless high-rise apartment blocks, is that what an unselfish councilman is expected to do? One example the trial judge used in finding that Mount Laurel's zoning excluded the poor was its ordinance prohibiting trailers and mobile homes. Is a local official to be brought to court for trying to keep eyesores from his own town? When the United States Supreme Court upheld a zoning regulation that had been challenged as discriminatory by the American Civil Liberties Union—a Belle Terre, Long Island, ordinance prohibiting the cooperative renting of houses by "groupers"—the decision was written by the Court's most passionate civil libertarian, William O. Douglas, who also happened to be the Court's most passionate environmentalist. People who might defend, say, two-acre zoning on environmental grounds would say that those who are working to "open up the suburbs" to poor people and black people are in what amounts to an alliance with junk builders. Those who are trying to open up the suburbs to poor people and black people would say that suburban environmentalists are in what amounts to an alliance with bigots.

THE legal issues in exclusionary-zoning suits tend to concern the state rather than the federal Constitution—the Belle Terre case was an exception to the rule that zoning-case law is made in state courts—but the evidence often has to do with the dependence of a suburb on federal as well as state money. The attorneys who brought the suit against Mount Laurel in 1971 contended that Mount Laurel as a suburb had almost literally been created by federal and state money—including, of course, the tax money of poor people who were then excluded from living in it. The trial judge found that Mount Laurel had "used federal, state, county, and local finances and resources solely for the betterment of middle- and upper-income persons." A number of federal policies have encouraged suburbanization all over the country—the program for water and sewer grants, for instance, and the policy of giving F.H.A. mortgage guarantees to millions of suburban houses while red-

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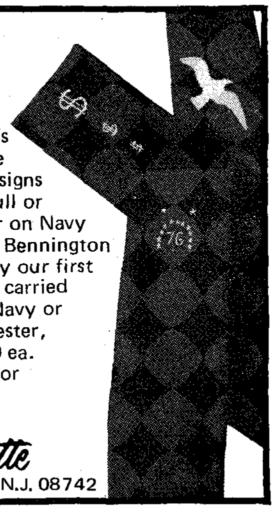

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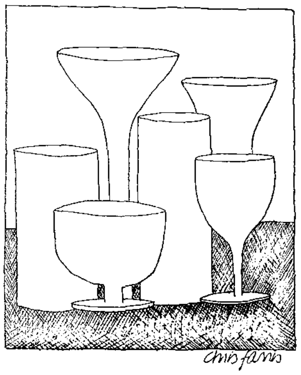
lining urban neighborhoods—but the outside money mentioned most often in the Mount Laurel trial went for the roads that made Mount Laurel possible. With an ordinary map of the township, lawyers could easily show that the middle-class development in Mount Laurel grew along commuter roads. “Although suburban areas and shade trees and pleasant homes create in themselves a substantial attraction,” one planner testified for the plaintiffs, “those attractions exist in many areas of the region which have not been made accessible by the vast expenditure of millions of dollars of public funds.”

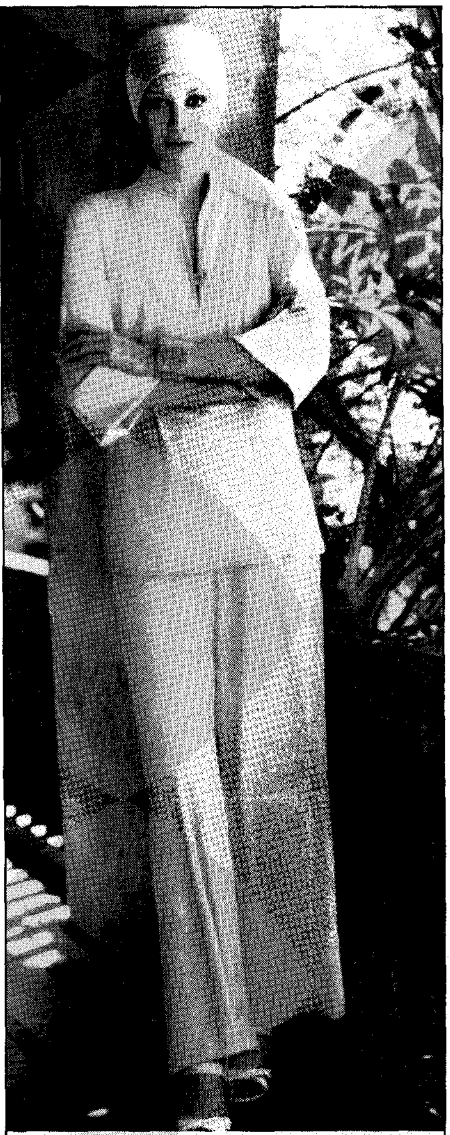


Making places like Mount Laurel convenient for commuters was, of course, not the only effect of highway construction. The interstate-highway system, ninety per cent of it paid for by federal funds, made it possible for industry to move to the suburbs, along the commercial-transportation route that had replaced the rivers and the railroads. The presence of industry naturally broadens the tax base, one planner testified at the Mount Laurel trial, and the exclusion of poor people who might require social services keeps taxes low, and the low tax rate attracts more industry—particularly to towns that can offer a couple of turnpike exits and a ramp onto the interstate. The main industrial park of Mount Laurel—a patch of low-slung, modernistic buildings whose tenants include firms with names like Fidelipac and Okidata—lies in the few hundred yards that separate the four lanes of the New Jersey Turnpike from the six lanes of Interstate 295 in that part of the state. The Holiday Inn that lies within the township—part of a cluster of splendid ratables that includes a large TraveLodge and a new Hilton—is called the Exit 4 Holiday Inn. In 1967, the minutes of the Mount Laurel township meeting reported, “The mayor noted that we are sitting in perhaps the most desirable location in South Jersey because of highways and transportation and that we have an opportunity to get in good ratables.”

In the past few years, of course, there has been increasing criticism of suburbanization and the federal government’s role in it. A good ratable lured to Exit 4 by Mount Laurel is likely to be a good ratable lost to a city. During the twenty-year buildup of suburbs around Camden, the manufacturing employment in the city itself fell from forty-three thousand to twenty thousand. Camden lost the jobs and the ratables but kept the social cost of the poor people—who are presumably less able than ever to pay their own way as jobs move to suburbs that they have no way to commute to and can’t possibly afford to live in. The interstate-highway system is often compared to the pyramids of Egypt when the discussion is of huge national boondoggles, but, the way critics of suburbanization look at it, the pyramids at least had the virtue of being unusable once they were completed.

State legislatures have not been rushing to enact regional zoning laws, and the federal government is far from committed to the desirability of low-cost housing in the suburbs. But the suburbs have been feeling some threat to their federal funds. Recently, Hartford, Connecticut, sued the Department of Housing and Urban Development to prevent it from giving federal funds to the city’s suburbs. A year or so ago, the Delaware Valley Regional Planning Commission, the clearing house for government grants to an area that includes both Camden and Mount Laurel, announced that each county in its jurisdiction would have to make a survey of what its fair share of low-cost housing for the region would be. When prodded about providing low-cost housing, suburbs tend to point to developments that set aside a certain number of units for the elderly. Old people, as a rule, are not dangerous. They do not, as a rule, produce children. Peter Wolf, a New York planner who has often written about zoning problems, has suggested that if elderly couples realized how valuable they were to suburban planners, they might auction themselves off.

THE original impetus for the Mount Laurel case came not from black people in Camden but from black people in Mount Laurel. There has been a black community in Mount Laurel for well over a century; the cemetery behind its church, Jacob’s Chapel, includes gravestones of men who fought with the colored regiments in the Civil War. As late as the 1940s, the black percentage of Mount Laurel was higher than the black percentage of Camden. Some of the



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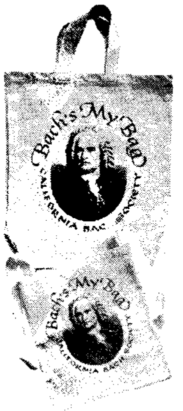

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Mount Laurel black people were tenant farmers. As the farms near the highways were sold for development, some of them retreated to a collection of crumbling old summer cottages in a section of the township which is still basically rural. Some of them left. Between 1940 and 1970, Mount Laurel had a net gain of nine thousand white people and twelve black people.

The lawyers for some of the remaining black people claimed that their clients were living in Mount Laurel "on borrowed time—only because of the fortuity of events that development has not yet reached their area." The lawyers claimed that in the way Mount Laurel officials had used some of their powers—the powers to decide which federal grants to seek and where to put utilities and what to do about substandard housing—they not only had failed to look after the interests of those constituents who were poor and black but had consciously tried to get rid of them. One of the lawyers who brought the case found that in learning about how the black inhabitants of Mount Laurel were affected by the suburban settlement of the area he had become more and more interested in how the Indian inhabitants of the American West were affected by the pioneer settlement—settlement by white people who set up their society without noticing that someone else already happened to be there. The people in Ramblewood on the Green, after all, have no ancestors buried in Mount Laurel. According to the implications of the plaintiffs' case, the new settlers of Mount Laurel were not only operating as a club but were booting out the original members and then establishing new qualifications for admission.

AMERICANS are not used to apologizing for having things that are unavailable to the poor. When Brookhaven, Long Island, was sued recently by people who said the town zoning excluded low-cost multifamily housing for the poor, the town supervisor was quoted in the New York *Times* as saying, "If they can't afford it, they should go somewhere else." The trial judge in the Mount Laurel case found that the township had exercised "economic discrimination," and Mount Laurel's appeal to the State Supreme Court was based partly on the contention that there was no such thing. ("Poor people simply can't afford to live in our township," the township solicitor told the justices.) When several dozen mayors of New Jersey mu-

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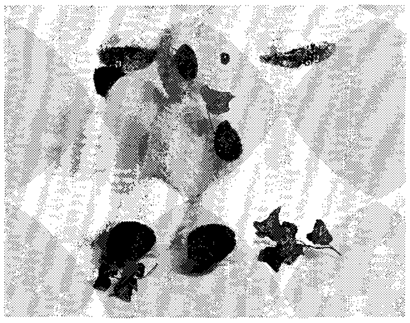

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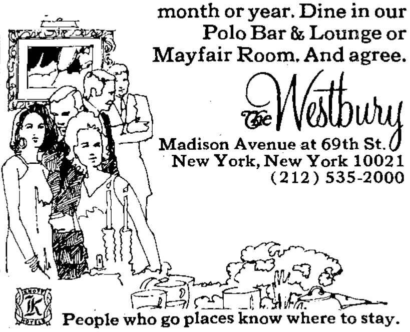

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nicipalities met recently to devise a response to the upholding of the Mount Laurel decision on appeal, the amendment to the New Jersey constitution they proposed said that zoning laws should not be held to be discriminatory if they had the effect of restricting the use of land "solely by reason of the insufficient financial resources of an individual or group." In the late fifties and early sixties, mayors in the South used to say, "You can't legislate morality." Now the mayor of Mount Laurel says, "You can't legislate economics."

Lawyers who bring exclusionary-zoning suits contend, of course, that economic discrimination amounts to racial discrimination. Since people who live in, say, public-housing projects are likely to be both poor and black, there is no way to measure which of those conditions white people in the suburbs find more repugnant. When the municipal manager of Mount Laurel says, as he did recently, "There's a lot of them who will permeate an area and denude it, and values go down," the precise identification of "them" is left to the listener. There is certainly no evidence that, in small numbers, well-behaved black people who can pay their own way face discrimination in Mount Laurel. As any visitor who has spoken with a Mount Laurel official for more than a minute and a half knows, the new chairman of the planning board is black, and the mayor, a man who might be mistaken for a member of a Spanish trade delegation, is Puerto Rican. Although the mayor's election may have exhausted the supply of potential Puerto Rican officeholders, the plaintiffs in the Mount Laurel case acknowledged that, considering the exodus of poor blacks, the net increase of a dozen blacks in the township's population undoubtedly represents a number of middle-class black people who have moved into the new suburban developments.

The poor may be feared by a suburbanite because they are black or because they could lower property values or because they might be dangerous or simply because they have to be paid for. The question of who is going to pay for the poor lies behind a lot of arguments all over the country about where the lines of responsibility are to be drawn. Property owners in developing suburbs like Mount Laurel, many of whom can barely afford to live in the suburbs themselves, resent having to take a "fair share" of poor people while many suburbs that may be richer and more exclusionary will not have to, simply because they are already devel-

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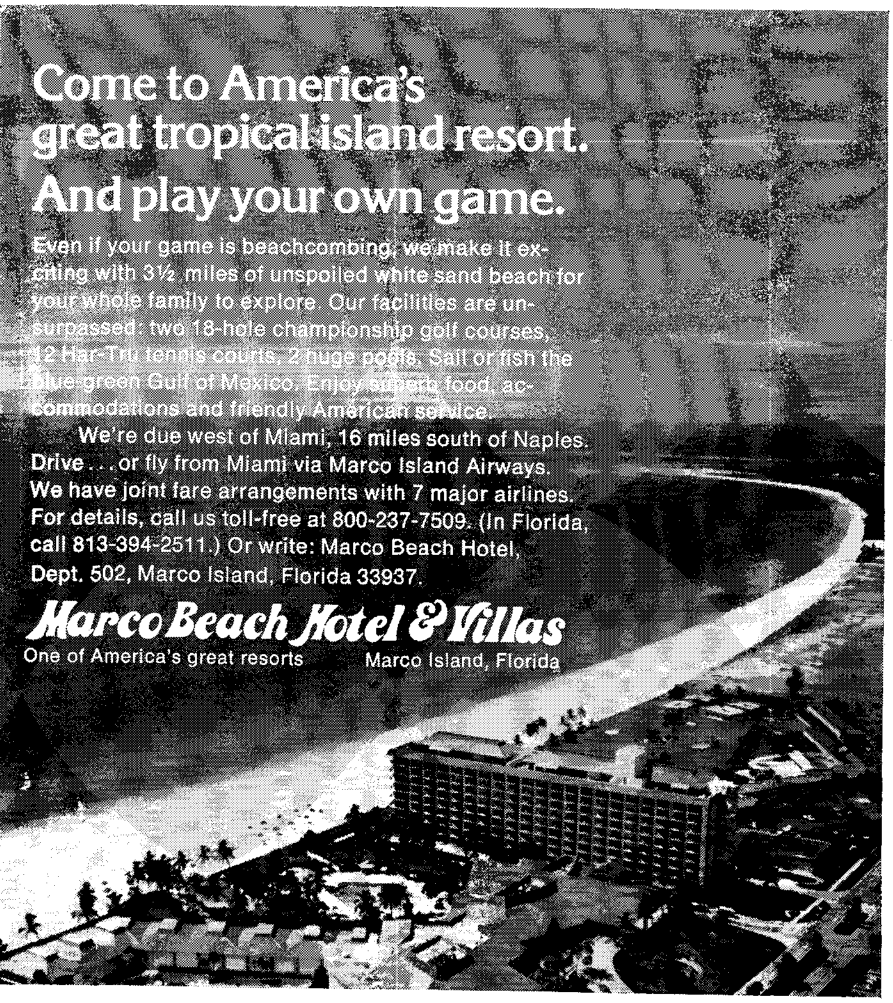

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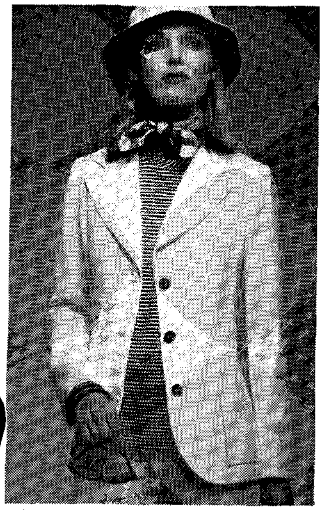

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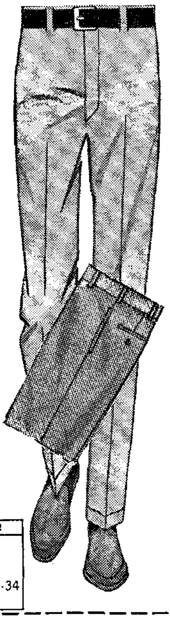

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oped and have no room for a fair share of anything. Taxpayers in New York resent having to support an unemployable tenant farmer who is in New York City because he was forced off the land in some black-belt county of Alabama, and who is unemployable partly because white people in Alabama chose to use the public money available for his education almost exclusively for the education of their own children instead. Some of the statements Mount Laurel residents have been making to reporters about the sort of people who might move in when the zoning ordinance is changed to the judge's satisfaction amount to the sort of ugly talk that might be predicted by someone who interprets the dread of poor people as almost completely racial. But some of the statements have a sort of ledger-book quality to them. The chairman of the Ramblewood Civic Association explained a possible new court action to a local reporter last fall in terms of what return a taxpayer gets for his money. If taxes go up to build a new playground, the chairman reasoned, he at least has the playground to use. But if taxes go up to educate the children of people not paying their share, there is nothing that a taxpayer can show for the increase. On the other hand, potential purchasers of his house would take the higher taxes into consideration when figuring the monthly carrying charge—a consideration that would presumably force down the total price. So, the chairman of the Ramblewood Civic Association said, "That's taking property from me without compensation." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

4-10—Movie. Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Rita Moreno, George Chakiris in "West Side Story" (1961), film classic about star-crossed lovers on the upper East Side of Manhattan (R).—*Boston Globe.*

Star-crossed and badly oriented.

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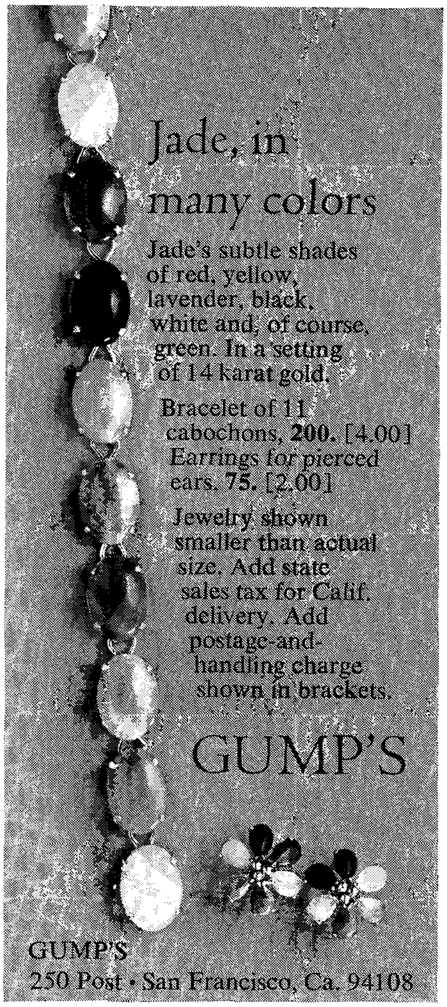

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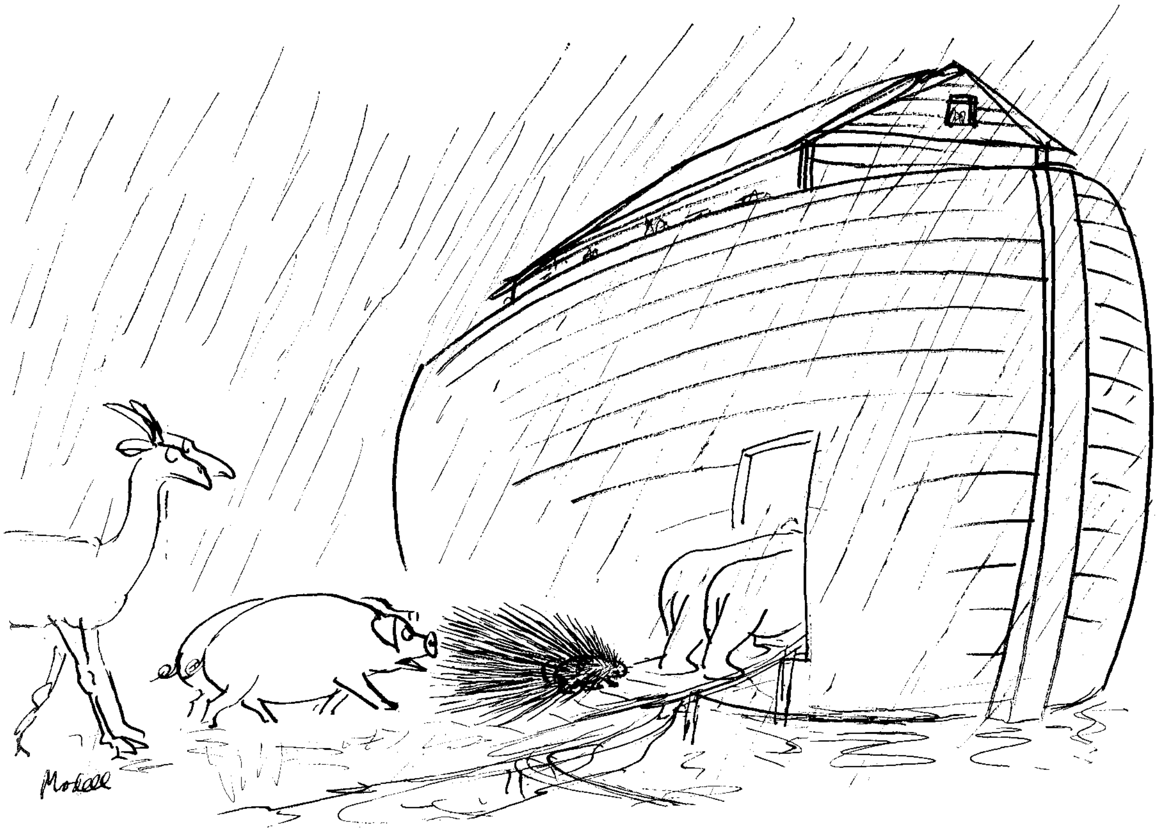
Java Sparrows

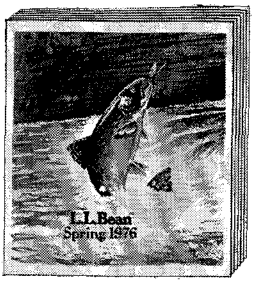
A JAVA sparrow, ornithologically "a finchlike weaverbird (*Munia oryzivora*)," is by extension anything—a rare word, a name, a piece of music—that, previously unencountered, flutters to one's attention and then within days, sometimes within hours, reappears from diverse sources again and again. The phenomenon, while not uncommon, always proves surprising; this term for it—is there another?—arose in a private circle (where, during one country weekend, references to Java sparrows cropped up on all sides) but can perhaps be generally useful. Paganini's "Centone" ("patchwork") for violin and guitar has flown into New York as a kind of Java sparrow—unheard here, probably, for years, and then featured in two separate Carnegie Hall recitals just a fortnight apart. G. W. E. Friederich's "Brass Band Journal," published in 1853, is another. Who had heard of it—until, on two consecutive days, Sunday afternoon and Monday evening last week, in Carnegie Recital Hall, the Empire Brass Quintet and the American Brass Quintet played selections from it? These days, the solo tuba is for me a Java sparrow, of robust build: there were tuba solos at both the Empire and the American concerts; between them, on Sunday night in the same hall, J. Lesley Varner played a full recital for solo tuba, and Patrick John Mills another, on Monday evening, in Paul Hall.

Brass music sounds good in the open air—Gabrieli antiphonies ringing through the Venetian Piazza; Johann Pezel five-part sonatas played from a tower. It also sounds good inside a very large, resonant church. St. John's, Gouda, lives in my mind's eye and ear as a place at once aglow from the great windows and filled with waves of noble tone from the Brass Quartet of the Netherlands Christian Radio Union as it played Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli and Melchior Franck; the four-hundredth anniversary of Dirck Crabeth's window of Christ in the Temple overthrowing the tables of the moneychangers and the seats of them that sold doves, presented to the church by William of Orange in 1567, was being celebrated. That Dutch memory calls up others: of evening rays pouring into the basilica of Saint-Maximin, in Provence, to add their splendor to the sounds of the great eighteenth-century organ; of St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, ablaze with Berlioz; of the cheerful Bergkirche in Eisenstadt, where Haydn's Masses were first performed; and, in a secular transposition, of the huge foyer of Washington's Kennedy Center become a nave while Haydn Masses were performed at one end of it, during last year's "Haydnfest." New York concertgivers are not always sensitive to the matching of music and surroundings which can enhance even the most accomplished executions (though some promising events in adventurous locations are due soon). As stops on the regular round, the Hunter College and Columbia University auditoriums are dreary: Abandon all hope of enjoying yourselves, ye who enter here, their approaches seem to proclaim. Even Alice Tully Hall is dull to the eye except when the organ stands revealed; then it comes to life. Carnegie Recital Hall is quite a decent little room, but the lobby and stairway that lead to it are dismal. The Empire Brass Quintet played there on a bright, sunny afternoon and deserved to be heard in bright, cheerful surroundings. (If only the Metropolitan Opera House faced west, not east, its foyers and staircase could provide an interesting many-levelled performance space for sunlit afternoon concerts.) Huddled on the Carnegie stairs during the intermission, the audience conversed in whispers, as if at a wake.

But the music was bright and brave. The Empire Brass Quintet, which was making its official New York début, is a Boston group (including three members of the Boston Symphony) some three years old. That the players were fresh and neat in appearance, pleasant to look at, and not dressed in the dreary soup-and-fish that immediately makes things formal may be of no musical importance but certainly increased the sum of enjoyment provided by their concert. (It is not only on the opera stage that musicians' looks constitute part of their offering.) The components of the Empire Quintet are two trumpets, horn, tenor trombone, and, at the bottom, a tuba—whereas the American Quintet, otherwise similar, generally has a bass trombone on



"Let's watch the sudden stops, Mac!"



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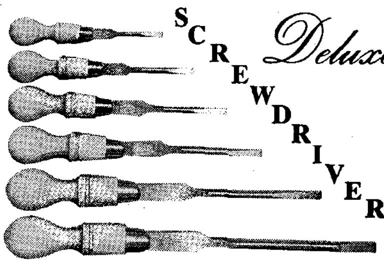

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the bottom line. The sound, even in the tiny hall, never hit the threshold of pain—no forcing, but well-balanced tone and carefully judged dynamics across a very wide range of timbres. The American Quintet, which has been active since 1958, has enormously increased the repertory of available chamber music for brass, by its commissions and simply by existing, as an inspiration for composers drawn to the medium. And now the Empire Quintet is extending that repertory; four of the works on the program were dedicated to it. The first of them, Ira Taxin's brief "Fanfare" (1976), which opened the concert, is not quite as masterly as Stravinsky's "Fanfare for a New Theatre," for two trumpets, which opened the second half, but is an ingenious and effective call to order. Taxin's Brass Quintet (1973) is a one-movement piece that, like his tone poem "Saba," played at the Philharmonic earlier this season, contains much arresting and picturesque incident within a secure structure. Joyce Mekeel's "Hommages" (1973) "attempts to make a consistent statement out of three different musical styles" and does it so successfully that, without the program note to help, one might not have guessed that Ives, Webern, and Cage are the composers honored. Brian Fennelly's "Prelude and Elegy" (completed in 1973) is a moving composition that employs the funeral sound of brass, its aptness for incantation and for expressing a choral surge of grief, in an emotional but finely disciplined and individual manner. A recording is due in the spring from Advance Records, and I look forward to hearing the work again. Other modern works played were Gunther Schuller's "Little Brass Music" (1963) and Alvin Etler's Quintet (1964). Both gripped the attention: there seems to be something about the medium that stirs composers to adventure.

Retournons à nos moineaux, Friederich's "Brass Band Journal" is an anthology of *Gebrauchsmusik*—tunes for American waits to play at dances, weddings, funerals, and patriotic assemblies. Among the arrangements, "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," and the "Marseillaise" appear; "Yankee Doodle" and "My Old Kentucky Home" are treated straightforwardly; other melodies are worked up into quicksteps and marches. This is the sort of music that reappears in Ives's medley movements. Heard straight, it proved very attractive. Coming at the end of the concert, after two hours of contemporary

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music, it reaffirmed the simple force of sound diatonic harmony, classically correct part writing, and a regular beat of two, three, or four. Friederich laid out his pieces for a saxhorn family of six, with optional percussion. The Empire Quintet brought in a baritone (the instrument, not the voice), played by Jon Taylor, and a snare drum, played by Gordon Gottlieb, to complete the ensemble. The baritone, to which the solo line is often allotted, has a warm, delightfully oily tone; "oily" I intend as a compliment—smooth, golden, and fragrant, like the virgin oil pressed from Tuscan olives. For Columbia, the Empire Quintet has recorded the "Brass Band Journal;" that, too, is due for spring release.

The American Brass Quintet's program was heterogeneous. It began with three "Courtly Masquing Ayres" from the collection by John Adson, Charles I's music teacher. Then came Ralph Shapey's Brass Quintet (1963), thoroughly and meticulously composed, arresting, difficult to grasp in a single hearing, and sometimes played so loudly that it hurt. In the second half, there was long, tedious exposure to David Reck's "MetaMusic for Brass Quintet, Slides, and Tape" (1968-74)—a self-indulgent, messy gallimaufry of sketches, ideas, doodles, and spoken thoughts. Reck claimed sustained attention for his workshop debris but did nothing to earn it. Finally, a Brass Sextet in harmless neo-Romantic vein by one Oskar Böhme, undated, but presumably written about the turn of the century. To make up the sextet, Harvey Phillips and his tuba joined the Quintet, both here and in the "Brass Band Journal" selection, placed at midpoint in the concert. (In the latter, the bass trombonist shifted to baritone.) The American Quintet may be the more celebrated of the two groups, but in the Friederich its playing was no match for the Empire's. There were smudged notes, errant ensemble, less careful balance, and some out-of-tune chording. And the absence of a drummer was felt.

The tuba solo at the Empire concert, played by Samuel Pilafian, was William Kraft's "Encounters II" (1966). Kraft's "Encounters" are a series of solos and duets exploiting new-found virtuoso techniques. (The première of No. V, for cello and percussion, was due at Nathaniel Rosen's Tully Hall recital last Monday; No. II and No. IV, "A Duel for Trombone and Percussion," are recorded on the Crystal label.) The tuba "Encounters" is a fascinating invention; it includes stretches of two-part writing—one part played, the other sung through the instrument—chords, and rapid toccata-type figures. At the American Quintet concert, the tuba solo was Ed Sauter's "Eight Random Thoughts," played by Mr. Phillips. Hearing the legendary Mr. Phillips for the first time, I was captivated by the poetic quality of his tone, by the absence of grossness, and by phrasing that recalled that of a great singer; less happy when, between phrases, he came up noisily for air; and disturbed by the clack of the valves on his instrument. Sauter's "Thoughts," prompted by hearing a Bach unaccompanied cello suite played on the tuba, are melodic rhapsodies, agreeable to follow but too similar in mood to add up to an effective suite.

AT the second concert in the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble's series of three, in Tully Hall, there was a première, of Roger Reynolds' "The Promises of Darkness," and an American première, of Alun Hoddinott's "Ritornelli." Of the Reynolds piece I can merely record that it happened; that it is for eleven players, disposed in four instrumental groups, and lasts about twenty-one minutes; that the density of thought is formidable; that, without a score to help me, I felt baffled by it but enjoyed many striking ideas. Which is not saying much, and I say it only because "intuition"—that sadly imprecise instrument of critical perception on which one falls back when impressed one knows not why—tells me that "The Promises of Darkness" would probably reward the effort of getting to know it. Hoddinott is a fluent, prolific Welshman, and his "Ritornelli"—a sort of extended concert scena for trombone solo, wind band, and percussion—is an easy, likable, undemanding composition. By John Swallow, the trombonist, and Arthur Weisberg's ensemble it was taken a little too soberly. The Contemporary Chamber Ensemble is made up of first-rate players, and its executions are marvellously deft, but sometimes I wonder whether, even while playing immaculately, it sufficiently reflects the individual moods and character of the works concerned. The Hoddinott needs cheeky, cheerful, almost nonchalant handling. The other works on the program were Hans Werner Henze's "Being Beauteous," with Susan Belling the clear, sweet, accurate

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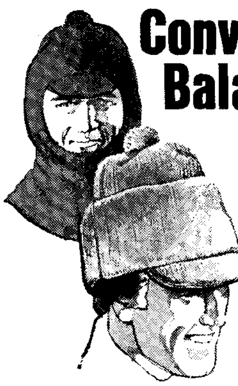

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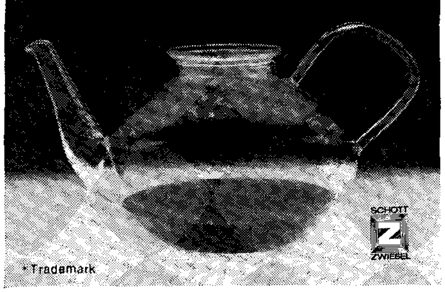

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COPLAND performances, in this season of his seventy-fifth birthday, have been plentiful, and again and again during the celebrations I have been warmed by openhearted, openhanded melodic turns in the vein that seems to me his special and most treasurable gift to the world—the "tan-faced prairie-boy" passages that will suddenly smile through in even his most cerebrated constructions. "The Tender Land" is an opera almost entirely in this vein. It is a Midwestern idyll—not a realistic drama but a romantic, pastoral fairy tale. All productions I have seen have got the tone wrong, and the Bronx Opera Company's, given in the auditorium of the Bronx High School of Science, was no exception. Richard Getke's direction lacked the right sort of verismo (in such details as the way Sears, Roebuck might pack a mail-order graduation dress) and made heavy weather of the flimsy, sentimental close. The heroine's behavior at the end does not bear thinking about; it is as unrealistic in its way as the opera-seria convention of tying loose ends into a tidy bow, and should be played as such. And Michael Spierman's effortful conducting lacked the lilt, the easy charm, that could make the score irresistible. Sheila Barnes, as Laurie, sang most winningly.

—ANDREW PORTER

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By Our Reporter

On board an airline flight Boeing 474 from New York to Bangkok while enjoying lunch last 6 November at 1:30 P.M. local time between Frankfurt and Istambul the Indonesia Times reporter, found a small worm on his salad that caused him to stop eating.

A stewardess said, "I am very sorry for that." A minute later another stewardess came to him with her face blushed for shame and said, "I apologize to you for such a service, and added such a very small animal was never found before.

—*Indonesia Times.*

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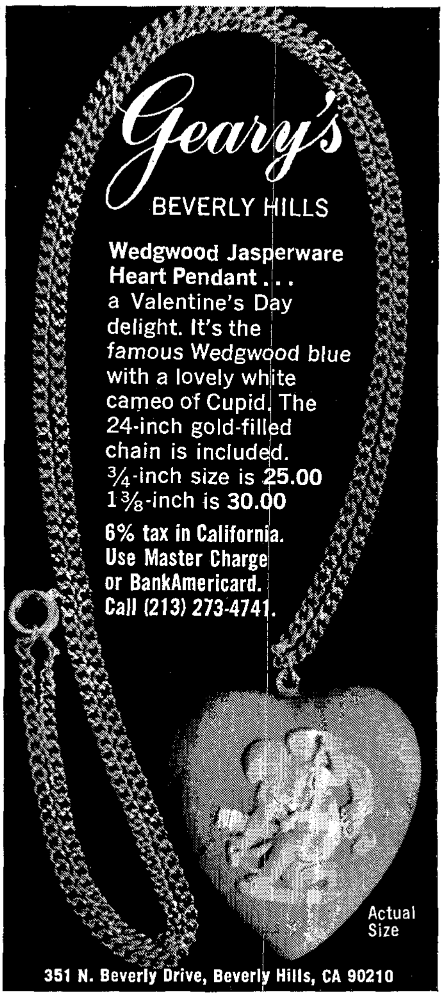

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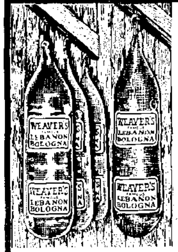

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

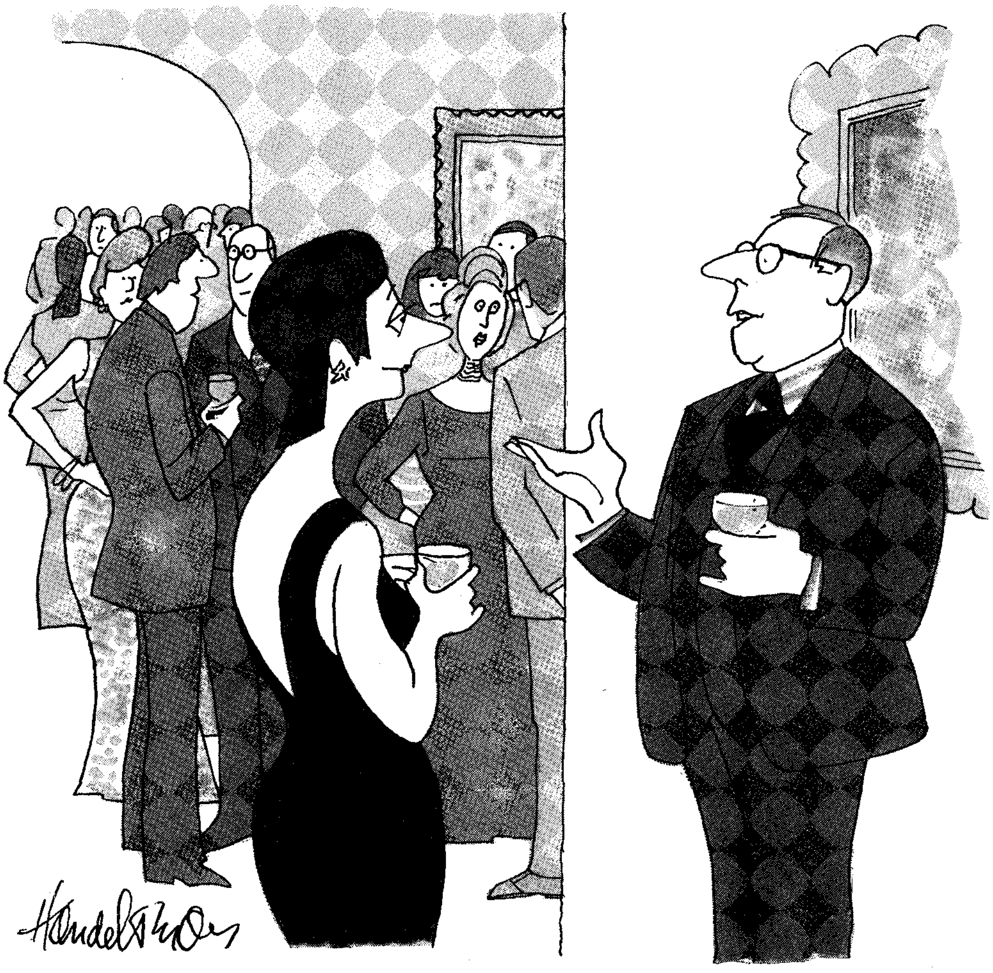
The Artist as a Young Comedian

IN the fifties, when improvisational acts were booked into night clubs and coffeehouses, and the entertainers satirized middle-class interpersonal relations, young actors had a hip edge to their conversation. Freud had got into everything, and acting was now thought of in terms of awareness. Acting coaches who had been political activists turned into psychiatric philosophers. This is the atmosphere of Paul Mazursky's new, autobiographical comedy, "Next Stop, Greenwich Village." The hero, a twenty-two-year-old Brooklyn College graduate, Larry Lapinsky (Lenny Baker), who has never wanted to be anything but an actor, moves out of the Brownsville apartment of his parents (Shelley Winters and Mike Kellin) into an apartment of his own in the Village. The film is about Larry's acting classes and his relations with his girl, Sarah (Ellen Greene), and his friends. Mazursky knows this scene so well that every word, every hangup, every awkward, flip hesitation rings a bell. "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" gives the best portrait of Village life ever put on the screen; the casualness, the camaraderie, and the sexual freedom are balanced by glimpses of the lives of those who are in the Village because they don't fit in anywhere else. Yet there's more to the movie than that. Like Alexander Portnoy, Larry is the son in the Jewish joke, but, unlike Portnoy, he isn't crippled by it. In both "Portnoy's Complaint" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village," guilt is funny; but the Philip Roth book is satire from within a fixation, and Portnoy is screaming with rage. Larry Lapinsky is rather like what the young Alex Portnoy might have been if he had recovered from his complaint. He learns to live with his guilt; that's the comedy of growing up which is celebrated in "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

As Larry's Mom, Shelley Winters is a hysteric on the loose, barging into his apartment in the middle of a party, embarrassing him so much he wants to crawl under the furniture. It is high-mania acting, like Winters' ever-hopeful Charlotte Haze in "Lolita," and it may be her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. Mrs. Lapinsky pours so much brute emotion into every small detail of her life that she has lost all sense of proportion; everything to do with her becomes of world-shaking importance. Her unused brains have turned her into a howling freak, but you can recognize in her the sources of her son's talent and wit. And, even seeing her through her son's agonized-with-shame eyes, you don't get too much of her—or, rather, you can't get enough of Shelley Winters' performance. With her twinkly goo-goo eyes and flirty grin, Shelley Winters is a mother hippo charging—not at her son's enemies but at him. Fat, morose, irrepressible, she's a force that would strike terror to anyone's heart, yet in some abominable way she's likable. She's Mrs. Portnoy seen without hatred. When Larry visits his parents, she hands him a bag of apple strudel to eat on the plane taking him, first class, to a job in Hollywood. Her husband says to her, "I told you he'd get angry," but Larry says, "I'm not angry. I'm crazy, but I'm not angry." When he has said goodbye and is on his way to the subway, he stands on the Brownsville street listening to a fiddler and he eats the strudel.

Larry is crazy in a sane way: as a comedian, he puts his craziness to work for him. And that's Paul Mazursky's own greatest gift. What made his earlier films ("Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice," "Alex in Wonderland," "Blume in Love," and "Harry & Tonto") so distinctive was the acceptance of bugginess as part of the normal—maybe even the best part of it. In his films, craziness gives life its savor. When Mazursky makes fun of characters, it's not to put them down; quite the reverse—the scattier, the more striped they are, the more happily he embraces them. (His quarrel is with the too controlled.) The star of "Next Stop, Greenwich Village," the relatively unknown Lenny Baker, looks like a gangly young boy but has had almost a decade of professional experience, and he gives the central character the manic generosity that holds the film together. Starting as a runny-nosed, funny-looking kid, Larry becomes stronger and handsomer. Having survived his mother's aggression, he's got the craziness and the strength to make it as an artist.

On his own road from Brownsville through the Village and on to becoming a writer-director, Mazursky performed in improvisational cabaret theatre, wrote skits for "The Danny Kaye Show," and taught acting. Like Larry, who gets his break when he's cast as a tough punk, Mazursky got a role as



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one of the delinquents in "Blackboard Jungle" (1955), though he had gone West earlier, in 1951, to play a leading role as a psychopath who assaults a captive girl, in Stanley Kubrick's first feature, "Fear and Desire." Mazursky has appeared in several of his own pictures (he was funniest as the itchy, voracious producer in "Alex in Wonderland"), and his directing style is based on the actors' intuitively taking off from each other, as they did in the coffeehouses. He does something that no other American movie director does: he writes, shapes, and edits the sequences to express the performing rhythm—to keep the actors' pulse. As a result, the audience feels unusually close to the characters—feels protective toward them. Mazursky brings you into a love relationship with his people, and it's all aboveboard.

This picture suggests that for Paul Mazursky (as for many theatre people) acting is at the basis of all judgment. Not all of Larry's friends are studying to be actors, yet one can interpret almost everything that happens to them in terms of acting. Ellen Greene's Sarah is intelligent and quick-witted, but she's already a little hard in the places where Larry is still sensitive—where you feel he'll always stay sensitive. (That's what will keep him an artist.) Sarah violates the rule that Larry's patriarchal acting teacher, Herbert (Michael Egan), says may be important "for the rest of your life": "The worst kind of joking you can do is to keep life out." According to Herbert, you shouldn't use your brain "to keep the stuff out" but "to take it in." Mazursky satirizes Herbert's litany, but very gently. (The famous acting teacher Herbert Berghof appeared in "Harry & Tonto" as Harry's New York friend the aged radical.) And Larry lives by Herbert's rule. He humors his parents, but he's really on his own; he has made the plunge—he's taking life in. Sarah, however, is still at home, and playing the lying-to-your-folks game along with the Greenwich Village game. She's a compromiser, and so elastic she doesn't know where she'll snap. Ellen Greene gives a beautiful, prickly, sensual performance; she has a big, avid mouth, which she uses for comic tics, taking us by surprise each time. The proof of her talent is that it's Sarah's hardness that makes her seem poignant. Being independent-minded has got mixed with something sharp and self-destructive; Sarah cuts herself off from people by acting sure just when she's least sure. This role is written with a respect for the ways in

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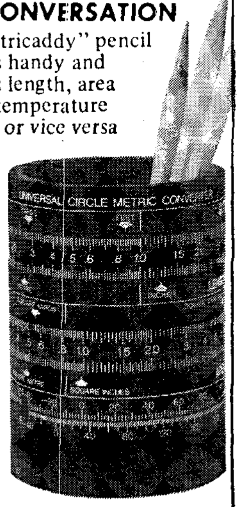

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which savvy people with everything going for them can screw up. Mazursky keeps it all light and blowsy, yet the characters have depth, and a lot of damaging things are happening to them while they're frisking along. Sarah is attracted to Robert (Christopher Walken), a narcissistic, affectlessly calm poet-playwright. He's the sort of person who destroys a party—the one who says "Let's play the truth game." Robert is a passive sadist, who draws women to him and shrugs off any responsibility for what happens. And it's true that they've hurt themselves, but it's his passivity that has invited them to do it. Walken uses his light, high voice for an ambiguous effect, and he gives Robert an air of physical isolation that makes him seem always withdrawn from the rest of the group. When Larry, who has suffered because of him, accuses him of having nothing under his pose but more pose, it's as if Larry were using the old slang term and saying "You're a bad actor," meaning that he's untrustworthy, a crook—someone not in touch with himself. Robert might almost be the Nazi villain—he's every son of a bitch whose only interest in sex is for power. He's the only character without spontaneity, and the only one that Mazursky can't resolve his feelings about.

As a homosexual who is sick of role-playing but too frightened to stop, Antonio Fargas keeps just enough reserve to be affecting without pushing it; Lois Smith finds the archetypal Lois Smith role as the sodden Anita, a depressive who plays at suicide; Dori Brenner's Connie plays at being everybody's favorite good sport. And on the fringes of this group there's Barney (John Ford Noonan), a bearded, soft giant with a striking resemblance to Mazursky's old writing partner Larry Tucker. (Larry Lapinsky's first name may also be a nod to Tucker.) Most of these actors have been in movies before, but they didn't have Mazursky's lines to speak, or the hip timing he gets. The subsidiary characters help to form just the sort of human zoo that many of us live in. Jeff Goldblum plays a big, handsome young actor named Clyde Baxter—a goofed-up Victor Mature type. Lou Jacobi is the proprietor of a health-food lunch counter, whooping as if his whole life were vindicated when a customer comes in feeling rotten from having eaten a corned beef on rye. And Rochelle Oliver as Dr. Marsha and John C. Becher as Sid Weinberg, a casting director, contribute to making this picture Off Broadway's finest hour.

In refining his comic style, Mazursky has suffered a few losses. I miss the messy romanticism of "Blume;" there Mazursky was "too close" to the subject—he was gummed up in it, and the chaos felt good. This movie is set in his past, and the blood has cooled. But Mazursky's earlier scripts were splotchy; "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" has the intertwining of a classic American play. And if the mechanics seem a little too theatrical when Larry's Mom waddles into his apartment without knocking and pounces on him, still, in 1953 Village doors weren't bolted. (Bolted doors wouldn't stop Shelley Winters anyway.) As in some other films shot by Arthur Ornitz, there doesn't appear to be a light source, and the color is muddy. You can't tell the blacks and browns and blues apart; Ornitz seems to get the shots to match by making them all dark. Luckily, this movie has so much else going for it that it can get along without visual beauty. Mazursky was so smitten by Fellini that his early films sometimes seemed to be commuting between cultures. But "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" isn't an imitation of "Amarcord," it's Mazursky's own Amarcord. And I like it better than Fellini's. It isn't showy—Mazursky works on a small scale. Yet this satirist without bitterness and without extravagance looks to be a comic poet. His subject is the comedy of wisdom—how to become a good actor. —PAULINE KAEL

• •

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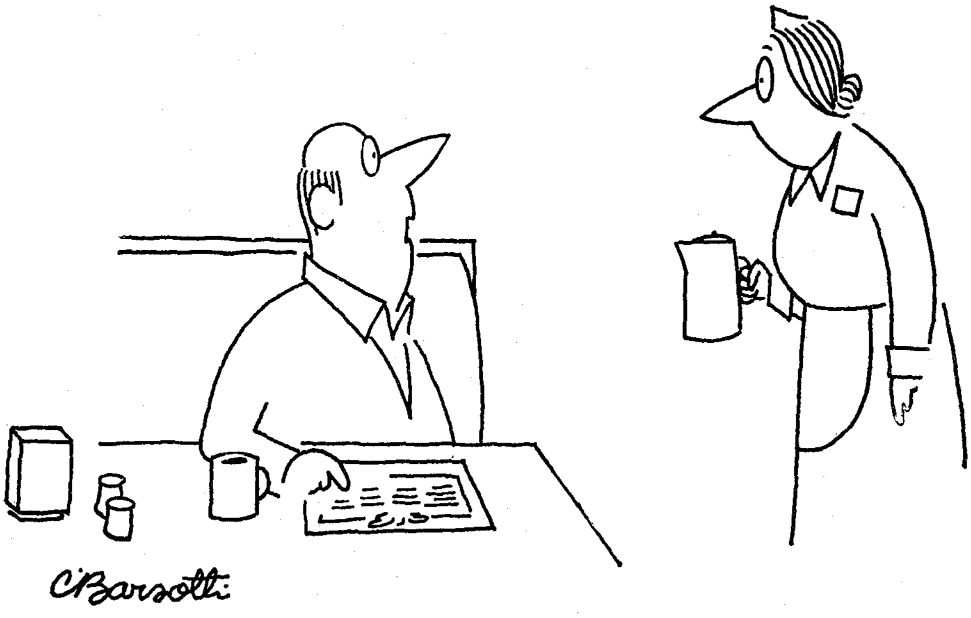
DANCING

Changes

THE curtain rises on a dark stage, its horizon lit by a full moon. In the shaft of moonlight, a man is lying on the ground. Figures enter, three or four at a time; they approach the man and attempt to revive him with incantatory gestures. Eventually, they lift the body and carry it to another part of the stage, where they surround it in a circle dance. The men, including the "dead" one, wear strange little backpacks made of fur; the women's leotards are fur-trimmed. After a bit, the group begins a sequence of body rolls on the floor. When the circle reappears, a girl is lying in the man's place. The moon has moved a little distance to the left.

This is a very rudimentary description of the beginning of Paul Taylor's latest work, "Runes," but not an unjust one. The steps and gestures I have left out do not change the totally routine impression the piece makes in its opening minutes. For a major creation, "Runes" has a most unprepossessing start, and it may catch others off guard, as it did me. Even after the first silky stroke—the substitution of the woman's body for the man's—I didn't see how Taylor could rehabilitate the exhausted modern-dance/primitive-rite genre he was dealing in, and though I didn't notice how he had managed the substitution, I could guess. A moment later, when the girl who is substituted (Monica Morris) has a duet with one of the men (Elie Chaib) and the process of substitution happens again in plain sight, I still didn't see that Taylor had established a theme—merely that he had rehabilitated the acrobatic duet. The two dancers are interlocked on the ground, and when the man starts a somersault the woman finishes it. Their bodies have become one body—hers; she sits with *his* legs akimbo. It is a bravura effect, but Taylor is prepared to go beyond bravura. In the very next section, he again uses acrobatics, but in a way completely different from before. In another of his invisible transitions, Linda Kent appears perched on Nicholas Gunn's shoulders; she climbs around to his front and keeps climbing until, with a heave like a weight lifter's, he deposits her fully outstretched body on top of his head and balances it there for about twenty seconds. It is the large, awful, and preposterously factual demonstration of what in the first duet was just an illusion. Morris's body only *seemed* to have Chaib's legs attached, but Gunn doesn't just look like a man with a woman on his head, he *is* a man with a woman on his head. The wrong way to do things on the stage is sometimes the right way.

In "Runes" we see the same thing happen over and over in different ways, and we see differences producing the effect of sameness. Mutations large and small, bodies vanishing to be replaced by other bodies, the finesse of an illusion exchanged for the nightmarish ponderousness of a fact—this is Taylor's material. The primitive rite enacts the passage of spirits from body to body. There are phenomenal incidents in the action (I've mentioned a few) to which one can pin a story line. But we don't grasp the nature of an incident without seeing it first as a dance. One might define the poetic process of "Runes" as the transubstantiation of dance energy. We read Gunn's duet with Kent not as a bald stunt but as a naked metaphor, like the contortions of the Prodigal Son and the Siren in Balanchine's famous ballet. For an old-fashioned genre piece, "Runes" contains nothing predictable—not even Taylor's variations on his theme. Carolyn Adams' solo is one such variation. She materializes out of Gunn, and her dance, summarizing the "magic" ingredients basic to Taylor's dance design, looks like a private recapitulation of a public ceremony. Occurring exactly midway in the piece, it is about integrity and duality, constancy in the face of change. Taylor's soft, peculiarly bowed croisés and effacés are offered not as counterpositions but as obverse statements of the same position. Dancing by herself, using no charm other than a meticulous scale of dynamics, Carolyn Adams brings the ballet to its focus in the form of pure dance. She is not the agent of transformation—she is transformation itself. And she is changeless. The dance goes on until with a suddenness she breaks it off and paces slowly into the wings.



"Waitress, my placemat is historically inaccurate."

"Runes" is an ensemble work, the group of dancers an orchestral body. They do not have the dramatic color of actors; they have the neutral color of instruments. Yet Taylor always chooses the right instrument at the right time. He uses Ruth Andrien's androgynous quality as a tonal value in a section in which men appear with women branching from their bodies. Like images out of Ovid, these double-sexed deities cross and recross the stage, now and then dislodging the soloist, who is Andrien, from her dance. But through a series of substitutions the dance itself goes on. If there is a single chord that is sounded in all the exhilarating variety of "Runes," it is the idea that the dance goes on. Out of few resources, out of many, out of any; in the centered calm of one body, in the divisibility of another, in the combinations and permutations of an ensemble, it goes on. The enormous pathos that arises in the final moments of the work, when all the elements of the piece are combined and restated and still the momentum leaps ahead—this pathos comes from the unstoppable energy of what Taylor has set in motion. The curtain falls on a company still in labor, their dance unable to end, discharging its force in all directions. And the moon, which has steadily risen during the piece, is at its apogee.

For this striking heroic poem, which

had its local première at the Mark Hellinger, Taylor was assisted by George Tacit's costumes, Jennifer Tipton's lighting, and an unusually fine piano score by the young American composer Gerald Busby, who played it at every performance. The score is spare and rhythmic—a little like one of Hunter Johnson's or Louis Horst's for Martha Graham but more independently interesting than Johnson's or Horst's dance music cares to be. Taylor's choreography is musically more complex than it has been for some time. (I may be doing an injustice to "Esplanade," the Bach extravaganza that was last year's outstanding novelty, but its musicality, though uninhibited, is not complex.) And do I imagine it or is the company's dancing actually better than when Taylor himself was leading it? The dancers have the same objectivity as performers that Taylor has as a choreographer. They use a kind of projection that doesn't aim directly at the audience but aims at a point closer to where the dance actually is. It makes the dance into something real that is happening between the spectator and the dancer—something we both can contemplate—and it draws an audience in. What a pity it is that some way still hasn't been found for the Taylor company to play more than one program on Broadway for more than one week at a time. At the Mark Hellinger, the program also included "From Sea to Shining Sea" and "Esplanade." The first, which was made in 1965, is a series of deft screwball pantomimes about Americans as a people who can't get their act together. It is savage but not gross, and the audience is not humiliated; Taylor realizes he doesn't have all the answers. "Esplanade," which expands simple walks, runs, and falls into a baroque playground, has some grand bits of madness in the final movement. Along with the rest of the audience, I loved it as much as before.

A PITY, too, that Merce Cunningham chooses to play repertory out of town. Not long ago, he took a week at the Roundabout, which seems an appropriate theatre for the staging of whole works and whatever production elements go with them, but the week was devoted to the Event—Cunningham's name for the format that combines various choreographies in one performance. I have nothing against Events, but one would like a nodding acquaintance with repertory, and so at the McCarter Theatre in Princeton I at last got the chance to see "Sounddance" and "Rebus" produced separate and entire in their offi-

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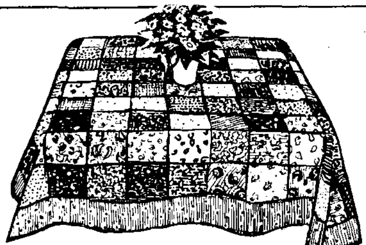

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cial East Coast premières. (Another première, "Torse," had to be missed.) Mark Lancaster's settings for these pieces explained some things about them. In "Sounddance," his backcloth is a low-hanging drape with a vent from which the dancers emerge one by one to be swept into the rapids of the choreography; then they disappear into the vent. Cunningham's cryptic poses upstage right in "Rebus" and his several changes of costume are "explained" by the décor Lancaster provides for that piece—a clothes rack placed next to Cunningham. David Behrman's score for "Rebus" is vocal; David Tudor's for "Sounddance" sounds like an excavation going on next door. In "Sounddance," the sections of non-stop allegro motion, the quieter sections of linked poses, the fast editing interested me as much as they did in the Events. It is a piece that looks as if it had been choreographed in one day. Perhaps because of its score, which implies musical support where none actually exists, "Rebus" left far less of an impression. (Since Cunningham does not use music, let us have not-music.) Its large, loosely spread groups and long, extra-slow adagio sequences make it a companion piece to the taut, restless "Sounddance."

In both works, the company performs evenly. Cunningham's own performing is remarkable. But as his dancing has become more and more confined to solos, his interest in composing for other soloists seems to have diminished. No one in the group is featured, although Chris Komar and Robert Kovich consistently distinguish themselves. The group effort has increasingly taken the form of extended unison work, and very difficult work it is. Perhaps that is why Cunningham thought it time to revive a 1959 piece called "Rune" (as it happened, in the same week as the Taylor première); it is one of his most demanding works, and a lot of it is in unison. The performance in Princeton was weak. "Rune" was made for a small galaxy of intensely individual performers, among them Carolyn Brown, Viola Farber, Remy Charlip, and Judith Dunn, and its method, involving a dramatic use of space with invisible lines of force zizzing back and forth among the dancers, is one that Cunningham has discarded. Only Komar, in Cunningham's old role, had enough power, dancing with that fanatical precision which makes us instinctively trust his every move. If the company were a gang of safecrackers, he would be the one to carry the nitro.

—Arlene Croce

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THE RACE TRACK

Winter at Aqueduct

PROUD DELTA, for whom Mrs. Marion duPont Scott paid $250,000 in the fall, gave the crowd at Aqueduct last Saturday an extra thrill before winning the first running of the one-mile Affectionately Handicap. (The event is named after a mare the late Hirsch Jacobs made a bit of racing history with.) Breaking from the sixth post position, she bolted to the left as she approached the point where the chute joins the main track, and only an amazing effort by Velasquez, who rode her, kept her from going through the rails. After he managed to turn her, inches away from a crash, she went on to win by nearly two lengths from Mary Queenofscots. (Why didn't the Sookie Stable make it *all* one word?) Shy Dawn was third. Usually, when Mrs. Scott buys horses they are for jumping races, but Proud Delta, a mare by Delta Judge, caught her eye at the dispersal sale of Mrs. Ada Rice's stable, and what a duPont wants a duPont gets.

WINTER racing has its points: there's as much action as always, and when the snow is snowing and it's murky overhead there is an OTB shop just around the corner. However, the weather for the Count Fleet Stakes at Aqueduct last Wednesday was the sort that fills a track superintendent and his ground crew with dismay. For them, it meant getting out all the machinery on the eve of the race and clearing the racing strip, then hitching harrows to the tractors and running them over the track through the night to keep it from freezing. Thoroughbreds can't run on frozen ground; the strain on their joints and tendons is too great. For the spectators, though, the Count Fleet made it a proper afternoon of winter racing. At the head of the stretch, Wardlaw and Iron Bit came into sight together through a curtain of snow, with Forest Stream behind them, and they stayed together down to the winning post. (This was about as much as anyone could see of most of the other races on the card that day, too.) Wardlaw, who won it by a head, is owned by Dan Lasater, and is the first of his stable to win a stakes race in New York this year. Mr. Lasater, who has horses all over the place, won four hundred and fifty-nine races with them last season.

Dick Dutrow, the Maryland trainer who saddled a world's-record three hundred and fifty-two winners last year, invaded the Big A for the first time early last week and, as you might guess, won the main event of the afternoon—named, of all things, the Cool Reception Purse—with Double Edge Sword. Dutrow then went back to Bowie.

HOBEAU FARM'S Allen Jerkens, who won the Royal Poinciana Handicap with Kinsman Hope on opening day at Hialeah, had great expectations of a repeat performance or of a score by Kinsman Hope's stablemate Step Nicely in the Royal Palm Handicap there last weekend. Well, the Greentree Stable spoiled his afternoon, winning it with Knightly Sport; Due Diligence was second and Step Nicely third. Hialeah isn't doing as well as was hoped, either. Attendance last Saturday was 19,078. It should pick up this week with buyers coming to the horse sale and with the running of the Bahamas Stakes.

WRONG HORSE HARRY wonders whether carrying 132 pounds, as she did in winning the San Gorgonio Handicap, didn't take too much out of Tizna. In her next start at Santa Anita—the Santa Monica, a fortnight later—the seven-year-old Chilean mare finished third, even though she carried lighter weight and didn't give much to the two leaders, Gay Style and Raise Your Skirts, who beat her in a photo finish.

Horses are still bringing a high dollar if they are by Secretariat. At the recent Keeneland yearling sales, Tom Gentry, of the well-known Kentucky racing family, gave $295,000 for a mare in foal to the Meadow Stable's champion. Gentry expects to sell the colt or filly (due any day now) for a lot more at the 1977 Keeneland sales.

The jockey of the week, of course, is Gonzalo Prosper. He rode six winners at Boston's Suffolk Downs last Saturday.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The bass swimming in the Hudson River and the salmon wending their way through Lake Ontario probably do not know that the fatty tissues in their bodies are rife with a toxic, nonbiodegradable substance called polychlorinated biphenyl (PCB).—*Business Week.*

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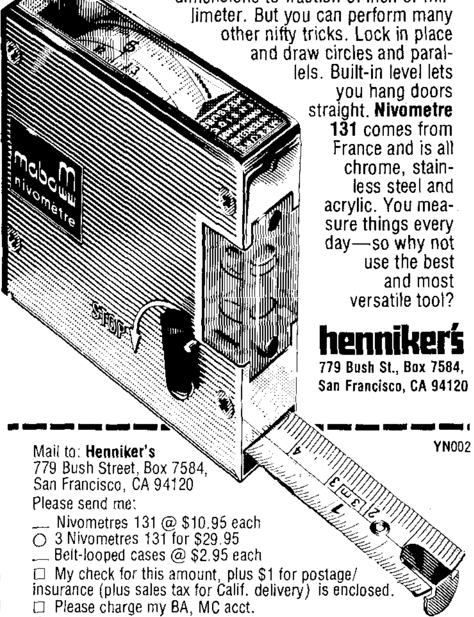

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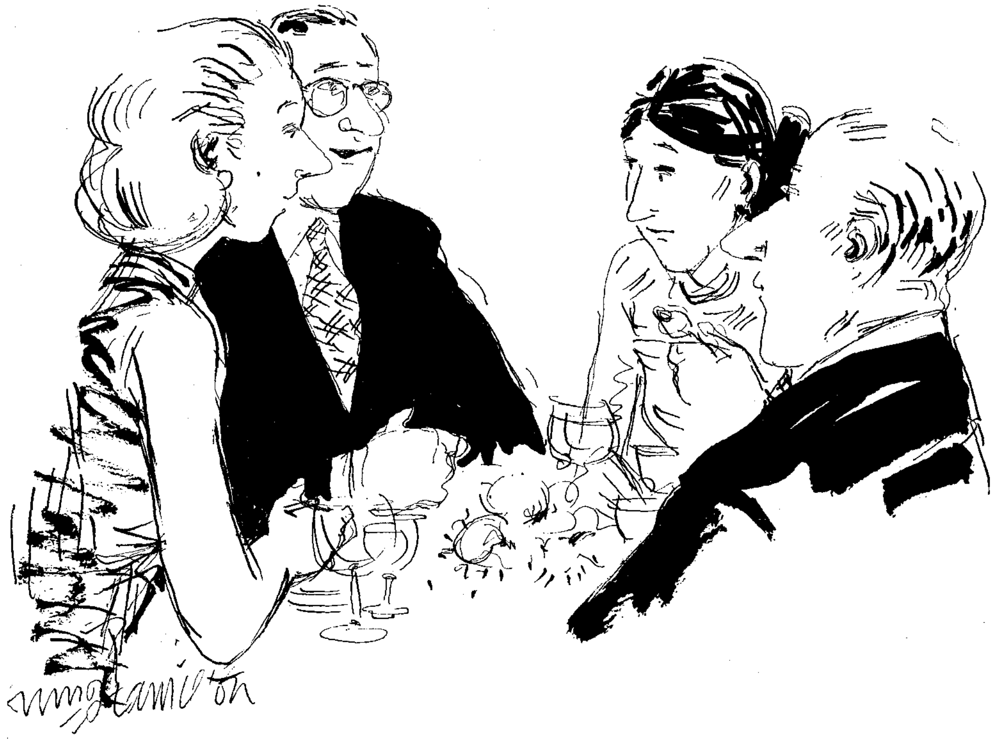
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 23

WHEN he took office a year and a half ago, Gerald Ford profited—at least in public esteem—from a number of negative virtues: the several ways in which he was unlike Richard Nixon and, for that matter, Lyndon Johnson. He was unabrasive, unassuming, and, except in partisan rhetoric, unaggressive. After years of Presidential glibness and dissembling, his very inarticulateness seemed to carry a promise of honesty, and the promise seemed fulfilled when, in his first State of the Union Message, he said, "The state of the Union is not good. . . . I've got bad news, and I don't expect much . . . applause." Demagogy and the art of the coverup require, among other things, a kind of verbal adroitness that Ford conspicuously lacked. He appeared to be temperamentally incapable of the deviousness, the shiftiness, of the two Presidents before him. As Minority Leader of the House, he had sought not to dominate his colleagues but, rather, to be what he liked to describe as a "team player"—a political organization man. He had done some rather shoddy things, such as calling for the impeachment of William O. Douglas in retaliation for the Senate's rejection of two of Nixon's nominees for the Supreme Court, and some frivolous, irresponsible ones, such as seeking funds for a House investigation of unidentified flying objects in Michigan after Air Force investigators had reported them to be easily identifiable swamp gases. No one, though, had ever accused him of tampering with the electoral process. He was, of course, ambitious in the way that most politicians are, but he had no discernible lust for power. In 1964, he had hoped to be tapped as Barry Goldwater's running mate, and it was said that if the Republicans ever gained control of the House he very much wanted to serve as Speaker. But he was never really active in pursuit of any position higher than the one he had held for a decade before being appointed Vice-President in 1973, and a few months before Nixon chose him he had been talking about an early retirement. At the time, his views and his record were known to very few except here and in Michigan. He was about as far to the right as any of his colleagues in the House, and had supported every Nixon policy, but since he had never been publicly identified with either wing of his party, it was widely assumed that he stood somewhere in the middle. And in a political, as distinct from an ideological, sense he did, for he construed his role as Minority Leader to be essentially that of a mediator: one took up a position between the factions and sought only to represent what they had in common.



"It was Grampa Higgins, God bless him, who started the company. No, wait a minute, it was Grampa Pearson, God bless him, who started the company. Grampa Higgins, God bless him, started the bank."

Recent opinion polls have varied somewhat in their findings on Ford's standing, particularly vis-à-vis other possible candidates, but there seems little doubt that he currently holds the confidence of only a minority of the people, and perhaps only a minority of Republicans. A Gallup poll taken last month reported overall approval of him at thirty-nine per cent, and a more recent Harris poll shows the same percentage of the public registering doubt whether "he has the intelligence and the qualifications to be a first-rate President" and fifty per cent expressing agreement with the proposition that "he does not seem to be very smart about the issues the country is facing." In a random sampling of more than five hundred Republicans in sixty-two Iowa precincts earlier this week, the President led Ronald Reagan by only sixteen votes—and this in a Midwestern state whose Republican leaders have been very much on his side. If he is nominated in Kansas City in August, and if he wins in November, it will be a tribute to the advantages of incumbency and to little else, for none of his major policies, foreign or domestic, have majority support in the Congress or in the country. Moreover, some of the qualities of character that were so well received after five years of Nixon have become wasting assets. For example, Ford, despite the widespread disenchantment caused by his early pardon of his patron and predecessor, is still regarded by many as the restorer of integrity to the executive branch. ("I think that he brought candor and integrity to the office," Senator Lowell Weicker, a Connecticut Republican often at odds with the Administration, said at a news conference ten days ago.) But in 1976 this does not count for as much as it did in 1973, when, according to a Harris survey, forty-three per cent of the electorate considered it one of the two most important national issues, the other being the state of the economy; in late 1974, with Nixon in San Clemente and Ford in the Oval Office, the percentage dropped by just about half, and in late 1975 it was down to seventeen. There is now more concern over "taxes and spending," and traits like modesty and lack of abrasiveness are of slight utility in dealing with such matters. Also, some of the perceptions that people had of Ford eighteen months ago have turned out to be misperceptions. He may be no match for Nixon or Johnson in vindictiveness, but he is by no means free of it. Having described his dismissal of Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger as a step toward tighter and more or-

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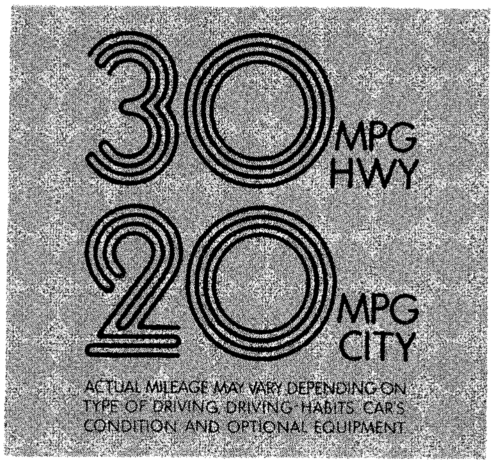
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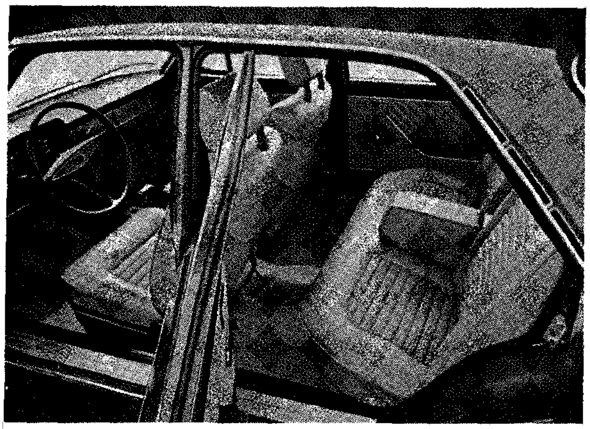

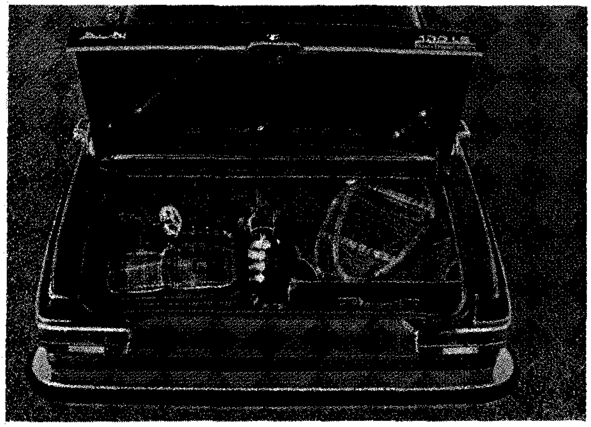

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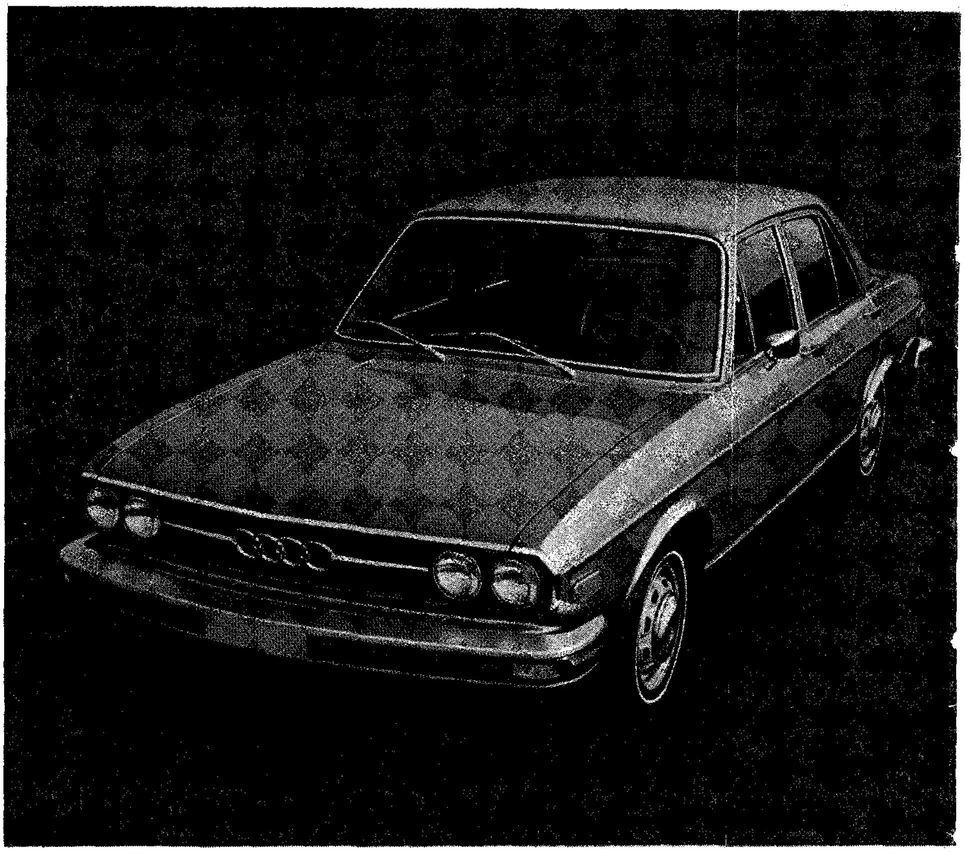

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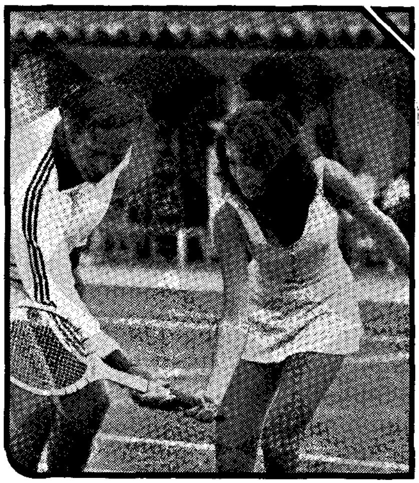
derly organization within the Administration, he later conceded that it was motivated not by any real dissatisfaction with the Secretary's performance but, rather, by the fact that he had a strong distaste for Schlesinger's personality. He may keep no "enemies list," but there were times last summer and fall when he seemed to regard New York City as a despicable adversary, even going so far as to violate protocol by denouncing it in Yugoslavia. And if his effort to impeach Mr. Justice Douglas in 1970 had seemed politics of a rather low order, it seemed doubly so when, last November, Douglas resigned from the high court and received from the President a letter telling him of "my warm admiration" and speaking of Douglas's "courage and independent will" and rarely matched "contributions to the law both as scholar and jurist." The tribute of 1975 was in sharp contrast with the speeches of 1970, in which Ford found evidence of Douglas's lack of "fitness" in the fact that the Justice had espoused "hippie-Yippie style revolution" in a magazine that featured some pornographic material.

Despite the Douglas affair and a few similar ones—before the 1972 election, at White House urging, he had headed off a proposed Watergate investigation by the House Banking and Currency Committee, chaired by Wright Patman, a Texas Democrat—Ford continued to be viewed as a politician whose principal aim was to give as little offense as possible to constituents and colleagues. In "A Ford, Not a Lincoln," a study of the President's first hundred days in the White House, Richard Reeves wrote that "the remarkable thing about Ford and others like him is that they have won leadership by carefully avoiding it." The generalization seems to have held for his pre-Presidential years, too. As a legislator, he was a follower, not a leader; he was occasionally a co-sponsor of bills but never an initiator. In 1965, he was chosen to run for Minority Leader over Melvin Laird—who was more eloquent than Ford and far more knowledgeable about national affairs—because, unlike Laird, he antagonized no one. When Nixon nominated him for the Vice-Presidency, the choice was approved by Democrats and Republicans of all persuasions. Senator Walter Mondale, a Democrat from Minnesota who was as far to the left as Ford was to the right, said, "The President is to be congratulated." (He may have meant no more than that Nixon deserved praise for not having come up with another Spiro Agnew.) But if Ford's strategy as a member of the House was to ingratiate himself with as many of his fellow-members as he could, his strategy as President has been very different. He is, indeed, one of the more notable examples of how the White House can effect striking changes in its occupants. In most earlier cases, the changes were ideological. In the Presidency, Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and Richard Nixon found themselves entertaining ideas that were widely at variance with, and often directly contrary to, those they had earlier held. Roosevelt became a collectivist of sorts, Truman a civil-rights agitator, Nixon an ally of Mao Tse-tung. Except for following Nixon's lead and changing his position on Communist China and on détente, Ford has held rigidly to the views he held when he entered politics in 1948; his 1976 State of the Union Message was a model of conservative doctrinal purity. But his style of leadership is radically different from that which characterized his service in the House. The easygoing team player has become a hard-driving coach. The conciliator has become a demanding arbitrator. The man who sought to accommodate divergent points of view has set records in the exercise of the veto—forty-four since he became President, six of which have been overridden. (Dwight Eisenhower used the veto a hundred and eighty-one times in eight years and was just twice overridden.) The only opponents he has sought to appease have been the Reaganites, with whom he really has no differences of substance.

Ford has, to be sure, yielded ideological ground on a few occasions. Last year, he proposed that increases in Social Security benefits be limited; this year, although he urged retrenchment on nearly all other social programs, he omitted any such recommendation—having apparently been persuaded that it would damage his prospects for election in November. When he could not get Congress to accept his proposal to match a cut in taxes with a ceiling on federal expenditures (he wanted a ceiling without, as it were, any supporting structure, since no dollars-and-cents limit on spending programs had yet been formulated), he accepted some rather cloudy language from Congress expressing an intention to reduce expenditures in the indeterminate future, and claimed that Congress had come to terms with him. When he saw that he had misjudged public sentiment on



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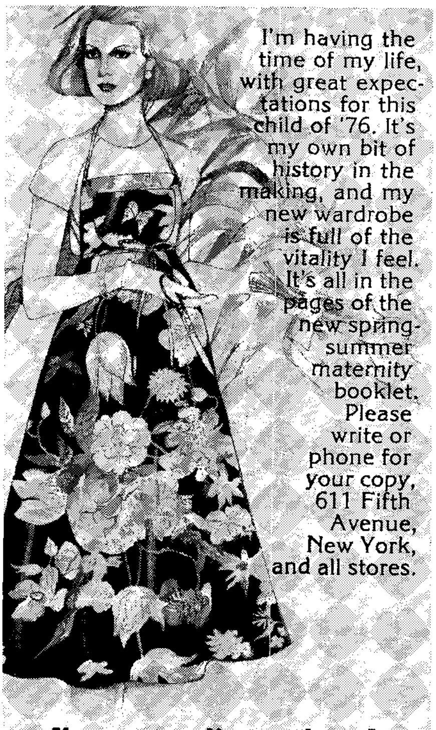
helping New York City in its fiscal crisis, he agreed to federal loans, and explained that he had taken this course after he found that the city was disciplining itself in the ways he had recommended. In general, though, he has resisted what most politicians would regard as the demands of expediency more than any other recent President. Nixon, sensing widespread concern over the environment, was careful to echo that concern and to support some conservationist legislation; Ford, in his message this week, had nothing to say on the subject. Nixon toyed with the idea of a guaranteed annual income and a negative income tax as means of combatting poverty; one of Ford's principal recommendations for ameliorating economic hardship is to ease taxes on corporate investment, on the theory that this will eventually lead to the creation of more jobs in the private sector, "where [money] will do the most good." His view of inflation as a problem more troublesome than unemployment is probably one that most Americans would agree with; the unemployed are a minority—and unlikely, in any event, to give their support to a Republican—while inflation hurts almost everyone. But it does seem that a prudent candidate would at least tell the nation that he regards both inflation and high unemployment as intolerable. Ford's economic program for the next two years is based on the acceptance of an unemployment rate of just under eight per cent—double the figure that many economists accept as justifying large-scale government intervention—and he has announced his opposition to the public-works employment program now pending in Congress. About seventy-five per cent of the electorate live or work in metropolitan centers and are affected in one way or another by the urban crisis, but the President, while insisting that we must "preserve the family farm"—a venerable institution but a minuscule one these days—was silent on the plight of the cities.

It is a rare politician who in an election year casts so small a net, and there is no doubt something admirable about Ford's stubbornness in refusing to make the broadest possible kind of appeal. It is widely believed here that it is only the Reagan threat that accounts for Ford's conservative orthodoxy—that if he were unchallenged for the Republican nomination he would be seeking the support that any Republican candidate for President (especially this year, if the polls are even close to being accurate) needs to get from the



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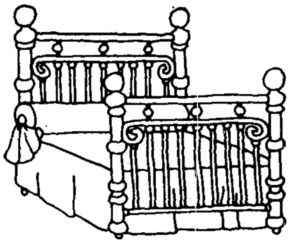

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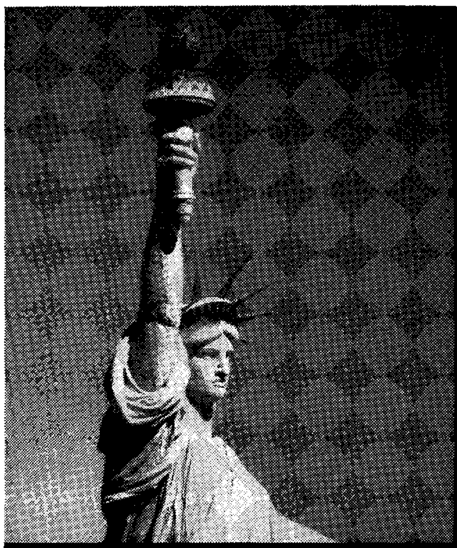

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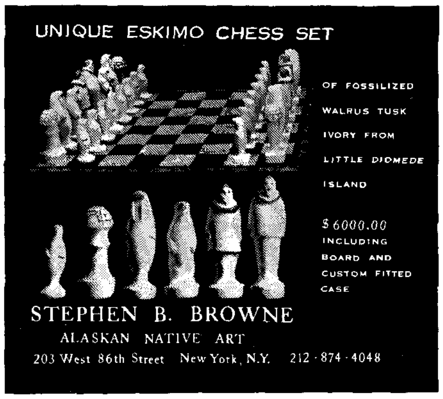
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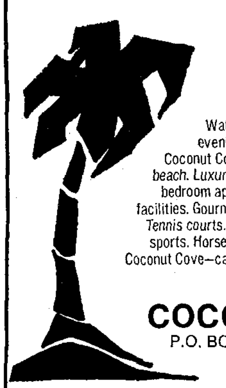
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ranks of the Democrats and the independents. But other Republicans of his general persuasion have successfully appealed to broader constituencies. Dwight Eisenhower was one, and Nixon another, and there are many Republicans and Democrats in the House and Senate who have the support of more than either the right or the left wing of their respective parties. Moreover, while Ford's present strategy may help him to prevail over Reagan, it seems most unlikely that any of the aims he has proclaimed this week will prevail in the Democratic Congress that is about to consider his legislative proposals. If he is willing, as seems to be the case, to risk his political future by urging reductions in food stamps, veterans' benefits, child nutrition, and the like, he is almost certain to find that few members of Congress are ready to join him in such an invitation to defeat; on the contrary, many of them would like, particularly this year, to see expansion of these programs, regardless of any inflationary pressures which that expansion might generate. The only part of the budget likely to be significantly cut is the one that Ford is most adamant in defending: the proposed defense appropriation of over a hundred billion dollars—an increase of approximately nine per cent, only part of which can be accounted for by the rate of inflation.

According to some of the White House aides who were involved in drafting the State of the Union Message, there has lately been considerable tension between the President and his staff writers, some of whom are this week being assigned to duties elsewhere in the Administration. But Ford, it is reported, was pleased with the final version, to which, apparently, Robert Orben, a former gagwriter for Jack Paar and Red Skelton who is to head a new team of Presidential rhetoricians, contributed much, though nothing risible. The note that Ford is said to have wished to stress most—and perhaps will use as a campaign slogan—was that he was the advocate of a "new realism" in domestic and foreign affairs. On the domestic side, the "realism" lay in acknowledging that the federal government had assumed powers that it was incapable of exercising efficiently and that should be returned to state and local governments or to private citizens. "We wanted to accomplish great things and solve age-old problems," he said. "And we became overconfident of our abilities. . . . We thought we could transform the country through massive national programs. But often the programs did not work. . . . In our rush to accomplish great deeds quickly, we trampled on sound principles of restraint and endangered the rights of individuals." That these are sentiments shared by almost everyone is hardly open to doubt; most people in most countries have always resented the exercise of power by central governments, and in this country today there is also widespread dissatisfaction with big business, big labor, big everything. Ronald Reagan has for some time been saying the same things (though he has exempted big business from the list of institutions he disapproves of), and so, now, are most of Ford's Democratic critics, among them Senator Muskie, who expressed the same views, in rather more elegant language, in his speech of rebuttal two evenings ago. But the particular government activities that Ford would like to curtail are, in the main, activities that have been authorized over the years by the people through their representatives in Congress. Many welfare-state programs are inefficient as well as burdensome in cost (though there is little evidence that they could be better or more reasonably managed by state and local government), but there are few Americans who are not beneficiaries of one or another of them, and there is probably not one program whose dismantling would be approved in a national referendum.

In foreign and military policy, however, the exercise of power by the central government—in fact, by just one of its branches, the executive—has had no public sanction in recent years, and in these fields Ford's "new realism" yields no fresh insights or proposals. He did equate our efforts to be "a policeman abroad" with the government's role as an "indulgent parent here at home," but he did not suggest that we give up any of our attempts to be an international enforcer. He was highly critical of the overconfidence that led the government to try to "transform the country through massive national programs" but not of those massive programs the government undertook—such as the one now abandoned in Vietnam—to transform other countries. He portrayed American society as arrogant and blundering in dealing with many of its own problems, but as "the world's greatest democracy" and a success unmatched by any other nation in six thousand years—"Our peak stands highest in the ranges of human history." If in domestic affairs he cited almost nothing but failures—failures,

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for the most part, of Democrats—he saw only a series of American triumphs abroad. "Today," he said, "the state of our foreign policy is sound and strong." Despite a civil war raging in Lebanon and endangering the fragile agreements negotiated by Henry Kissinger last year, he said, "The key elements for peace among the nations of the Middle East now exist." Though he was rebuffed last month by the Senate in his proposal to aid what he called "our friends" in Angola, he said, "Our traditional friendships . . . in Africa . . . continue." And he said, "We have taken the role of leadership in launching a serious and hopeful dialogue between the industrial world and the developing world." In summary, he said, "We should be proud of what America . . . has accomplished." He made it clear, though, that in the formation of foreign policy the democratic process could play only a small part. "In our Constitutional system, these policies should reflect consultation and accommodation between the President and Congress. But in the final analysis, as the framers of our Constitution knew from hard experience, the foreign relations of the United States can be conducted effectively only if there is strong central direction that allows flexibility of action. That responsibility clearly rests with the President."

More than the Constitution argues against applying participatory democracy to the making of foreign policy. Foreign policy has to be an executive responsibility, with only such checks as the Constitution's requirement that only the Congress can declare war and that there must be Senate confirmation of treaties. These checks have been circumvented in recent years by undeclared wars and by the use of "executive agreements" in place of treaties, but some of the disasters of the last few decades have led Congress to reassert itself and at least perform an overseer function. Ford, like Presidents before him—perhaps like all past and future masters of the White House—resents any intrusion by the House or Senate. He regards the recent investigations of the various intelligence agencies as destructive of our aims: "The American people have heard too much about how terrible our mistakes, how evil our deeds, and how misguided our purposes." But in our dealings with the world our President, who thinks we have dealt so badly with ourselves, sees no mistakes, no questionable deeds, no misguided purposes.

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A HERO IN HIS TIME, by Arthur A. Cohen (Random House). A hero? Yuri Maximovich Isakovsky? This unproductive minor Jewish poet? This mouse scurrying back and forth between his bureaucrat's job as the editor of an unnecessary quarterly journal of folk music and his dusty closet of a Moscow apartment? This avoider of political discussions who had himself baptized as a young man, whose wife left him for an idiot of an Army major, who nourishes himself on Mandelstam and fruit compote, and whose sensual life is confined to the mangy nuzzlings of his decrepit old dog? Yes, says Mr. Cohen, though he has to trump up an unlikely set of circumstances in order to prove it: Yuri is whisked by the K.G.B. to New York City, where he is to attend a poetry reading at Columbia and deliver a message encoded in a poem. Yuri balks, he squirms, he protests, but he intends to go through with the job. He is a survivor. The trouble is that the K.G.B. poem is a bad poem, and Yuri's passion for poetry and his modest self-love overcome his instinct for survival. An engaging, intelligent romantic novel (as romantic, in its way, as the Lermontov classic, "A Hero of Our Time," on which the title is based), marred only by the author's annoying habit of neglecting his characters for long stretches of moral philosophizing.

GENERAL

MY FATHER BERTRAND RUSSELL, by Katharine Tait (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Bertrand Russell, raised in a strict Victorian household, grew into a freethinking genius, able not only to perceive all sides of a question but to put away doubts and to act with an iron will. His daughter, raised in the most enlightened home and at the most progressive school, grew up awkward, insecure, frustrated, lonely, and unhappy, and did not find peace until she embraced the Christian faith her father had rejected. This irony runs through her book, which is actually more about herself than about her father. It has to be said that she displays no great gift for telling stories; the writing is nervous, intellectual, and as depressing as a clinician's casebook. Still, future biographers will find some fresh facts (e.g., that Russell advised his daughter to save her first sexual experience for someone she loved), and all readers will sympathize with her relentless self-examination.

THE TWILIGHT OF SPLENDOR, by James T. Maher (Little, Brown). The architectural, artistic, and personal histories of five American palaces that were conceived as their owners' tributes to themselves (or to their wives) but that proved to have been put up in the wrong country at the wrong time. These great houses are the Stotesburys' Whitemarsh, in Philadelphia, now a ruin; the Ringlings' Ca' d'Zan, in Sarasota, now a museum; James Deering's Vizcaya, in Miami, and also a museum; the Huntingtons' San Marino, near Los Angeles, now a museum and library; and the Parsons' Shadow Lawn, in West Long Branch, New Jersey, now a college. The patrons range from connoisseurs to vulgarians; the architects, landscape architects, interior decorators, and art dealers include some of the great names of the era; and the author is a topnotch guide to every aspect of this curious and fascinating subject.

AT THAT POINT IN TIME: THE INSIDE STORY OF THE SENATE WATERGATE COMMITTEE, by Fred D. Thompson (Quadrangle). The author was chief minority counsel, under Senator Howard H. Baker, of the Senate investigating committee that looked into Watergate. At the beginning, early in 1973, both he and Senator Baker believed that the committee would find only that overzealous underlings had acted without the knowledge of their superiors. Thus the book, which recalls Thompson's experience of the entire investigation, and which is very well written, records a poignant slide into disillusion. But there is a good deal more than distress to Thompson's story: for example, lots of information about how the Senate works, along with a good many frank assessments of the senators with whom Thompson dealt.

THE COCA LEAF AND COCAINE PAPERS, edited by George Andrews and David Solomon (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). An anthology of scientific and journalistic writings on coca leaf and its extracts, of which the best known is cocaine.

Since many facts are repeated from article to article, anyone who tries to read the book through must learn again and again that South American Indians have chewed coca leaf for centuries, that Inca messengers raced over the Andes on the strength it afforded, and that cocaine is only one of several (fourteen, modern science tells us) alkaloids present in varieties of the leaf. Carefully selected coca leaves were steeped in good wine to produce Vin Mariani, an immensely popular drink in the last century, and a denarcotized extract of the leaf is among the secret ingredients of Coca-Cola. Sober voices can be heard advocating a softening of repressive measures against coca leaf (if not against cocaine), and, in a sometimes facetious introduction, the editors agree: "Coca leaves, moderately consumed, are as harmless as beer drunk in moderation—and certainly more energizing."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET AND THE BLACK SHEEP, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Helen Thomson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A bourgeois enclave of the Left Bank is the setting for this suave, cool Maigret, which was originally published in France in 1962. The victim is a retired carton manufacturer who has been shot, without apparent motive, while sitting at home in his favorite armchair. To the Chief Inspector's chagrin, he can find no crack or crevice in the utter respectability of the dead man's life. His wife and daughter loved him, his former employees revered him, the few friends he had respected him, he seems to have had no jealous mistress or business enemies, and no secret vices except for a fondness for pari-mutuel betting. The season is the end of summer. Parisians are drifting back to the city from their vacations, there is a nip in the air, and everything is beginning to bustle again. In this cozy atmosphere of routines being returned to, Maigret sips his beer in several cafés, confers with his faithful colleague Lapointe, and ponders the many facets of this tantalizingly elusive case.

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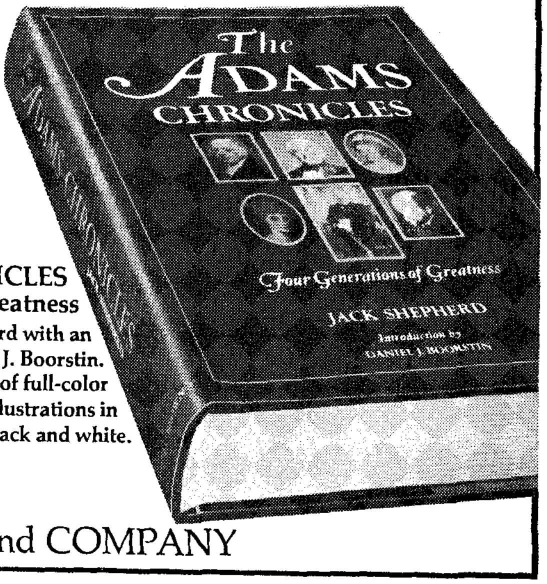

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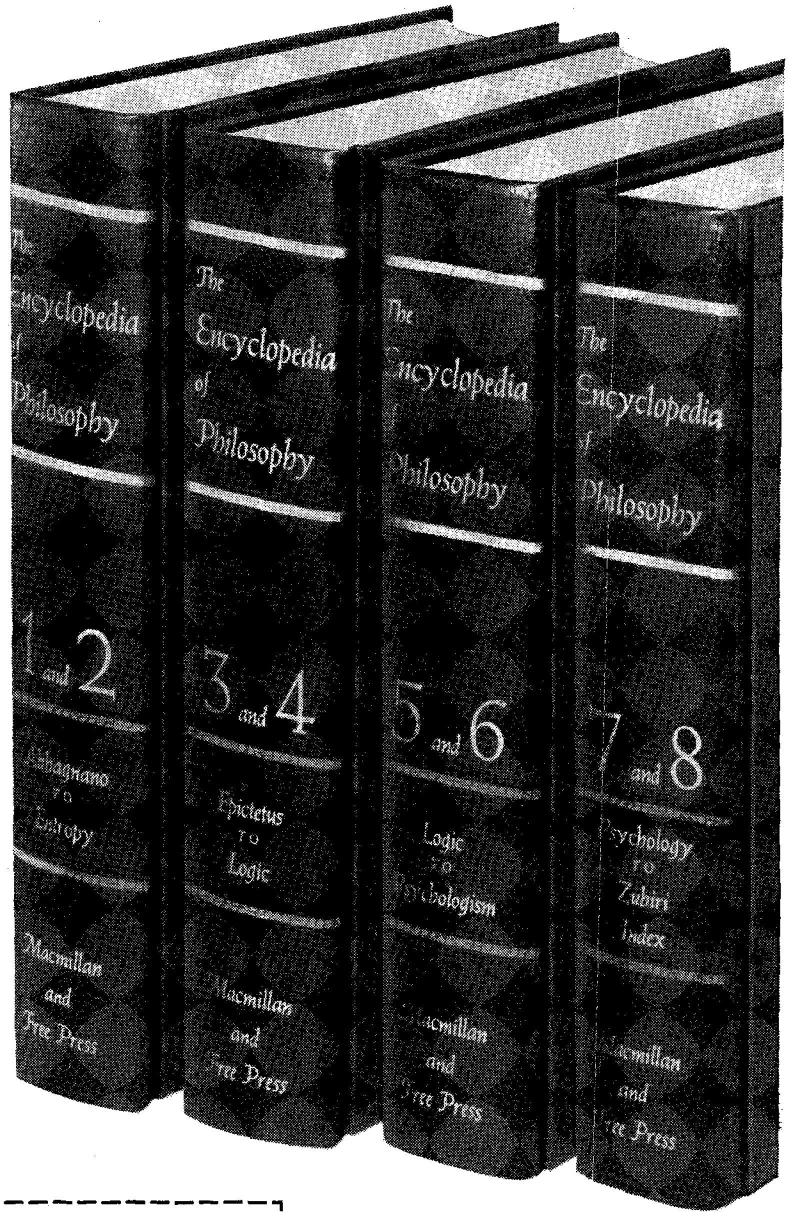

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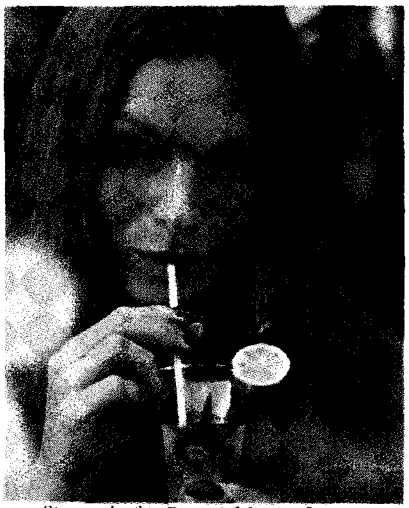
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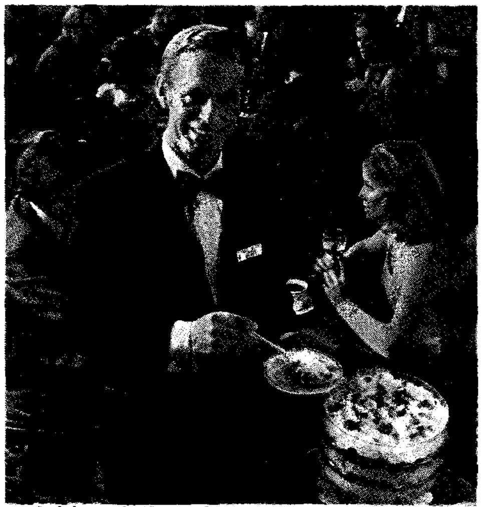
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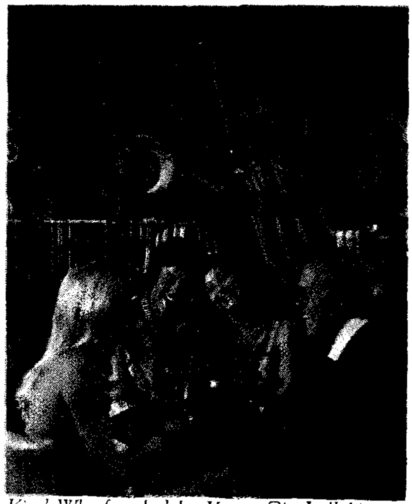
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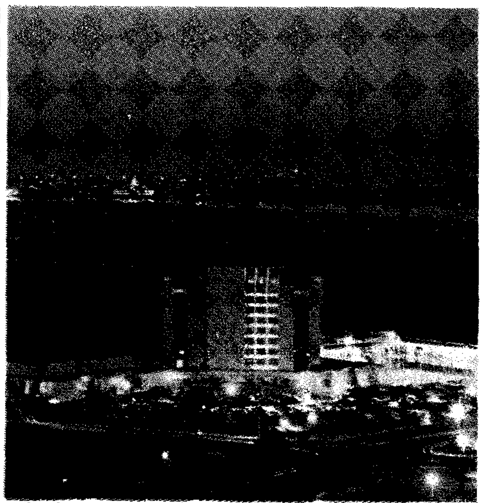
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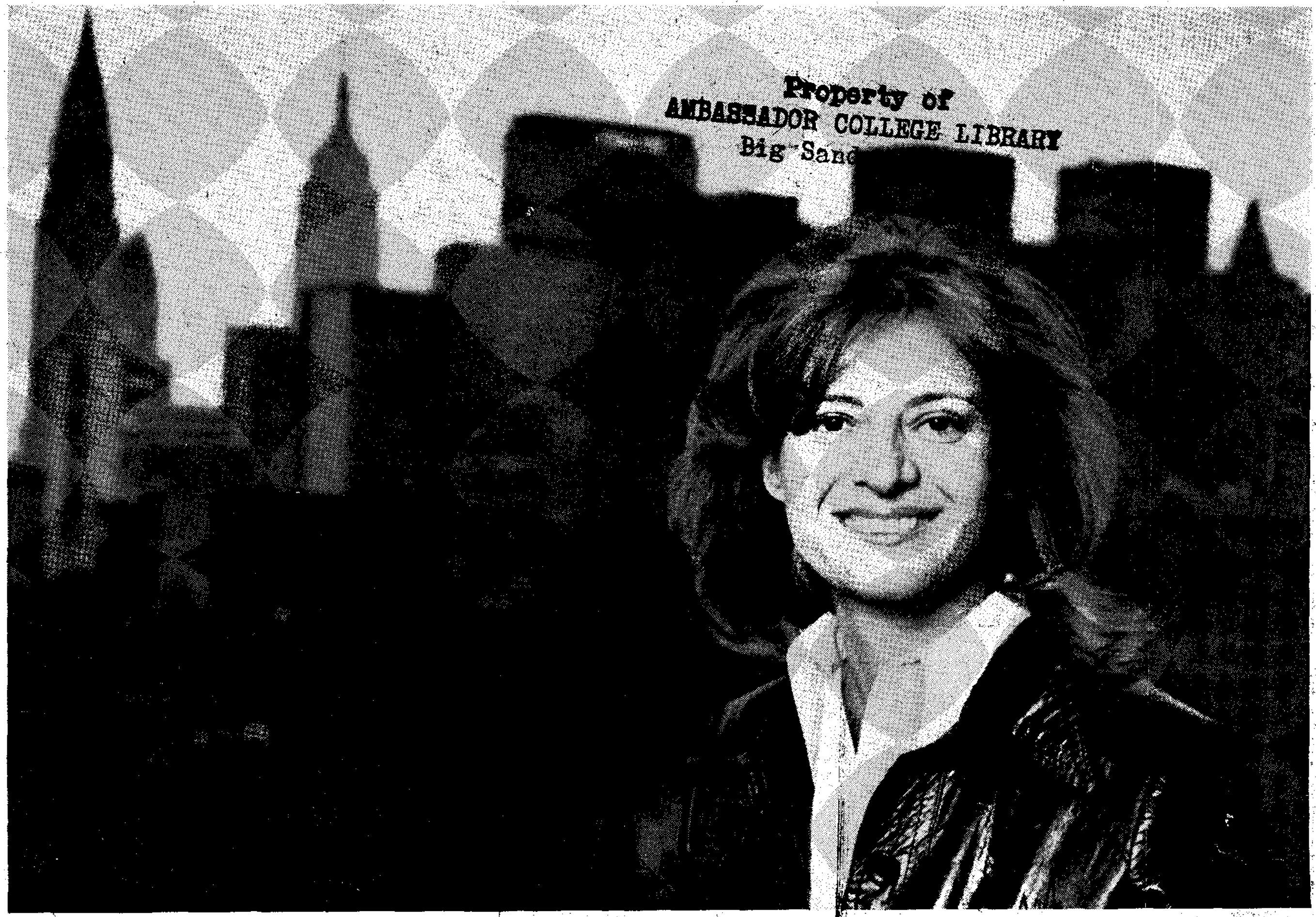

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